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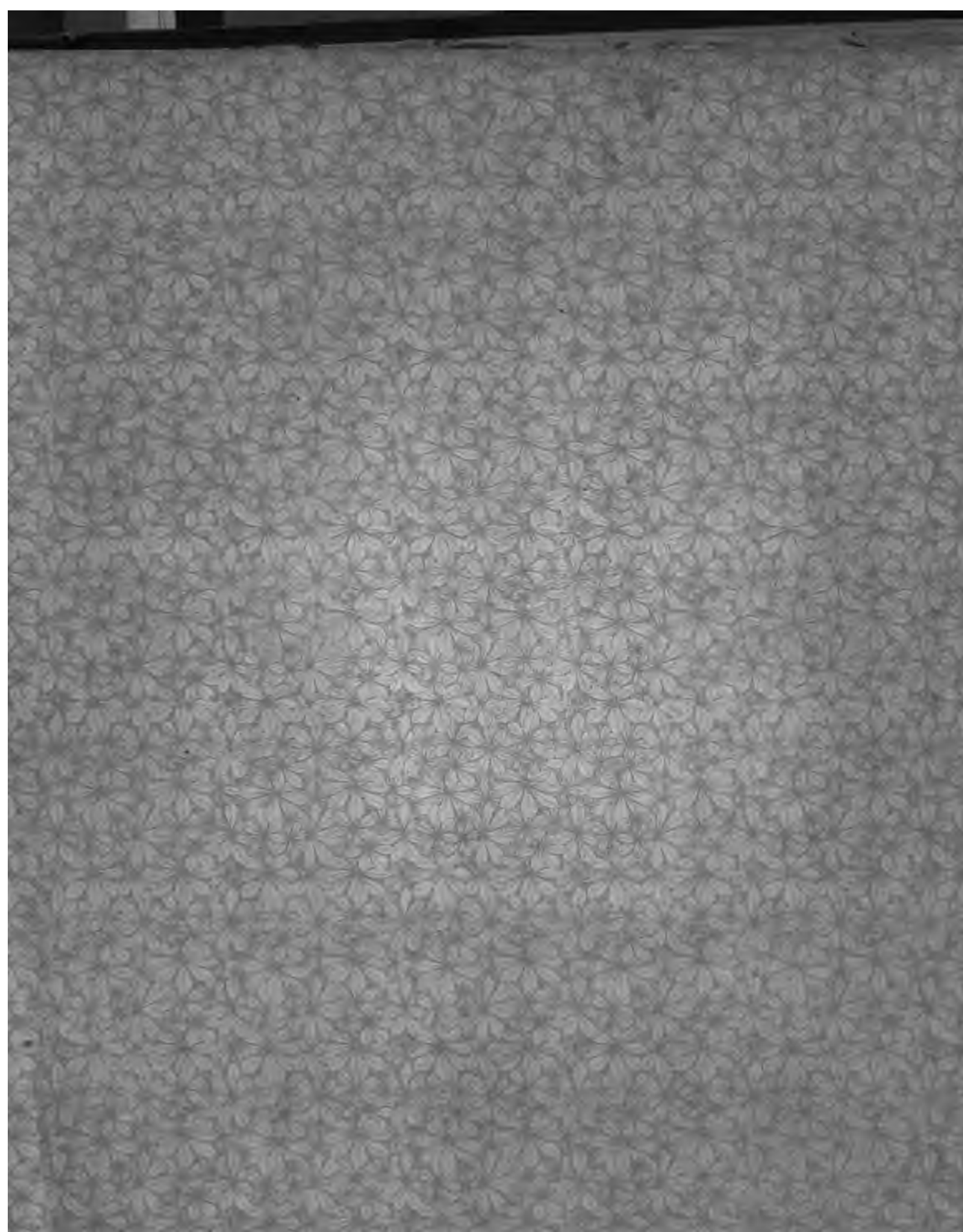
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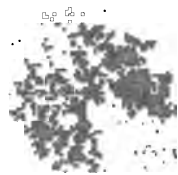


MOORLANDS.



1. 1944

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AMERICAN MEMORIES:

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HURRIED RUN
THROUGH



THE UNITED STATES

DURING THE LATE SPRING OF 1896.

*“Already the butterfly was wooing the lily, and the busy bee had taken
the rose for a bride.”—Page 188.*

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TO MY FRIEND
FREDERICK CARVER, J.P.,

The companion of a hundred travels, the associate of nigh forty years, one whom I have known intimately from budding manhood until the frosts of many winters have turned raven locks to shining silver, over whose friendship misunderstanding has never cast a shadow, and who more than all else contributed to make agreeable my first trip across the Atlantic, and my journey in the States both pleasant and memorable—An old friend with whom it has been my happiness to stand in the full light of noontide, and for whom I cherish the hope that as the sun goes down, we may still sometimes sit together in the garden and listen in quiet contemplation to the whispering of the evening—A friend trusted and beloved, for whom I wish a pleasant journey over the tide of time, and, when the dark boundary line is passed, and the unseen Pilot steers the vessel along the undiscovered track, a peaceful journey to the stars—I dedicate this volume of "AMERICAN MEMORIES."

JOHN KENDALL.

MOORLANDS,

SALE,


Christmas, 1896.

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American Memories.

CHAPTER I.—OUTWARD BOUND.

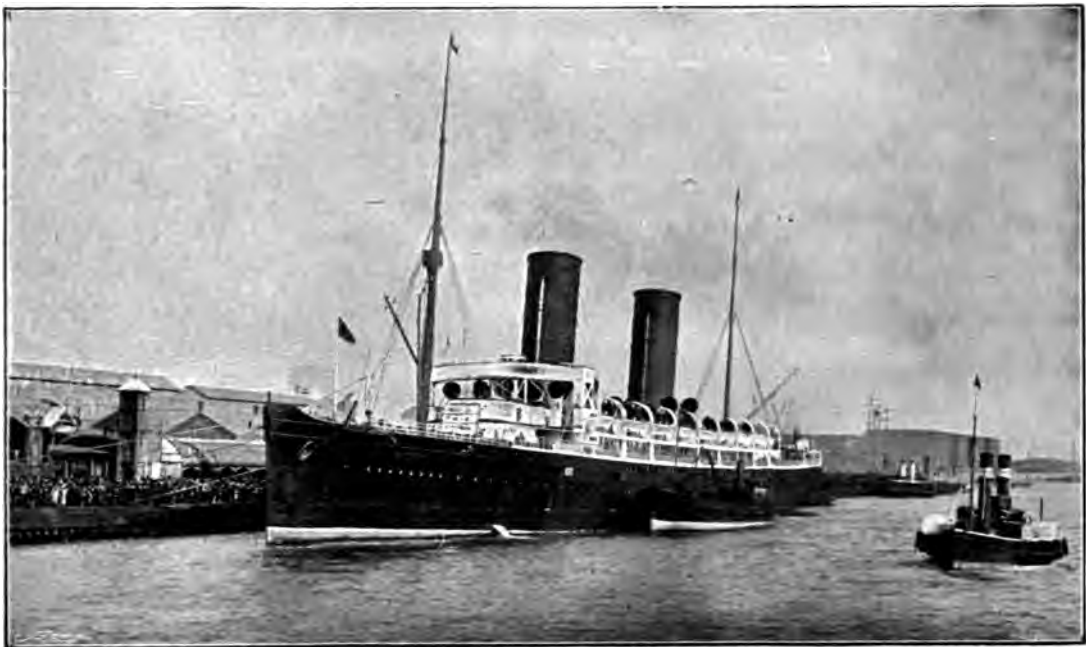
“OU have been ‘below par’ for the last three months, come with me to the States, I am going by the *Campania* next Saturday, the fresh breezes that sweep unchecked over the broad Atlantic will clear your brain from dull headaches and accumulated cobwebs and put renewed strength and vigour into your feeble knees.” So spoke an old friend, my companion in a hundred previous travels, as I lay, worn out and listless, on the comfortable settee of a private billiard room.

The “par” standard in my friend’s mind had reference in this instance, fortunately, to physical conditions only. Had he included the “financial par,” truth would have compelled him to avoid time limitations, and to remember the many, if never violent, fluctuations of the commercial barometer.

Advantages and responsibilities are ever inseparable; there was the invaluable advantage of my friend’s intimacy with many leading men in the principal cities and his general knowledge of the country, gained in previous visits, making his proposal so alluring as to outweigh the responsibilities of office and home, which I knew could be left, with a light heart, to those who are ever ready to lighten the burden of my latest years.

And so, as usual, the unexpected happens:—“We meet on Saturday next at the Central Station, Liverpool, at half-past one,” were the last words preceding a short interval of separation. Leaving the “Central,” Manchester, at half-past twelve by the route advertised as “the direct and punctual line,” we arrived in ample time to fulfil our appointment;

surrounded by a troop of relatives and friends (our venerable and venerated friend and chaplain, the Rev. Jonas B. Jonas, had accompanied us to say grace before our last meal on land, and breathe over us his parting benediction) we soon found ourselves at the barrier that bars the crowd from that portion of the landing stage where we found the magnificent Cunarder; the time for parting came soon and passed quickly, our adieux were pitched in a joyous key, and our share in the waving of the inevitable cambric, that fluttered gaily over the taffrail of the *Campania*, was both energetic and cheerful.



THE "CAMPANIA."

There was an entire absence of bustle or confusion on board the noble ship; order and discipline reigned; seats in the saloon, an important point as regards comfort in an ocean voyage, as all old travellers know, were promptly selected and secured; our baggage safely stowed in our state rooms, a tour of inspection of this grand floating palace, a veritable voyage within a voyage was begun.

The *Campania* and her twin sister ship, the *Lucania*, are the latest additions to the Cunard fleet, and undoubtedly the greatest triumphs

of modern shipbuilding and engineering science. Some idea of these magnificent steamships, both of which have incontestably proved their superiority by breaking all previous records, and the vast changes that have taken place since the Cunard Company came into existence 50 years ago, can be best grasped by a comparison between the earliest and latest of their fleet.

	<i>Britannia.</i>	<i>Campania.</i>
Length ...	207 feet. ...	620 feet.
Breadth ...	34 feet 4 inches.	65 feet 3 inches.
Depth ...	22 feet 6 inches.	43 feet.
Tonnage ...	1,154. ...	12,950.
Horse-power	740. ...	30,000.
Speed ...	8½ knots. ...	21 knots.
Accommodation	115 passengers. ...	1,400 passengers.

First class passengers are accommodated in the centre of the ship—the state rooms being on the promenade, upper and main decks; the second class are located on the same decks aft of the engines, whilst the third are accommodated on the lower decks. There is a grand stretch of clear deck on either side for promenading, so that by a circuit of the ship four times you traverse fully a mile and yet scarcely, if ever, appreciate the fact.

The grand stairway, wide enough for four or even six passengers to ascend abreast, opens from the promenade deck, is covered with a beautifully curved roof light, and is panelled in teak and enriched in gold, and leads to the principal public rooms, and many of the best state rooms; a central hand rail, in addition to the usual side rails, gives a better opportunity of obtaining greater support.

The dining saloon is of immense size, being about 100 feet long by 62 feet wide. The general style is Italian. The walls are old Spanish mahogany, chaste and effective. The upholstery is in dark red figured frieze velvet. An important feature is the height of this room, which is 10 feet throughout. Another feature is the want of uniformity in the saloon, as ventilating shafts, stairways, etc., break up the area; by judicious planning a large number of nooks and corners have been secured, where small parties may dine in almost complete seclusion amid

immense bevelled mirrors, or richly carved panellings. Accommodation is provided for the whole of the first class passengers in this saloon, enabling all the passengers to dine at one hour. The sideboard, instead of having the usual marble top with brass rail, is entirely of Spanish mahogany, in keeping with the general finish of the saloon. For lighting as well as ventilating the saloon, a central well is carried up and through the upper and promenade decks, the covering above the line of the shade deck being a curved dome of stained glass. The extreme height from dining room floor is 33 feet. The well is decorated ivory white, relieved with gold lines. The outer side of the well, forming part of the walls of the drawing room, is panelled with heavy clear bevelled glass, mounted in sashes, each swinging on a centre pivot.

The fireside is one of the most charming features of the beautiful drawing room, unusually large, well lighted and decorated in admirable taste. The "ingle-neuk" is quite a feature of this room without any of those discomforts which Dickens has narrated in his inimitable style. The mantel and overmantel are both in satinwood, richly carved, with three arched mirrors. The general scheme of decoration is in the Renaissance style; the grate is of brass, and the hearth is laid with Persian tiles. Electric lamps are arranged in alternate panels. In the saloon is a grand piano and in a recess an American organ; like the other furnishings they are of satinwood, the polished top and panels of which are in fine contrast to the duller cedar. Both instruments are specially protected from damp and moths, the stools in each case being made receptacles for music. The settees, ottomans, etc., upholstered in rich velvets and brocades, the rich Persian wave carpet, and the delightful variety and irregularity of the furniture, give the room a very attractive appearance.

The smoking room has powerful attractions. This apartment is situated on the promenade deck aft. There is a feeling of homeliness in the fire burning brightly in the bronze dog grate, the reflected flames dancing in the dark blue tiles of hearth and cheeks. The beautifully carved fireplace and overmantel are in excellent keeping, the woodwork being entirely of fumed oak, while the upholstery is in pigskin of the natural colour. The style is Jacobean with tables and chairs to suit.

The tone is subdued and suggestive of ease and comfort. All round the smoking room are arranged small alcoves each with little tables and chairs round the sides.

The library is on the promenade deck, convenient to the grand staircase. The general effect suggests French Renaissance. The bookcase contains volumes suited to all classes of readers. Comfort is suggested by the two large ottomans in the centre of the room. Writing tables and chairs are arranged close to the walls. The room is finished in richly carved mahogany with Amboyna panels. The electric lamps take the form of rosettes in beaten copper. The floor is laid with oak parquetry, with a large richly coloured Turkey carpet in the centre. The *tout ensemble* of the library is very elegant and comfortable.

By the time we reached the upper deck, our "home on the ocean wave" for the next week had already glided—the motion was almost imperceptible—some distance down the Mersey; the towers and tapering spires of Liverpool were fast fading; the evening breeze softly skimming the glittering river gently curled the blue wavelets, as they danced an unceasing minuet, and far away over the bar the radiant waves told that the dying sun in majestic calm was again preparing his golden grave 'neath the western skies.

Before the last echoes of the trumpet summons to prepare for our first meal had died away, the fading daylight had deepened into darkness, but the gloom of night was chased away by the bright shining of a thousand electric lamps leaping into life and shedding around the glory of their mystic beams. There are 1,350 lights throughout the ship; the electric current is distributed by about 50 miles of wire; the light given is equal to 22,000 candles making the illumination at once brilliant and effective, whilst the atmosphere is ~~kept~~ pure, and comparative freedom from accident secured.

We tripped down the grand ~~staircase~~ into the grand saloon to a grand dinner, whilst the "Roast Beef of Old England," with variations, not the composer's, was trumpeted ~~from~~ the companion way. We enjoyed the melody and the dinner, but not always; there were times when the melody was anything but melodious, and the thought of roast beef abhorrent; these seasons were spent in enforced seclusion, and our gratitude,

if any, was not so much for what we had received as for what we had lost.

The incense of thankfulness still rose from our hearts, and the flavour of Chartreuse was on our lips as we took our evening walk on



THE "CAMPANIA."—THE PROMENADE.

the promenade deck—never was minster triforium or cloistered ambulatory so worn by footfall. By this time we had got "outside"; the level river had changed to the swell of the Channel, but our legs remained obedient and under control; the night was clear and the wind freshening; the water, ruffled by the kissing breeze, caught and reflected the rays flung from the beacon lights on the Welsh coast that guide the mariner o'er the pathless deep; the "Queen of Night," gleaming through the clear water, floated in majestic shadow along the silvery sea, illuminating the liquid path she traces, and burning her beams into the

ocean's face; Venus, queen of kisses, held an undisputed throne in the starry courts above, and as we gazed on that spangled sphere, every star seemed a beauteous eye, a loving friend.

Most of us are the slaves of some ruling passion. Bosco, my guide, philosopher, and friend, on this and many journeys, is an influential member of the family of trumps, and his august presence at the whist table is marked by that inflexible propriety usually reserved for princes of high degree. When my friend is in good form, his homilies to an

indiscreet or inept partner are entertaining, though, excepting to himself, not always convincing. These homilies contain a mixture of reproof and correction; sometimes the advice is general, at others specific, but rarely meets with appreciation. Perhaps it is better to use words than try and conceal thought, for each man at the table is perfectly aware of the subject matter, and it is such a relief to turn strong thought into language.



QUEENSTOWN HARBOUR.

Leaving Bosco with his cards and companions in the stifling atmosphere of the smoke room, I sought my couch, wooed sleep, and found repose.

Sunday morning broke bright and clear; the sky was blue and cloudless; the "sundawn had already slain the withering moon;" the sea was a vast blue meadow alive with little froth-people.

About the time that good people on land were obeying the call to mass or matins, the *Campania* steamed into Queenstown bay to embark mails and passengers. Nothing can be finer than the appearance of Cork harbour in the early morning of a bright spring day; it has a charm of its own, ranking with two of the other most beautiful stretches of marine scenery in the world, the Bay of Naples and Sydney harbour.

Lofty cliffs, superb ramparts of nature, descend to the water's edge, their base alternately laved by the gentle swell, or rudely dashed by the giant waves of the rolling Atlantic, have for countless generations waged ceaseless war with the ocean, and resisted its encroachments.

To the right the rock bastions are crowned by extensive fortifications, and on a lower ridge stands a beneficent lighthouse; to the left houses, white and bright in the youthful sun, are dotted at long intervals over the gently sloping upland, amid the bright emerald of pasture land, and dark patches of pine woods; whilst cracks in the granite cliffs trace the lines of sunless ravines, or follow the course of some gloomy gully through the brown barriers of barren rock.

The city of Cork lies some distance from the sea; the river Lee expands to a great width below the city, and forms a fine sheet of clear water,—liquid emeralds flowing from the “Emerald Isle”—a shading of bright green, mingled with patches of dark sapphire, stirred into sunny ripples by the fan of the matutinal breeze.

Busy craft in full sail, or dragged along by some toiling tug, passed in and out; bumboat women, vendors of lace and lemons, oranges and blackthorns, with raven hair and sparkling eyes, enthralled us by their fascinating manners and bewitching smiles; seabirds unnumbered wheeled and whirled overhead, or skimmed lightly over the white crested wavelets.

Besides H.M. Royal Mail, we embarked a large number of steerage passengers, many with uncovered heads and scantily clad limbs; the hollow laugh and forced merriment of some were but a thin cloak wherewith to hide the sadness of the heart on “leaving for fortune their dear native land.”

Before evening shadows fell, the gentle breeze had been displaced by scolding winds, the milk white froth of the encountering foam flew

up on the salt laden gale, warring winds joined battle with raging billows, and a tempest swept o'er all the main.

A considerable period of enforced seclusion followed; I went below, down amongst the half-dead men, near the coral caves where mermaids sing, but I listened vainly for their siren songs, nought but the howling storm broke on my ears. Bosco paid visits at rather long intervals usually to inform me, with a refined cruelty, how many courses he had tackled in his just finished meal, and to show how thoroughly my friend is at home on the rolling deep, I may mention that the average number, I kept count, was five for breakfast, eight for lunch, and a dozen, more or less, for dinner, but, with his well-known modesty, he always added: "You see I had only a moderate meal!!"

But even Atlantic storms cease. My first recollection of this "happy ending" was a call at 7 o'clock one morning on the ship's barber to announce I was "next for shaving," and to find that we were ploughing our way merrily over a furrowless ocean at a speed of fully 21 knots an hour.

Seats in the saloon were no longer vacant; the revolving chairs revolved at meal times with the same regularity as the screw; deck chairs were drawn up in double line like battalions at drill, whilst young men and maidens, old men and children, made the most persevering efforts to break the record over the measured mile, without the risk of breaking their necks.

Passengers vary as much in character as faces; there is the vulgar man who perpetually intrudes when not wanted, until slain by a desperate "cut"; the talkative man who never knows when he has said enough; the funny man with: "I'll tell you a good tale," and he tells you a dozen; the intelligent and intellectual man of whom you feel at parting you have seen too little; and those charming ladies who you find, when alas! too late, are not all ice bound, but melt into gracious condescension, when, with trembling lip, and faltering tongue, you enquire who is their favourite composer or author, and the last song they have sung, or novel they have read; the thought of my natural timidity, and the resultant loss, makes me sad.


The funny man on the outward voyage was of a most excellent

spirit. He told us of a settler from the Western States, who had never been in a steamship before, coming on board the *Campania* in New York harbour, and falling down the hatchway, and who was greatly aggrieved at not having been told that the "darned ship was hollow," and another, an Irishman, who, seated on one of the huge ten-ton anchors, refused to go ashore until he had seen "the fellow that used that pick." This brought up the pleasant Virginian, who had stood by listening. *He* thought he could beat our friend Falstaff, so he told of two Yankees trying who could tell the greatest crams. The Arkansas man said the rain fell so heavily in his country that he had seen it standing solid three feet deep within ten minutes!! "That's nothing," said the Texan, "in our state if you knock the ends out of a barrel, and lay it on the ground bung-hole up, the rain runs through the hole so fast that it can't get out at the ends!!!"

We had now passed beyond the storm track; all around in unclouded vision lay an almost even plain of liquid sapphire, stirred but to dapple its placid bosom with the glint and gleam of the sparkling sunbeams; the sharp coulter of our sea plough was upturning the glistening water, and spinning endless foam threads white as driven snow, which were quickly woven into fantastically designed coverlets, no two alike, such as human shuttle never laced or interlaced, but they left no trace behind.

The fourth or fifth day out we passed within fifteen miles a number of icebergs, and a great quantity of floating ice, miles in extent; one of "Greenland's icy mountains," a thousand leagues away from home, an exceptionally large berg, lifted its head high in the centre of the pack. It was in the afternoon, the streaming lights were still at play; from "the deep sea's verge to the zenith high" we could easily distinguish the pinnacled ice mountains, ranged in majestic grandeur, and robed in a shroud of matchless white; the glistening and sparkling gold and silver of the sunshine was reflected in the pure crystals of ice and snow; the sky of clear blue, and sundown of deepest gold, whilst the frolicsome waves danced merrily around the glittering ice-belt, a combined scene, to me, novel and most impressive.

In the Cunard liners the supply of food is ample, in fact the



menu is far too large to ensure all round good cooking and hot food. One night I tried a sandwich of "Epicurean" tongue; it sounded dainty, it tasted like the half worn sole of a ladies' slipper; violent indigestion ensued. You are largely indebted to your stewards for the degree of comfort you attain, our experience was favourable, one of our companions told us he had asked for an additional clean towel, but was told—"This is the Cunard line, we never lost a life, I am very sorry but you cannot have a clean towel."

Bosco is a man who in life has played many parts, on the whole, well; he shines equally at the card table, or in the chair, fulfilling some public duty. Bosco has played many "rubbers;" his caustic homilies addressed to an erring partner after the "last round" are usually listened to with something like awe, but it is when he has "kindly consented" to preside at some function in the cause of charity that my friend rises to those higher levels that some of us envy. Little wonder then, that when "Bosco, J.P." was announced to take the chair "at a Concert in aid of the Seamen's Charities," on the evening of Thursday, April 16th, 1896, the programmes were sold in advance by the "lady suppliants" from half-a-crown to a sovereign each.

Bosco was in rare form and if possible excelled himself; amidst a gratifying welcome signified in "the usual manner" the J.P. cleared his throat, an inevitable and considerable preliminary, and commenced "Ladies and Gentlemen, I feel great pleasure in presiding on the present occasion because I feel that the time has come and is rapidly arriving (Bosco has been in Ireland) when this pleasant and I may say (glancing sweetly at the surrounding ladies) most agreeable voyage must come to an end, but before we part, never all to meet again on land or sea (we thought this idea not quite new), we are to be favoured by some of our talented fellow voyagers with a selection of vocal and instrumental music.

"Ladies and gentlemen, 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast' (not original my dear boy), it dates back to the time when Jubal struck the chorded shell and awoke from its hollow the sweet sounds that have sung on so long and so well. Apollo's lute, strung with his hair, more bright and musical than a siren's voice; David's harp whose soul entrancing song, wafted down the ages, still awakens magic notes with

sacred memories." All these were passed in rapid review; then the developments of the harpsichord in its many stages to the perfect grand piano, to which we were about to listen, were touched upon.

Bosco is great in perorations, always carefully prepared, they are eloquent and effective, if remembered. It was an easy transition for him to take us in mind from the music that appeals to the ear to the higher music of the soul; reminding us of the financial object of the concert, he said that during the early part of that trip we had all heard the scolding winds howl and roar like thunder and seen the ambitious ocean, clothed with a raiment of white waves, swell and rage and foam, but had we thought of the noble men who all life long "go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters," whose devotion to duty in the hour of peril and danger was so well known, and had we thought of the widows and orphans of those brave fellows whose lives had been so jeopardized and lost, who had no requiem sung at their burial, save the deep mellow voice of the ocean's surfy moan, whose last resting place is found amid pale glittering pearls and rainbow coloured shells in the chambers of the vasty deep?

In urging a liberal response to his appeal on behalf of the funds of the Seamen's Charities, the chairman said he appealed with confidence, for he was quite certain that his hearers recognised that Charity was one of the primal duties of life, a duty that shone aloft like the stars, those soft lamps that hang above like burning flowers; that the opportunities to soothe and bless mankind abounded, and in fact "they lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers," and concluded, amidst loud applause, by asking us to water plentifully the special flowers of Charity for which he had been pleading.

I cannot do my friend justice by a verbatim report, memory fails; the result of his impassioned eloquence was a collection of about £30, not bad for the small number of cabin passengers.

There was of course the usual mild criticism when the concert ended. I enquired from the chairman, who had sat in the midst of the sirens, why Miss Highnote sang in such a falsetto voice, her screeching being quite painful. "I really can't imagine," replied Boscus Sarcasticus, "unless it is that she has falsetto teeth!" Naughty Bosco!

The voyage generally ends in you getting "thick" or even "confidential" with some of your fellow passengers; one informed me that it was said that married people lived longer than single, "but," said he, "I don't believe it;" he admitted, however, judging from his own experience that they *seemed* to do so, for before marriage he was miserable, but since then he wished he was dead. I thought he had reached the "confidential" stage.

The murmuring billows had languished into well-nigh silence, and the mimic waves were sinking to a restful sleep, as we anchored for the night outside New York harbour; the air was still and overhead scarce floated a cloud to dim the


"Star lit and planetary vales,"

whilst a thousand clustering buds of light shone from the bright floor of the azure skies.



NEW YORK HARBOUR.

CHAPTER II.—NEW YORK (PART I).

HE morning broke hazy; a grey confusion hung around, making objects on the river dimly seen; the turbid air at first veiled the land, but ere long the glorious sun burst from its misty prison, and nature's great eternal painter limned the heavens with pencil dipped in roseate colours of the morn. chasing away the last star that feebly twinkled in the west.

The smile on the ocean's face had its counterpart and was reflected in the smile on many a human cheek on the deck of the *Campania* that bright April morn. Few cities in the world are so grandly situated with reference to the sea and navigable rivers as New York, and these advantages are combined under a beautiful landscape, which cannot escape the admiration of the observant.

The harbour is pleasingly irregular in its outline, is broken up by small islands, girt about with low hills, and surrounded by cities and villages gleaming in the sunshine, and nightly forming a galaxy of brilliants. Approaching the "Battery," the name given to a triangular park standing at the southern or seaward extremity of Manhattan Island, on which New York is built, the scene becomes very charming; the lawns and trees luminous with fresh and tender foliage; the curving sea wall where tides "green as grass," twice in the natural day, break into gentle foam borders of everlasting flowers. To the left stretches the broad level of the Hudson River, relieved by the background of Jersey City, and to the right the full breadth of East River, and the looming heights of Brooklyn with its graceful suspension bridge, the marvel of the world. Far down the harbour the lower bay, a broad indentation, is bounded by the horizon of the blue Atlantic.

We were told—I suppose it is true—that it is possible to embark in a canoe at the "Battery" and float, save for an occasional short

carry, to the borders of Alaska, as the Hudson river, in connection with the Erie canal, forms a water highway as extensive as the Mississippi or the Volga.

One of the most striking objects on entering New York harbour is undoubtedly Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty. This colossal figure,

symbolizing Liberty enlightening the world, the largest statue of modern times, made of hammered plates of copper, is 151 feet in height, and stands upon a pedestal 155 feet high, and was given ten years since by Frenchmen to the American Republic. The statue cost \$200,000, the foundation and pedestal \$250,000 more, the latter being provided in the States. Bedloes Island on which it stands, was selected by the sculptor himself as "there 2,000,000 people could plainly see the great bronze figure from their homes, and another million



STATUE OF LIBERTY.

in country homes could see her lamp by night, whilst men and women of every nation would pass in ships beneath her mighty arm," an ideal,

methinks, more lofty than the statue, compounded of French and American gush and sentiment. The image of gold that Nebuchadnezzar the King set up in the plain of Dura must have been a pigmy compared with this colossus.

Critics differ as to its good taste and merit as a work of art; I am neither an art critic nor censor of the canons of good taste, so refrain from passing an opinion, though I think my judgment would be benevolent, only recording one or two facts. Internal staircases in the pedestal lead to the base of the statue, and thence up the statue itself, finishing in the hollow at the top of the head, where it is said forty persons may stand at once; a row of windows in the half circle of the coronet overlook the whole harbour, New York City, the Brooklyn shore, far back among the Long Island hills, and out past the narrows to the ocean horizon. The torch, held up aloft 30 or 40 feet above the head of the figure, is lighted by a cluster of electric lamps intended as a beacon for mariners, but in reality proving a source of trouble and anxiety owing to the extreme brightness and glare of the rays it emits.

The "vulgar man" had not been much in evidence amongst our set since we floated down channel. He formed, with my friend, one of the whist parties on that first evening, addressing himself indiscriminately to the company gathered in that snug alcove, but with a very familiar glance at Bosco, he informed them that he was always happy in the company of thieves and liars; no doubt his imagination was under some stimulating influence, for next day he declared he had a wheel in his head. Bosco usually views thieves and liars from the elevation of the "Bench," not across the card table, so for the rest of the voyage Major O'Hooligan had a wide berth; but on the eve of parting, no less than at the joy of meeting, the Major forced himself to the front, and addressing my friend (the magistrate confided to me his intense desire to give him "six months hard") he said the docks of New York were the finest in the world, 50 miles in extent, we had nothing like them in all England (Mr. O'Hooligan scented his native air, and his foot was about to touch his native heath), but Bosco, drawing himself up to a patriotic elevation on a pedestal of truth, told the Irish American he was talking ——— rubbish, and wanted none of his Yankee brag, that the London

and Liverpool docks were far superior to the tottering timber structures, and miserable wooden shanties he called docks, for whilst nature had done everything for them, they had done —— little for themselves. Gentle reader, excuse my printing the adjectives.

Nothing can exceed the discomfort on landing; utter confusion in dealing with luggage reigns; an entire absence of any well regulated system; porters crawl about at snail's pace, and in each other's way, with half empty trucks made expressly for creating the greatest noise on earth, all conspiring to a waste of time and temper that might easily be avoided; finally our solid leather portmanteaux, gratuitous travelling advertisements for many hotels, were taken in charge by one of the baggage expresses, and safely carried to the Brunswick, the hotel at which my friend had engaged rooms. If less modern and showy than some of the newer ones, it provides excellent food, a certain channel whereby to reach Bosco's heart.

I ventured to suggest we should have been more up to date at the Plaza, Savoy, or Waldorf, but the ice water was warm in comparison to the J.P.'s frigid retort, that if his friend Sir Rivers Wilson was content with it, and Her Britannic Majesty's representative made it his home when in New York, as well as other of his intimates who figure in Dod or Burke, whose names I would fain forget, it was surely good enough for me, whose name was most likely to be found, if anywhere, amongst my tailor's overdues; so we remained at the Brunswick and were satisfied.

An incident occurred early during our stay at the Brunswick which reminds me that I have been negligent in not introducing Bosco to my readers. In American hotels boots are not found at morning-dawn polished ready for wearing, but you go to a special department, usually in the basement, and there they are "shined like mirrors" on your feet at any time of the day for ten cents a pair. My friend generally managed to get seated in the luxurious chair first, and usually stalked away without paying, assuring the black that his father, pointing to me, would pay for both. One morning before our connection was known I heard an amusing conversation between the two shoe blacks and one or two gentlemen waiting their turn:—"I say Dick, isn't the 'Judge' like the



MY OLD FRIEND AND COMPANION, FREDERICK CARVER,
"Bosco, J.P."

*Frederick Carver,
April 10th 1898.*

Prince of Wales?" (The J.P. perpetually carries about his magisterial dignity). "I wonder if it is him," replied Dick, "I never see'd two peas so much alike," and this opinion the customers endorsed, much to my amusement and Bosco's gratification when the tale was told, and this resemblance was commented on, not twice but thrice and more during our trip. My readers will form their own opinion as I introduce to them, by a photo, my friend "Bosco, J.P.," at the same time that I repudiate him as being my son.

New York has always been proud of its hotels; they are almost numberless, yearly increasing in magnitude, excellence of service, and splendour of apartments. We visited several; enjoying an excellent lunch at the Savoy, equally good dinners at the Plaza and Delmonico's, and smiled sweetly whilst raising our glasses at many others—the Fifth Avenue, the Hoffman, and Holland House, amongst the number. But perhaps the finest of all is the Waldorf, one of the newest and most fashionable, a magnificent building in the Fifth Avenue on the site of a former house of John Jacob Astor; it is eleven stories high, built in a very ornate style of brown stone, brick and terra cotta. I remember that there our "smiles," consisting of a split soda and a little, very little, rye whiskey, cost half-a-dollar each; but then it is only truthful to say it was not the "demi-tasse smiles" we went there to see, but the living smiles from liquid eyes, set in always pleasant and sometimes beautiful faces, that made us take that Sabbath evening journey.

The corridors of the Waldorf compete successfully in their display of dress and beauty with any of its many rivals. These spacious halls and corridors, walled with rich marbles, panelled with onyx and garnished with porphyry, are superbly decorated; the floors are hidden 'neath rich carpets, the choicest products of Turkish and Persian looms, on which footfall finds no echo; luxurious couches and dainty chairs woo the weary and pamper the indolent; artistic chandeliers depend from the ceiling, and beautifully designed brackets with flower-formed clusters of softly shaded electric lights shed brightness around. These "marble halls," furnished in the most sumptuous style known to civilization at the close of the nineteenth century, are nightly thronged by the sons and daughters of Eve, mostly those wearing the "goodly apparel," the "gay clothing,"

and the "gold rings," of which St. James wrote, and without an exception having a desire to "sit in a good place;" silken robes of purest white form a relief to the many dazzling costumes in colours, vivid beyond description; orient pearls, from the caves of the Indian seas, nestled on bare and stately necks; golden bracelets, set with emeralds, sapphires and opals of untold price, and with rubies dug from out the depths of Burmese mines, encircled shapely arms; Golconda's richest treasures outvied in brilliancy the morning dews, and gems "rich and rare" blazed from countless tapering fingers, shone from many a shapely ear, and gleamed and trembled amidst the folds of dyed and undyed silken tresses.



THE NETHERLAND AND SAVOY HOTELS.

Hotels in the United States are conducted on two distinct systems, and a few are composite, combining both; the "European plan," with which most Britons are familiar, is to take rooms for which rent and service is charged so much per day, the visitor being at liberty to take his meals in the salon of the hotel, in the restaurant usually attached thereto, or at any other more convenient place; the "American plan" includes lodging and attendance and meals throughout the day, and as there is scarcely a break between these meals from daylight to midnight, proprietors

frequently charge travellers for two meals more than they eat—those on the table at the time of arrival and departure. The traveller should in all cases make a stipulation when registering his name at the clerk's desk that the account shall commence with the first meal. This plan besides tying you to be in at all meals (often inconvenient) struck me as being productive of great waste; the menu is far too extensive to ensure good cooking, and the food is often semi-cold. It is no unusual thing to see Americans with half-a-dozen or more dishes round them; they may order, and sometimes do, twenty different varieties and never touch half; some of our cousins are great eaters; I heard of a young man, a boarder, the owner of a voracious appetite, who, when his landlord told him he should be compelled to raise his terms, exclaimed "For God's sake don't! I can scarcely work my money out as it is." Our experience was all in favour of the European plan.

No city in the world is better supplied with restaurants than New York; they are found in every quarter of the city, and in every degree of excellence and expensiveness. Our experience was satisfactory; it is as well that strangers should know that at all first-class, or even moderate priced restaurants, what is enough for one is usually enough for two; if the waiter on taking an order for two persons enquires if you wish one portion or two, it is certain one is sufficient; if he does not, you should ask.

Besides restaurants, there are luncheon bars largely frequented at mid-day by business men, who content themselves with a hurried snack; the Rotunda, attached to the Astor House hotel, is amongst the most frequented. The Britisher visiting New York for the first time will probably be taken by one of his cousins to Stewart's for one or more "smiles," and to see a fine collection of pictures, one being a really marvellous work of art representing a barn door on which is hung game, fowling pieces, horns, and other implements of the sportsman; the bronze key hole and iron fretwork ornaments are most realistic.

A most satisfactory feature connected with American bars is the entire absence of female labour. I did not see a single barmaid, in fact not a single woman in any bar either behind or in front of the counter. In this they certainly teach us a lesson.

Bosco requires no introduction in New York ; he is a prince amongst commercial magnates ; little wonder then, that, within a few hours, long before the "Twin seasons of the day and night" had come and gone, we had enough invitations to lunch and to dine to last for a month, besides an untold number to immediately join in a "smile" (Anglicé, a drink), and ere night fell our names were inscribed as honorary members of several leading clubs, the names of which I forget. The president of one, I remember, was Mr. Strong, Mayor of New York. All these we found ample and complete, in the variety and extent of their accommodation, the elegance and comfort of the appointments, the irreproachable taste of the decorations, and in the excellence of the cuisine. The unbounded hospitality of those members, whom it was our good fortune to meet, we can never forget—our warmest thanks to them all.

The atmosphere of a club house smoke room is usually genial, conducive to mirth and merriment, and productive of an inevitable crop of stories, some fresh, others decidedly tainted, and a goodly number of veterans, musty with age. I hope those I venture to record here are fresh, at any rate the first is "breezy." During a recent windy day in New York a discussion arose between some gentlemen at one of the clubs about the velocity of wind. Each related a story of his own experience. One of the party said he was once riding in a train through Kansas. "There was what is called out there 'a light breeze' blowing. I had occasion to look out of the window, and the moment I put my head out off went my hat." "What did you do?" asked one of his friends. "Well," said he, "several people told me not to worry, that the breeze was strong enough to take it there. I wondered what they meant, but that hat was handed to me by the station agent at our next stop, about forty miles from where it blew out of the window. We came along pretty fast—I guess about fifty miles an hour. But then eighty miles an hour for wind is called 'a light breeze' in that country, and the hat went by the eighty mile route."

Bosco told about seeing the laziest man he ever met whilst on a recent visit to Brighton ; enquiring from a boatman, lolling over the rails and gazing idly into the sea, the way to Kemptown, the man without moving his body from the rail or opening his mouth, lifted his left foot and

pointed with it leftward. My friend who has an insatiable thirst for knowledge, asked where Hove lay, whereupon, again without moving his body or speaking, the right leg was kicked in the opposite direction. "Well," said the J.P., "if you can find me a lazier fellow than you are I'll give you a shilling." This unloosed his tongue, "Then put it in my pocket" was the reply.

This brought up one of our friends who said he had just heard of one who, he thought, must be the meanest man on earth. The agent for a new and handsomely illustrated book, who had lately called on him, was evidently suffering from considerable excitement. "What's the matter?" asked the gentleman. "I've just met the meanest man," he answered, "I've heard of him, and I've read about him in the papers, but I never expected to meet him face to face." "Where is he?" "Up in that office building." "How do you know he's the meanest man?" "By the way he acted. I showed him this work of art, lectured on it for half an hour, showed the engravings, and when I hinted that it would be a good thing to order, what do you think he said? He said he never bought books. He didn't have to. He just waited for some fool agent to come along and tell him all that was in 'em and turn over the leaves while he looked at the pictures."

I must not forget to mention the "Down Town Club" at which we lunched with one of Bosco's friends. Everything there is done in A1 style. The members are chiefly bankers, financiers, lawyers, and other professional men. I did not know until we reached the genial atmosphere of the smoke room that our host was—if everyone had their rights—Duke of Lennox, but if he had not the title and property, his distinguished bearing, no less than his courteous, almost courtly, manners, stamped him at once as one of Nature's Noblemen. We thank Your Grace for a pleasant hour.

Time and inclination alike prevented our visiting many places of amusement. Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth," Koster and Bial's Celebrated Music Hall, and the Lyceum Theatre, exhaust the list.

Barnum's Show, at the Madison Square Gardens, is still conducted on the same first-class lines with which some of us became familiar during his visit to Olympia. Equestrian displays; acrobatic, gymnastic

and athletic exhibitions of first-rate excellence; exciting Roman chariot racing, with two and four horses abreast, driven by ladies and gentlemen at a furious speed; a large and well kept variety—exceptionally good specimens—of wild beasts; a large herd of elephants, 24 in number; and endless other attractions combine to make good the claim, which I think is indisputable, that Barnum's is the "Greatest Show on Earth."

The Music Hall is really a Palace of Varieties. The prices are fairly high, keeping it select. The night of our visit Albert Chevalier, with his inimitable coster songs, was the chief attraction. Our visit was a little "previous;" had we known that on the following evening Mr. Edison was to be there, exhibiting for the first time his wonderful "Vitascope," we should have deferred going. The *New York Herald* of the next day contained the following:—

A THRILLING SHOW.

"The Vitascope reproduces all the colors of a picture. The house was packed: the applause was tremendous. The first picture shewn was that of two dancers. It seemed as though they were actually on the stage, so natural was the dance, with its many and graceful motions. Next came a picture of a tumbling surf on the Jersey shore. The waves were high and boisterous as they dashed after one another in their rush for the sandy beach, over which they ebbed and flowed. The white crests of the waves and the huge volume of water were true to life. Only the roar of the surf was needed to make the illusion perfect.

"A boxing bout, between a long, thin man, and a short, stout one, was the next picture. Every move, and step, and blow of the boxers was faithfully reproduced on the screen last night. A scene from 'The Milk White Flag' was next shewn.

"'The Monroe Doctrine' was the title of a picture. At first John Bull was shewn bombarding a South American shore, supposed to represent Venezuela. John was getting the better of the argument when the tall lank figure of Uncle Sam emerged from the back of the picture. He grasped John Bull by the neck, forced him to his knees, and made him take off his hat to Venezuela. This delighted the audience, and applause and cheers rang through the house, while somebody cried 'Hurrah for Edison!'

"The 'skirt dance' was the last picture shewn, and its success equalled that of the others. When the dancer disappeared from view, there was a long burst of applause, and everybody agreed that the Vitascope was wonderful."

I felt sorry my friend was not present at the conclusion of the skirt dance to strengthen and lengthen that long burst of applause, although the certainty of an angry Venezuelan demonstration from him,

mingling with the ringing cheers, might not have delighted the audience. Bosco is a patriot.

On our way home we called to inspect the smoke room of the "Imperial," and to have our last evening "smile" suffused in "Scotch and Lithia." Leaving the hotel we were soon abreast of a "gentleman" practising elocution in the open; he was unburdening his mind freely. Addressing an imaginary audience with great vehemence he said:—"You are a blackguard lot! You've plenty of money, plenty to eat and drink, but no gintility. Oh, why did I ever come to this country. Me father was an Oirish gentleman, and I am a gentleman. Oh, for the wings of a dove to fly away!" As we were steering a straight course, and the orator a decidedly zig-zagging one, we soon got too far ahead to see if the appeal for the "wings of a dove" was as well satisfied as his thirst for "encore" whisky evidently had been. It was an amusing incident as shewing an "Oirishman's" opinion of America.

Our visit to the Lyceum to see the "Prisoner of Zenda" was disappointing. Any comparison of the performance with the original production at the St. James' by Mr. George Alexander would not be a happy one, and therefore need not be made. Forgetting the actors is easier than forgetting the audience, or at any rate the hats that some of them wore. Is it not most inconsiderate for tall ladies, and most ladies try and sit tall, which comes to the same thing, to wear those high head-dresses in a theatre, compelling a perpetual dodging this way and that, to the right and to the left, producing so painful a straining of the neck, and general discomfort, that the victim in sheer despair, and with a groan of anguish, gives up the unequal contest with the fair, or unfair, obstructionists? I remember these erections well; the roses that bloomed on these towers of fashion were not ordinary modest roses, but prize roses, with an assertive, nodding, generally familiar style as became the "greatest on earth" sorts. Sweet sisters, do be more thoughtful.

This reminds me of a conversation in the theatre:—"There's a lot of twaddle talked about elevating the stage, isn't there, what on earth do they mean by it?" said a gentleman. "Mean by it," said his friend, "I don't know, but I should think it is to get it above the level of the ladies' hats."

I first saw revolving and folding chairs in use at this theatre; they are a great convenience.

The Washington Arch, with its noble curve, of which an illustration is given, stands in Washington Square. It is admirably proportioned,



WASHINGTON ARCH.

and exquisitely modelled in marble; completed in 1893 at a cost of over \$250,000. The locality of Washington Square is interesting from its historical associations; and from the quaint style of the residences, many still inhabited by old families, too conservative to follow the behest of fashion, and move up town. Well known literary men and artists are amongst the dwellers in this neighbourhood. Near here we passed the

“Brevoort House,” much frequented by the upper circle of foreign tourists. I think my friend Boseo remarked that his friend, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, stayed here during his visit to the States.

Wall Street, with Trinity Church, on the other side of Broadway, full in view :—

“Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations—
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes serenely told
From Trinity’s undaunted steeple.”

has always been a choice thoroughfare ; before the Revolution, aristocratic families, leaders of society and fashion, dwelt there ; little business intruded, although the slave market stood at the foot. Gradually the financial institutions of the city became concentrated around, and now the name stands for an assemblage of great institutions, which not only line its quarter mile, but stretch blocks away from that short avenue, whose paving stones might be replaced by bricks of gold and not exhaust the vaults of untold wealth the street represents.

Clustered round Wall Street are found :
—The Assay Office, a handsome style of marble

building almost a century old ; sometimes as much as a hundred millions worth of crude bullion is assayed here in one year, and close at hand is the Sub-Treasury, a large Doric building of granite ; its broad flight of



WALL STREET.

steps broken by a pedestal bearing a colossal statue of Washington taking the oath. More money is stored in this building than anywhere else in the country, except the Treasury vaults at Washington; a well-armed guard protects the treasure, and upon the granite roof are facilities for mounting a battery of Gatling guns, and otherwise protecting the building from assault.

Trust companies occupy conspicuous and costly palaces; bankers and financiers are found in beautiful brown stone buildings, or still grander rose granite piles. Atlantic Cables and Marine Insurance Companies are located in massive structures of grey granite. Stock brokers share with the learned profession luxurious offices in magnificent marble halls, whilst Fire and Life Insurance Associations fill stately structures ten to twenty stories high, rivalling Babel's tower. Probably in no other city in the world is to be found, in so limited an area, so many splendid temples of commerce of great artistic value, grand in the dignity and richness of their architecture, and so complete, and often magnificent, in the wealth of their interior appointments.

In my simplicity, I observed that many of these companies must be of considerable age to attain such wealth and importance, to which Bosco replied he had no doubt I was right, as he had been told they traced their origin back to the time of Noah's Ark, when he understood the original limited joint stock company was floated.

Let us note a few of the signboards; we were much struck with the large proportion of occupants with foreign names, of which no inconsiderable quantity bore unmistakeable traces of Hebraic origin; this is the case, not only in the "El Dorado" of Wall Street and its vicinity, but throughout New York, which might with equal appropriateness be styled "New Jerusalem." Here many rich money lenders, "Shylocks" who exact the pound of flesh, the utmost penalty in the bond, mingle in daily commercial strife with Israelites, in whom, like Nathaniel, is found no guile. It was my good fortune to meet some of these, to whom honour is as dear as to the ancient Roman.

The palatial home of the Equitable Life Assurance Society is a typical building; the broad ground floor corridor runs from Broadway to Nassau Street, and forms a brilliant arcade, paved, walled, and adorned

with vari-coloured marbles, and illuminated by electricity, along which shops and restaurants are arrayed. An extensive view of the city is obtained from the top storey—ascend is easy, the building contains several speedy elevators. The City Hall Park is just across Broadway; it is a little spot of green—an oasis amid a desert of granite; the trees mantle the space with their grateful shade in summer, and in the winter the shadows of the twigs tessellate the asphalt walks as the rays of the electric lamps strike through the leafless branches. A statue to Nathan Hale—considered one of the most spirited and satisfactory in the city—stands at the south-west corner of the Park, facing Broadway, calmly surveying the unceasing turmoil of traffic as it rolls by.



BROADWAY.

Near the City Hall Park is Printing House Square, an open space in the centre of which stands a statue of Benjamin Franklin, unmoved by presidential combats or municipal strife, heedless of the operations of “bears” and “bulls,” and deaf to the appeals of the professional interviewer. Around this limited space, within easy hail of each other, are published the *Times*, *Tribune*, *Sun*, *Journal*, and *World*, whilst within a quarter of a mile several daily and weekly papers in foreign

languages are issued. The cupola of the *World*, a fine lofty building, is open to visitors. Newspapers are almost as numerous as in Paris, and frequently possess as little value; I heard of one which, on the first day

of publication, contained a letter signed "An old subscriber."

I must confess to a great disappointment with the daily newspaper press of the United States. I found in much of it little to interest, less to instruct and edify, and much to thoroughly disgust; there seems to be an insatiable craving for the terrible; many issues are little better than literary chambers of horrors; accounts of murders, robberies, and criminal



"WORLD" AND "TRIBUNE" OFFICES.

incidents fill columns; the more desperate and revolting, the greater the display of sensational head lines; private domestic affairs, which ought to be deemed sacred, are ruthlessly dragged into light, in parallel columns, and with the same detailed description, as the minute accounts

of the most abominable crimes, the most revolting being sure of the largest type available. I brought a number of specimens home, but reflection decided me to consign them to the flames. It is, however, only fair to say that almost every educated American, to whom I named the newspapers, is heartily ashamed of a large portion of the daily press, the shameless and offensive character of which ought to ensure its exclusion from the the homes of all self-respecting citizens.



THE POST OFFICE.

Some, of course, are much worse than others, but, with few exceptions, they all more or less feed a morbid appetite with unwholesome food.

And the size of the newspapers is remarkable; how can so much literature be brought forth at such low prices? I suppose only by the great extent of the advertising columns. The profit on the Sunday

editions, which in many cases are at least double the size of the week-day publications, can only come from the advertisements. I was told that some of the largest issues, such as the *Easter Herald*, sell for less than the cost of the unprinted paper. What the advertiser wants is circulation, "the greatest circulation in the world;" the only thing he cares about is the number of readers; it is the publicity he buys, and so long as "the people love to have it so," will there be found journals of the baser sort, full not only of what is trivial and doubtful, but pandering to dangerous and evil passions, in order to expand the circulation, by which means alone can many of them hope to live.

Not far off, at the parting of the ways, the motley pile of the Post Office rears its huge bulk; Broadway stretches northward, on its west side, and to the right, Park Row leads at an angle to Chatham Square. The hurrying and rushing of pedestrians and the turmoil of traffic here is almost indescribable. About 2,500 men are employed in the New York Post Office, in the collection of the 900,000,000 letters, newspapers, &c., handled at this office annually. The average receipts per year are about \$6,000,000, and the expenditure \$2,000,000, leaving a nett profit of \$4,000,000.

Close by is the *Times* building, grandly beautiful in architecture, and notable in construction, since the old building, which it replaced, was not taken down nor the work of its occupants interrupted, while the new walls rose around and far above them.

The Tombs is the nickname of the city prison; its Egyptian architecture suggested the significant name. A police court is held daily in the front part of the building; sometimes as many as a hundred cases come before the magistrates in one day. One magistrate, Recorder Goff, I noticed from the reports, seemed to have the faculty of almost always giving unsatisfactory decisions. Some cases are of course serious, others uninteresting, a few humorous, as for example the following reported in one of the papers:—

IRISH WIT.—An Irish witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair. "Did you *see* the shot fired?" the magistrate asked. "No, sorr. I only *heard* it," was the evasive reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate sternly—"stand down!" The witness turned round to leave the box, and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively. The

magistrate, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back, and asked him how he dared to laugh in court. "Did ye see me laugh, your honour?" queried the offender. "No, sir, but I *heard* you," was the irate reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye. And this time everybody laughed except the magistrate.

Bosco's unremitting response to the trumpet call of duty left me leisure to peregrinate some of the more notable and interesting parts of the city. Madison Square, at one angle of which our hostel, the Brunswick, is situated, is in the centre of the hotel district. Here Broadway slants across Fifth Avenue, making an open paved plaza; one of the most animated points of New York, especially is it crowded in the afternoon, when the shopping and pleasure seeking people from up town meet the business population from down town at these cross roads. In the centre of the square is a small park about six acres in extent.



MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

Its trees have grown until their thick foliage makes a welcome shade in summer for nurses and children and idlers of every class who seek its shelter from the burning rays of the scorching sun. A noble fountain occupies the middle of the square; at one corner is a sitting statue of William H. Seward, a once famous Secretary of State, calmly watching the ebb and flow of the river of life; at another corner of the park is Gauden's statue of Farragut, a popular naval hero, considered the most artistic piece of sculpture in the city.

Continuing, the pedestrian crosses in front of the famous Fifth Avenue Hotel. Half a century ago it was the site of a diminutive yellow tavern, and once a farmer's cottage; 60 years since it was the objective point for what was then a long walk into the fields; now there stands a dignified edifice of white marble, capable of housing 1000 guests. Its spacious corridors are filled in the evening with politicians, chiefly of the Republican party, and it is a favourite stopping place for officials and public men. Proceeding, we enter that portion of Fifth Avenue given up to trade. Picture and book stores arrest our attention, and especially Scribner's, a name well known in England to all readers of American literature. In the treasury of this literary store are to be found original editions of priceless value; the price of the wisdom thereof is above rubies. Then the windows of several shops devoted to potteries, bric-a-brac and Japanese goods attract our eyes; here is the stately and well appointed store of Messrs. Arnold Constable & Co. with its vast wealth of textile and other treasures, which, on the invitation of one of the principal partners, we had the pleasure of inspecting; many pianoforte dealers and organ builders find a home in this locality.

Entering Union Square we find a broad paved space, called the Plaza, bordering the northern, the quietest, side; at times illuminated at night by picturesque rows of lamps along the curbing. Here military parades and outdoor meetings, especially those called by labour agitators, often occur, and in summer a flower market is held every morning from 5 to 8 o'clock. Overlooking this plaza are the windows of the *Century* and *St. Nicholas* editorial rooms.

South of Union Square runs the busy line of 14th Street, where several fine shops are conspicuous, in front of which stands a grand

equestrian statue of George Washington. Against this end of the square breaks the whole traffic current of Broadway, to swerve to the west of it, and sweep in an augmented well-nigh resistless tide along its further side, where 14th Street adds largely to the living stream. Here, where the crowd is densest, is placed Browne's bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln, seated in the chair of state, with the emancipation proclamation in his hand—erected by popular subscription soon after his assassination.

In Union Square is Tiffany's, the world-famed storehouse for jewels, silver-work, and articles of vertu; I was sorely tempted, and have seldom felt more the inconvenience of being poor. At this point we enter upon what is known as the "ladies' half mile," within whose limits are found the great Oriental bazaar of Vantine & Co., and Sloane's carpet warehouse which interested me greatly. I formed the opinion that American made carpets are superior in design and beauty of colouring to ours, whatever they may be in quality. In the Gorham Silver Company's windows were exhibited many beautiful works of art, notably a number of exquisitely designed cups, the victors' trophies in many a yachting and other contest. Art furniture and upholstery are displayed in the immense establishments of Hertz Brothers and Lord & Taylor; and groceries, made up in their most attractive form, make a brave show in the big store of Park & Tilford; and last, but far from least, show rooms for fashionable costumes and marvellous millinery abound.

At night the "ladies' half mile" is fairly ablaze with gas and electricity—massed in parterres of light at the square, and stretching away into a sparkling perspective, making 14th Street as light as the day. The shop windows are brilliant with jewels, fruit, flowers, cut glass, paintings, potteries, and gay merchandise of every sort, into which knots of people gaze, and then give place to others as they on to the next, whilst hundreds, nay, thousands of gleaming lamps throw their bright rays on a dense throng of lively people.

The up town portion of Fifth Avenue is the Belgravia of the American metropolis, the centre of its fashion and splendour, the home of its merchant princes. I saw New York's grandest Avenue from the modest elevation of the roof of one of the "stages." This magnificent thoroughfare is lined with costly domiciles, the homes of unknown wealth

and splendour, possessing marked beauty of architectural design, gorgeous club houses, churches noted for their beauty, comfort, and the rich variety of their rare architecture.

The peculiar shape and conditions of Manhattan Island; the desire of the people in or near "society" to dwell close together; the fact that the majority of New Yorkers are men of business and must live near it; and the extreme costliness of desirable land, have combined to make New York a compact city, several stories high, rather than a wide spreading accumulation of single houses as are Cleveland and Philadelphia. In those parts of the city where the poor congregate, because they can go nowhere else, blocks of "tenement" houses, as high as the law will permit, cover many square miles of the surface. At the other extreme, men, whose large incomes enable them to choose which way they will live, elect to do the same thing, only they make their tenement houses convenient and luxurious, and call them "apartments." It is not so much a matter of taste as it is one of room, and, to some degree, the saving of expense, though this is not considerable, since in the most expensive apartment houses as high as \$600 a month may be paid for a single suite, while from \$200 to \$300 a month is common.

The terms "apartment house" and "flat" must, however, be distinguished. The former means a suite of rooms without a kitchen or any means of regular cooking, the occupants taking their meals in restaurants, hotels, or elsewhere. In a flat a kitchen and every convenience for housekeeping are included. In a flat your whole home is on one level—which is a decided advantage—and the noises made by your neighbours reach you from above and below, instead of through the partition walls, which may or may not be an advantage, according as you look at it.

Some of these apartments are vast and magnificent; grand stone portals, massive oaken doors, stately vestibules, panelled with rare marbles, foretell of the luxury within. These buildings are usually fireproof, and generally include a reception room, or at any rate a little office at the entrance, and a manservant to announce visitors, and attend to the door; elevators are provided, and each suite of rooms has a hallway of its own, opening upon the stairway and elevator, so that quite as much

privacy is maintained as in a separate house. Our letters of introduction gave us the entrée to homes located in these "apartments" or "flats," and we found the system universally praised.

An invitation to dinner in Brooklyn gave us our only opportunity of viewing and crossing the East River Bridge. This marvellous highway connects New York and Brooklyn, and is one of the very finest engineering achievements in the world. The walk across is delightful, seats are scattered along the broad promenade, on which one may rest



BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

whilst enjoying the view; a double track cable railroad carries the largest number of persons who cross the bridge, computed at not less than 100,000 daily; there is also a drive for vehicles going to Brooklyn on the south side, and a corresponding one on the north for those coming into New York. The lower part of the towers is solid, then they are hollow up to the base of the great arches, 119 feet high; the arches rise 117 feet higher, and the capstones are 271 feet above the water.

The massive masonry anchorages, 127 feet high, and 119 feet wide, containing the arrangement of iron bars to which the ends of the cables are fastened, are 930 feet behind each tower. It is the weight and holding power of these anchorages that sustain the bridge, the towers really doing little more service than to elevate it at a sufficient height.


The cables are not twisted like ropes, but consist of 5,434 separate galvanized steel wires, (12 feet to the pound) which were drawn over, two at a time, and laid side by side as true to the proper curve of the intended cable as possible. Then, by a careful and ingenious method, these wires were forced into a close and even round bundle, and closely wound with other wire like the thread on a spool. Each finished cable is 3,578 feet long, $15\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter, and able to bear 12,200 tons in the middle of the sag.

The approaches to the bridge are massive arches of masonry, with here and there steel truss-bridges spanning the streets. The total length is $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles; the length between the towers 1,595 feet; the width 85 feet; the height above the water, in the centre, 135 feet. It took thirteen years to complete, and I have seen statements of the cost varying from \$16,000,000 to \$20,000,000.

We may forget the sight of Brooklyn Bridge by night, with its noble span set with a flashing line of electric brilliants, studded here and there with emeralds of safety or bright rubies of warning. We may forget the harbour with its moving and many coloured lanterns of the ferry boats and shipping; the thousands of street lamps glistening, and the tall buildings illuminated from basement to attic, but we cannot forget our charming hostess, nor will the recollection of one of our pleasantest evenings in the States fade away while memory lasts.



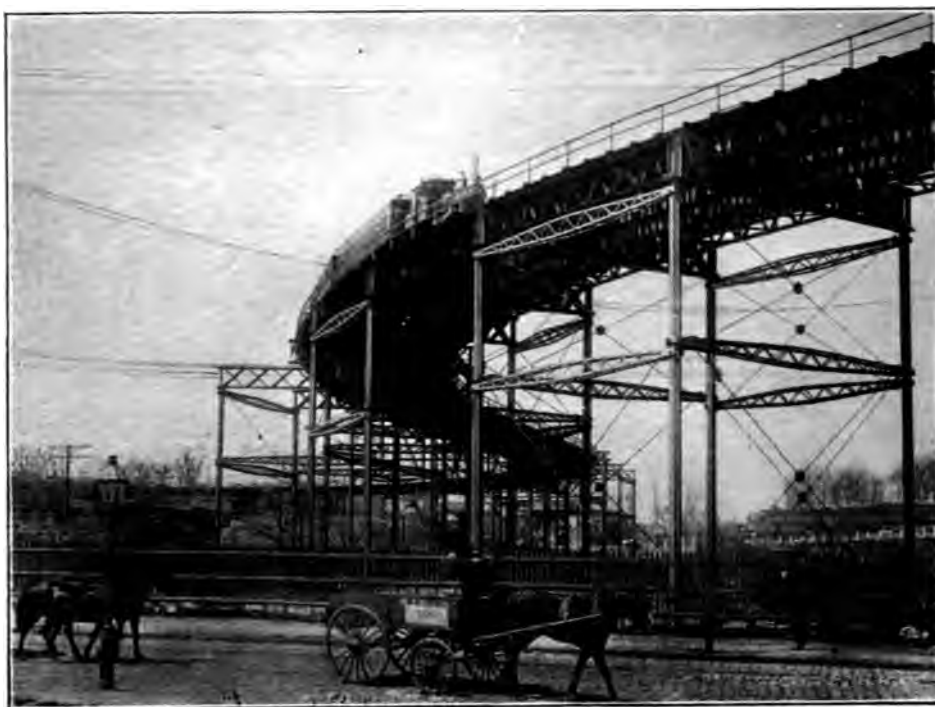
CHAPTER III.—NEW YORK (*PART II*).

HE long narrow shape of Manhattan Island, on which New York stands, with its crowded and rapidly increasing population, and the constant enlargement of the purely commercial area, compels the great mass of travel to be back and forth over the same thoroughfares; all day long the public conveyances are crowded, and in the morning and at night they are frightfully overcrowded. The two principal methods of transit are the elevated railways and the surface cars.

The system of elevated railways, which carry trains of cars drawn by steam locomotives, consists of four main double-track lines, and a few short branches; these trains run at intervals of one or two minutes, or even less during the busiest hours of morning and evening. Care should be taken to note the sign at the foot of the station stairs which informs passengers whether the station is for up or down trains; but if they forget, and find themselves on the wrong side, they will be passed in free at the opposite station if they explain the case to the gate man where the mistake is made. The fare on all these elevated railroads, and for all distances, is five cents. A ticket must be bought at the booking office, and thrown into the gate man's glass "chopper" box at the entrance to the platform, this saves all examination and collection of tickets.

My experience was exclusively confined to a part of the track running along the Sixth Avenue, chiefly from Franklin to about 116th Street. This is indeed a lively thoroughfare; up above, the trains pass and re-pass at short intervals; engines snort and scream, and bells clang incessantly; immediately below is a double tram line for the cable cars, which follow each other with amazing rapidity, whilst between the outer pillars of the elevated road and the densely crowded side walks, there is a roadway for carriages and other vehicles drawn by horses. The roar of London is as the murmur of a shell compared with the thunder of

New York, and Cheapside and the Strand are quiet lanes in contrast to Broadway and other main thoroughfares. New York surely must be the noisiest city in the world. The line, as it turns through Murray Street, makes, it is said, the sharpest railway curve in the world. At 14th Street you alight for Macy's famous bazaar, where you are sure to get good value, if not bargains, for your money. Ladies crowd the platform here, and also at the 18th Street station, a little further on, which is near the busiest shopping districts of Sixth Avenue and Broadway; Union



ELEVATED RAILWAY.

Square is close at hand. Proceeding, we pass the new, beautiful, and unique building of the *Herald* newspaper, said to be the best appointed of its kind in the country. Its press room is visible to the public, and every evening the great Hoe machines may be seen at work by anyone, who chooses to look through the windows.

As the Harlem trains turn westward, several magnificent hotels and apartment houses are passed at a short distance, and on the right

glimpses are got of the Central Park. From 93rd to 104th Street the stations are surrounded by costly and elegant houses built within the past few years. The track at this point is considerably above the pavement, and at 110th Street it turns eastward up Eighth Avenue upon an iron trestle bridge, said to have amazed Count de Lesseps as an example of audacious engineering. The ground is low here and the track is carried across it on a level with the fifth story windows of the houses.

The surface cars, which consist of horse cars and cable cars, are an old institution in New York, doing quite as large a business as they did before the overhead rails were built; the fare everywhere is 5 cents. In a report recently issued by the New York Metropolitan Company it is stated that the Company possesses 164 miles of track. When the system was worked by horses the cost was seventy per cent. of the gross receipts. The substitution of the electric cable has reduced it to fifty-four per cent., while under the favourable levels of Broadway the cost has been reduced to thirty-eight per cent.

These street cars, passing in close and endless procession, furnish a fine field for the study of human nature. The conductor is a man of many sorrows; from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, and not infrequently for hours later, he knows trouble, and sometimes a good deal of it. He is sworn at by men, nagged at by women, and watched by unknown "spotters" of the Company. The fares must all be collected. When travel is light, or the car is comfortably full, to pass from one end to the other and collect from each passenger the customary nickel is a comparatively pleasant undertaking, and the conductor then performs his duty with an easy off-hand grace that excites the envy of men less fortunately situated in life. But when 110 human beings squeeze and are squeezed into a receptacle originally intended for eighty, the conductor's job is no sinecure, for, besides collecting diligently in order that no one may defraud the Company of its hard earned cash, he must shove through the crowd with cautious vigilance lest he step on some man's pet corn or spoil some woman's best hat; he must watch to see who gets on and who wants to get off; he must keep an accurate tab on his register; he must look out for the streets at which he has been told to stop, and he must, on suspicion of being

considered and sometimes called a robber, give every one the correct change.

It is a peculiarity of people who travel on street cars that they are always wanting to get off, and the unlucky conductor, while gathering the Company's harvest at the front end, is not infrequently dismayed by the spectacle of three or four passengers tumbling off the rear platform, having gone as far as they desired and then jumped off without the formality of reporting their presence or cash to the conductor.

Of all his passengers, he has most trouble with women and children. Men seem to appreciate something of the value of time and hop on and off with as much expedition as possible. But the ladies rarely appear to have the slightest idea of the fact that the car must arrive at its destination some time in the course of the day, and after it has stopped for their benefit will exchange kisses and good-byes with half-a-dozen of their acquaintances, while the miserable conductor with his hand on the bell rope, and mindful of the overhauling he will have at the office if behind time, waits for them to get through. If he ventures modestly to insinuate that time is fleeting he is scowled upon by the angry feminines, who indignantly, and with wrath depicted on their countenances, tell each other what brutes the conductors all are on this line, and how this particular conductor ought to be reported for his insolence.

There is one class of men who give the conductor almost as much trouble as his women passengers, and those are the men who cherish the idea that they own the road. They are known afar off, to both conductor and motorman, by their haughty manner of signalling the car to stop. They enter with an air of authority and look about to see how best they can demonstrate their ownership of the entire property. If the windows are all closed, one of these terrors makes the remark that the conductor never knows how to ventilate a car properly; if they are all open, he closes the one by which he is seated, meantime observing that if the conductor had any sense he would know that windows ought not to be left open on such a day as this. Generally, however, he does not enter the car at all, but stands on the back platform, and tells the conductor and other interested persons how the road ought to be run, and how he would run it, if he had it. The fact that he knows nothing about the subject

on which he dilates cuts no figure at all (it seldom does with men who can tell how to manage other business than their own), but the flow of his eloquence is not in the least dammed by his ignorance, but continues uninterrupted from the time he gets on until the time when he gets off.

The entire system of trams carries over six hundred thousand passengers a day. Intolerable overcrowding is the rule rather than the exception. Passengers are compelled to squeeze into cars and hang by straps and be jammed together on front and rear platforms, or else make their journey afoot. Men and women are jostled and thrown by sudden stops and starts of the car, at the imminent risk of accident or injury to health, while life itself is endangered by such rapid curve swinging through a crowded thoroughfare as is seen at Union Square.

I was much struck by the contrast of treatment and frequent want of courtesy shewn to ladies in these cars and in an elevator. For example:—all men, unless ill-mannered, remove their hats in the presence of the dear creatures in an elevator; in a crowded tram car, it is quite a common thing to see numbers of women, young, middle-aged and old (some very unable to stand), grasping a strap and swaying backwards and forwards with every motion of the car, for the greater part of the journey; and it is the exception for a male passenger to offer his seat. I thought this an anomaly. “O’irce,” said the lecturer, as you no doubt remember, “turned men into hogs.” “I wonder if she did it by starting a street car line?” mused the woman who had hung to a strap all the way to the hall.

The number of deaths resulting from accidents in connection with surface cars is woful; I was told at a low computation two per day. I have before me a copy of the *Herald* of April 23rd, from which I make the following abbreviated extracts:—

COLLISION ON THE "S" CURVE.

Cable Car Crashes Into a Horse Car
on the Deadly Union Square Tracks.

PASSENGERS SHAKEN UP.

Gripman Says the Lookout Signalled
to Go Ahead Which the Latter Denies

DRIVER IN A HOSPITAL.

A smashup occurred on the "S" curve of the Broadway cable line at Union square last evening. The cable car knocked a cross town line car over. Passengers on the cable car were badly mixed up. The driver was hurt about the spine.

Cable car No. 851 was going up town at ten minutes to seven o'clock. It was filled with passengers, some of whom were hanging on to the straps. The rear platform was also crowded.

The gripman of the car was Thomas A. Cook.

Cook let his car shoot ahead when he received the signal from the "lookout." It went spinning around the first curve of the "S." As it rounded going west he noticed a crosstown car going east across the tracks.

It was too late to avoid a collision. Before the gripman could release the grip and throw on the brake the cable car crashed into the forward end of the horse car. The driver of the car, James Kennedy, was hurled several feet to the west side of the track and struck on his back. The horse car was turned over on its side. The released horses dashed up Broadway. George Lamphier, the conductor of the horse car, jumped before the collision came.

The dashboard of the cable car bent up like so much paper, pinning Cook against the front of the car. The men and women passengers were hurled against one another with great force. The windows of both cars were shattered. The women on the cable car screamed and a couple of them became hysterical. The cable line was blocked for half an hour.

TROLLEY CARS KILL TWO MORE.

Names of Peter Fallon and Joseph
Dorsey Added to Brooklyn's
Long List.

DRAGGED FOR HALF A BLOCK.

Young Dorsey, Playing in the Street,
Jumped Before a Fast
Moving Car.

FALLON WAS A SWITCHMAN.

Two more names were added yesterday to the list of victims killed by the Brooklyn trolley. Joseph Dorsey, twelve years old, was horribly mangled in Hamilton avenue by a car of the Prospect Park and Coney Island road, and Peter Fallon, a switchman employed by the Queen's County and Suburban road, was crushed to death at his post by a Fulton street car.

Young Dorsey is the 143d victim of the trolley.

The car was moving at a rapid rate, and the motorman did not have time to even check its speed before it crushed the boy. The little victim rolled under the car and was dragged for nearly half a block before the car was stopped. The boy's body was crushed by a forward wheel.

Peter Fallon, a switchman in the employ of the Brooklyn, Queens County and Suburban Railroad Company, while at work at Fulton street and Shepherd avenue, at one o'clock yesterday morning, was struck by a car of the Fulton street line and received injuries that resulted in his death a few hours later in St. John's Hospital.

Agnes Ray, six years old, of No. 537 Baltic street, was run into by car No. 3,223 of the Third avenue line, at Third avenue and Baltic street, at about six o'clock last evening. She fell under the car fender. She suffered no more injury than severe bruises, however, and was taken home.

These are simply specimens, and remembering that these accidents are of almost daily occurrence, one can understand the uncertainty underlying the query:—"You have friends in Brooklyn, have'nt you?" and the doubt involved in the answer:—"I don't know, the trolley is still in working order, you know." These surface cars and trolleys are indeed sadly too often veritable "Cars of Juggernaut."

Our only Sunday in New York found us twice attending the "means of grace." St. Thomas', probably the most fashionable up-town Episcopal Church, in the Fifth Avenue and 53rd Street, attracted us to Matins. The building is stately, well proportioned, and well built, and, architecturally, contains, to me, novel features; a broad nave separated from the side aisles by the usual arcades is continued by an irregular sided octagon, terminating in a deep apse forming the sanctuary; the altar, considerably elevated, and adorned with the largest bouquets of flowers I ever saw—fully three feet diameter—can be seen from any point; the reredos is a special feature;—a bold Latin cross, in strong relief, 10 to 12 feet high, carved out of solid stone, occupies the centre; angels cluster round the shaft and hover around the cross bar; paintings by La Farge fill the surrounding panels—these appeared to be, and I believe are, very beautiful. Many, if not all, of the windows are enriched with excellent modern stained glass.

A broad, lofty, and imposing flight of steps leads up to the sacarium; a twin organ of large size, admirable alike in the quality and variety of its tones, is placed at the north-east and south-east sides of the octagon; in the angles in front are the singers, but surrounding curtains prevent anything more than their heads being seen; the music we thought beautiful, solemn and impressive; the hymn, a kind of paraphrase on the 23rd Psalm, written by Addison, if I remember rightly, beginning—

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,"

a great favourite in my boyhood, but strangely omitted from most modern collections, was appropriately sung, it being the 2nd Sunday after Easter, or "Good Shepherd Sunday." Other musical features of the service were the repetition on the organ alone of the final "Alleluia" in "Sing Alleluia," after the vocal chords had ceased, and also a short organ

interlude before the singing of the last verse in each of the hymns—a very general practice in my youth.

The sermon, from the Rector, Dr. Morgan, was an excellent one, being based upon the introductory words of the Epistle for the day:—“Jesus said, I am the Good Shepherd.” The preacher made an eloquent and persuasive appeal for \$2,500, to be used for sending poor children from the unwholesome atmosphere of the slums to the fresh breezes blowing on the New Jersey coast, there to gather rainbow coloured shells that gleam in the sunshine, whilst they cool their tired young feet amid the gentle ripple of mimic waves, listening awhile to the faint murmur of the water that comes ‘twixt ebb and flow, whilst all is tranquil, as on Elysian shores, or repeating the still unanswered question of dear little Paul—“What are the wild waves saying?”—as they hearken to the wild, profound, eternal bass of Nature’s Anthem as it is borne shoreward by the fierce, foaming, bursting tide.

I was much impressed with the advantage of paper money during the offertory—a dollar is the least that can be given or you are at once spotted; few people think of giving silver. I should say from my, of course limited, observation, that American congregations do not offer to the Lord of that which has cost them nothing, but they give willingly and of their best; they plank down their notes fairly and squarely, and never seek to hide by sleight of hand the poverty of the gift.

A considerable and interesting newspaper correspondence in connection with this church was going on whilst we were in the States, from which I gathered that Dr. Morgan, pressed by the extra duties of Lent, had not time to prepare a sermon for Easter-day, and preached one composed by a Rev. Mr. Lee. This irate divine, instead of feeling honoured that Dr. Morgan used his earthen vessel wherein to carry eternal treasure to his flock, proceeded to publicly expose the plagiarism of his “dear brother.” But he had not long to wait for punishment, which in this case seemed exactly to fit the crime. He was soon accused of precisely the same sin, a Rev. Mr. Phelps in turn charging Mr. Lee with having stolen the first stanza of the Class Ode of Yale Class of ’75 from a poem of his father’s, and comparison justified the charge. It seems amazing that a man whose hands were not clean should make an accusation of this kind

against a brother clergyman. If I remember right Scripture recommends that when one Christian brother detects another in a fault, he shall go to him privately; no suggestion of writing to newspapers.

Amongst the many contending letters I saw, I quote from one, because with this extract I entirely concur:—

IN DEFENCE OF DR. MORGAN.

CRITICISM OF THE COURSE TAKEN BY THE REV. MR. LEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

The controversy over the propriety of the Rev. Dr. Morgan preaching a sermon composed by another prompts the following suggestion:—The sermon was written by a servant of the Lord as a message containing God's Word to sinners for their eternal welfare. The ideas are not the property of any man.

Dr. Morgan, in the discharge of his sacred duties, preached to his flock, clothing his ideas in words formerly used by another for similar purposes. Why should a brother, or any well disposed person, object to the use of that sermon without acknowledging the author? It was written and sold for just such use as Dr. Morgan made of it, and in preaching and publishing it at Easter time he spoke the Word of God to the Christian world.

A good act. Why blame him for that? A brother minister should exercise Christian charity. His office requires him to preach to all men. The complaint against Dr. Morgan manifests the envy and weakness of human nature, even in men ordained to admonish by precept and example.

What good can result from the Rev. Mr. Lee's course? None. What harm? Great scandal, by holding a minister of the gospel up to public ridicule. Such complaints injure the faith of many. Can any man undo the wrong and injury occasioned by such scandal in a long lifetime of laborious effort?

These opinions, I should judge, are the expressions of a layman, but whether lay or cleric, they appear to me the opinions of a thoughtful and sensible man.

Several other fashionable places of worship are in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Thomas', so that a grand church parade after service constitutes an inevitable, and, to some portion of the congregations, the more attractive function. There is no doubt that here is to be seen the best that the wealth and beauty of New York can shew—the costumes and dress of the ladies (some divinely tall, almost all good figures, with that piquant charm of manner and varied fascination inseparable from the educated American woman) which, whilst they baffle any description

I can give, still leave me conscious that "Sheba's Queen" and "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The Dutch Reformed Church possesses the oldest Protestant religious organization not only in New York but in the Western Hemisphere. Its finest building, architecturally, is the Marble Collegiate Church, which, during our stay in New York, celebrated the 200th anniversary of the granting of its charter; it exhibits a wealth of study in its constructive and interior decorations. This church is rich in rare old relics, the most important being the charter, which is carefully guarded. It is the first charter granted to any church in this city. On the sheets of yellow parchment are signatures of prominent men of olden times, and the seal of King William III. On one side of the seal is the coat of arms of the English King, and the other shows two Indians kneeling at the feet of William and Mary. The church is possessed of very wealthy endowments.

Being conveniently near our hotel, and the service not beginning until eight o'clock, Bosco suggested an early dinner, and having considerably sacrificed his usual cigar and glass of "fine old crusted," we found ourselves at the Marble Collegiate in good time. We were met at the entrance by one of the junior ministers, who, after enquiring our names and addresses, made us at once feel we were not strangers, if pilgrims, but welcome and at home, by courteously conducting us to seats. Without encouraging anything like conversation *inside* our churches, could not something more be done to let strangers feel that they are welcome to our services? I know there are dangers; nothing can be more reprehensible than the conversion of God's House into a place for mother's meetings.

The preacher was the principal minister, Dr. Burrell; the address, more a lecture than a sermon, was interesting, subject:—"A Singing Pilgrim, Charles Wesley, the Singer of Epworth." He placed "Wrestling Jacob," "The hammer of His word," and "Jesu lover of my soul," as the highest levels of his hymnody, placing the crown immortal on the last—with this I think most people will agree.

The arrangements for conducting service were unlike in every particular those to which an Anglican Churchman is accustomed. Com-

fortable seats—too luxurious, perhaps—are ranged on a floor sloping downwards until it ends at a raised platform, on which, each behind a desk, three ministers stand or sit; behind them is the organist, who from a console plays by electric action the magnificent organ standing in the opposite or end gallery. He is supported by a single quartette of vocalists, two ladies and two gentlemen, all thoroughly efficient; the contralto charmed me no less with her splendid voice than with her dignified beauty—but it must not be supposed that the singing was professional, it was congregational and hearty.

During the offertory the following hymn was sung by the choir as an anthem; I know of no collection in which it can be found; its inherent beauty, I think, justifies its printing here:—

“THE MELLOW EVE.”

The mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the West;
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.
The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close;
May angels 'round me singing
Thus hymn my last repose.
The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illumine the sky.
In golden splendour dawning
The morrow's light shall break,
O, on that last bright morning
May I in glory wake!—*Holden.*

After service the junior minister brought Dr. Burrell to speak to us. We retain pleasant memories of a profitable evening.

The Church of the Holy Trinity, on the Broadway, rebuilt about 60 years ago, is regarded as the Mother Church of New York; it stands at the head of Wall Street, which, with its immediate surroundings, is the home of the great commercial wealth of the city. Within its walls millionaires have been taught that “A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,” and thousands have heard that “Righteousness exalteth a nation.” The church is large and imposing; the present rector, Dr. Morgan Dix, is able and popular, and the services, I heard, are bright and reverent.

The land on which Trinity Church stands, was the old West India Company's Farm, before the conquest of Manhattan Island by the English; it then became the "King's Farm," and in 1705 was granted to this, the Colonial Church. Much of it was subsequently given away to institutions of various sorts, but enough remains to produce an income of \$500,000 annually; this income is spent in maintaining "Trinity" and six "Chapels of Ease," besides aiding many subsidiary missions and charities in various squalid parts of the city. Trinity churchyard is not only beautiful, but it is full of historic interest; many of the graves go back to the 17th century. Of the monuments the most conspicuous is the Martyrs', erected by the Trinity Corporation in memory of the American patriots who died during the Revolutionary war. Another prominent monument is to the memory of Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake*, whose dying cry, "Don't give up the ship," is carved upon its pictured sides.

Grace Church is one of the most beautiful in the city; it stands on Broadway, just where the great thoroughfare bends slightly westward; it can be seen for a considerable distance in both directions. Built of white limestone, it has all the effect of marble: the spire is of pure marble. The style is decorated Gothic, very elaborately carried out; the rectory and adjoining buildings are harmoniously adapted to it, whilst a pretty space of lawn and gardens, beautifully kept, makes a pleasing foreground to one of the most gratifying architectural pictures in New York. The spire is particularly graceful, and contains a melodious chime of bells. The internal decorations and the windows are very rich. A chantry on the south side is used for daily service. Grace Church shares with St. Thomas' the most fashionable weddings in the city.

But there is no church in New York at all comparable to the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Patrick, a glorious modern example of the decorated and geometric style of Gothic architecture which prevailed in Europe in the 13th and 14th centuries, and of which the cathedral of Cologne and the nave of Westminster are advanced exponents. Europe can boast of larger ones, but for purity of style, originality of design, harmony of proportions, beauty of material, and finish of workmanship, New York Cathedral stands unsurpassed. The plan is a Latin cross;

above the granite basecourse the whole exterior is of white marble. The principal front consists of a central gable, 156 feet in height, flanked by twin towers and spires. The towers rise square to 136 feet, where they change into octagonal lanterns 54 feet high, over which are the spires, 140 feet in height, making the total height of each tower and spire 330 feet, terminating in a magnificent foliage finial carrying crosses made of copper. The grand portal in the lower division of the central gable has its jambs richly decorated with columns with foliage capitals, and has clustered mouldings with rich ornaments in the arch. The door is flanked on either side by



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

buttresses terminating in panelled pinnacles. Above, a richly moulded Gothic jamb incloses a magnificent rose window, 26 feet in diameter, equalling those of the greatest cathedrals abroad. The main gable is carried

up to the roof lines, and is veiled by a pierced screen of rich tracery, terminated by a cornice which is crocketed. The interior is cruciform. The columns dividing the central aisle from the side aisles are of white marble, clustered to the height of 35 feet, where they are ornamented with foliated capitals. The arches between these columns rise to 54 feet. The ceiling, 77 feet from the floor, is groined with richly moulded ribs. The floor is largely occupied by pews which will seat about 2,500 people, but broad aisles and spaces remain clear in which visitors may walk about freely.

The high altar was made in Italy and is of Carrara marble, inlaid with alabasters and precious marbles. The front of the bottom part is divided into niches and panels; the niches containing statues of the four Evangelists, the panels representing in bas-reliefs the Last Supper, the Carrying of the Cross, and the Agony in the Garden. The tabernacle is of marble, decorated with Roman mosaics and has a door of gilt bronze set with emeralds and garnets. The centre tower of the reredos has a niche containing a statue of our Lord, and the two flanking towers bear statues of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Besides the high altar there is the altar of the Blessed Virgin, of French stone, standing at the eastern end of the north side-aisle of the sanctuary. The altar of the Sacred Heart, of bronze, presented by the late Cardinal McCloskey, who is buried in the Cathedral, is in the south transept, and the altar of the Holy Family, of richly carved Caen stone, is in the north transept. There are also some smaller altars; the four named are the principal ones, and cost over \$100,000.

The Archbishop's throne is notable for its elaborately carved Gothic canopy. The pulpit is of the same style of Gothic architecture (Norman) as the building itself. It is octagonal in form, and carried by eight columns of beautiful Sienna marble, with their bases and caps moulded and enriched with carvings, and resting on a finely moulded pedestal of Carrara marble, each side representing the perfect Gothic arch, sustained by columns of Mexican onyx, and moulded, panelled, and highly ornamented. The marble in which this work is executed is from the quarry, from which were extracted the marble columns of the portico of the Pantheon at Rome.

The windows of St. Patrick's Cathedral are claimed to be the finest collection of examples of painted glass in the world. All are the product of French art workers, and most of them were made under the very shadow of the Cathedral of Chartres, where the most beautiful specimens of the 13th century stained glass are preserved.

Of the many parks in New York, the famous Central Park is the only one we had time to visit. Sunday's lunch at the "Savoy," close to the principal gates, furnished a convenient time and suitable place from which to commence a drive; this was accomplished in one of the public carriages. These phaetons are roomy and easy going, but on fine Sunday afternoons are laden to their fullest capacity, and you have to be quick witted to secure a seat. There were four of us; Bosco, in his eagerness, thrust me headlong into the front seat, but before he, or our companions, could follow, a torrent of girlhood had swept them aside, and on the seven remaining seats were fixed seven American girls whose faces bore no trace of that repose that stamps the caste of "Vere de Vere." Six were of one party, the seventh, the one next me, was an "odd one," so Bosco said when he reproved me for not speaking to her; poor child, I remember she never opened her mouth all through the drive—I fear I am icy and froze her. But the incessant chatter of the half dozen was appalling, it was not talking, it was positively barking, and though they had secured seats, they would not sit, at any rate, still, but kept on a perpetual wriggle, beating time with feet and hands, if they were not restlessly engaged in arranging some portion of the dress, or frantically feeling if the back hair was still on. It has been suggested that this nervousness and lack of repose in some, not all, American girls, is owing to their having been so incessantly rocked in a cradle during infancy, and their having used a rocking chair ever since.

New York glories in her parks, and has reason to congratulate herself that the city fathers were wise enough to reserve so many small breathing places, even in the most crowded parts, as her "squares" represent. There are fully 40 such spaces devoted to sunlight and recreation, some of wide acreage, like the "Central," others mere breadths of paving surrounding tiny patches of green. All the parks of the city

are under the control of a Commission, appointed by the mayor, which also has charge of the laying out and improvements of the streets and drives in the district. The policemen, clothed in grey, who are on duty in all the parks and public squares, are subordinates of this Commission, and quite separate from the blue-coated city force, which affects to despise them intensely, and calls them "sparrow chasers."

But I am forgetting we are in the Central Park and just passing on the East Drive, not a lady's hair-pin, but a huge needle, Cleopatra's



CENTRAL PARK—TERRACE, FOUNTAIN AND LAKE.

Needle. This, as did most of the other monster monoliths that are now scattered abroad, came originally from the quarries of Assouan, and from thence was floated hundreds of miles down the Nile, finding a resting place in Heliopolis, the city of the sun, not far from Cairo. This obelisk is of rose-red granite, 70 feet high; has heiroglyphic inscriptions to the honour and glory of various Egyptian monarchs—Thotmes III, Rameses II, the "Pharaoh" of Mosaic story, and Siti II; and thus the stone

commemorates three of Egypt's greatest rulers. It was set up in the Central Park about 30 years ago, the entire expense of removal and erection being borne by the late W. H. Vanderbilt.

Passing the end of the Mall with its green parterres, which we see more leisurely on our return, the drive is flanked by many fine bronzes, amongst others, Simond's "Falconer," Caine's "Tigress and young," and an heroic bronze statue by Ball of "Daniel Webster." The lake remains in view for some time, with the woods of the Ramble and the tower of the Belvidere in the background. A soft ethereal radiance was playing upon the silvery bosom of the lake, striking as it were sparks of fire, as we left its shores and struck into an almost continuous line of trees; the drive is along an undulating, curving, but perfectly kept road; the varied features of the landscape came out in the clear light, and the air was fragrant as with "the smell of the field which the Lord hath blessed;" glens and glades, slopes and steepes, carpeted with many a wild flower hidden beneath the shadow of the undershrubs, with ever and anon some crystal rill running 'neath the leafy shades, spoke of Eden's bowers and the clear waters of Paradise.

Amongst thickening and beautiful woods, opening here and there to glimpses of sylvan slopes or rocky exposures, our carriage rolled smoothly along through the upper and wilder part of the park, until we reached a hill-top called Mount St. Vincent. We were much struck, at least I was, with the large number of trotting horses we met; they are not attractive looking animals, the action is very different from English horses, being from the shoulder, and with little, if any, curve of the knee. The American carriages in which these trotting horses are driven are very light, the wheels being usually enlarged examples of the bicycle, with indiarubber tyres; while the large use of the bearing rein appeared to us unnecessary and cruel.

We found the upper end of the Park much wilder and more solitary than the lower; pointed rocks, narrow gorges thick with foliage, down which tiny streams babble and splash and fall, tell of native beauty untouched by the hand of man.

The Mall is the great promenade of the Park. The countless drives and walks were well filled at the time of our visit; here is to be seen

a statue of Shakespeare by Ward, erected in 1872 on the 300th anniversary of the poet's birth; there statues of Burns and Scott facing each other, both in sitting postures, are borne upon pedestals of Aberdeen granite; at the upper end is the Kiosk, and near this musical spot is placed a bust of the immortal Beethoven.

We descend from our phaeton to cast a last long lingering loving look at the terrace and lake. Here is a natural valley of which accomplished landscape gardeners have taken advantage to make a lake, winding about amid rocky ridges in an almost bewildering way. The highest bank, the one nearest us, is bordered by a curving balustrade of elaborately carved masonry, a broad stairway with richly carved panellings at the side leads down to the lower terrace, which surrounds the noble Bethesda fountain. This fountain, made in Munich, from the design of Miss Emma Stebbins, represents an angel poised gracefully over, and blessing, the waters as they gush from the rocks beneath her feet. As we passed from out the park, the first evening sunbeams were streaming upon, and burnishing with glittering gold, thousands of glowing window panes; but although the glow of that sweet spring eve has vanished, yet the memory of New York's Central Park—not long ago a desert, but now “rejoicing and blossoming as the rose;” once a parched ground, now fed by springs of water, the once crooked places made straight, and the rough places plain. The “excellency of Carmel and Sharon is there” in its abundant blossoms and flowers. The fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together tell of the “glory of Lebanon,”—painting a picture on memory's tablets, that can only fade when the drama of life is ended, the curtain rung down, and the actors have finally left the stage.



CHAPTER IV.—PHILADELPHIA (PART I).

THREE great railways have direct entrance into Philadelphia; the Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia and Reading, and the Baltimore and Ohio, all of which have terminals unsurpassed in the country. The Pennsylvania depôt is a splendid example of modern Gothic and adds materially to the wealth of Philadelphia's public buildings. The Philadelphia and Reading terminus is composite Renaissance; its chaste and impressive style excites universal admiration. The waiting rooms are fitted up in a sumptuous style,



PHILADELPHIA AND READING TERMINUS.

and a fine restaurant provides every convenience and comfort; the great span of the roof covers sixteen tracks, besides wide and ample platforms. Philadelphia has the reputation, and is frequently sneered at in the



THE WALTON HOTEL.

hotels was limited but entirely satisfactory. We chose one of the newest, the Walton, a large and beautiful structure, and found everything of the best. If Arline went that way she would have an unfading

States, as being old fashioned, quiet, slow, but I don't think this reputation warranted. We had to wait at one of the railway stations for some little time, and the hurrying in and out, the crowded state of the waiting rooms, the constant bustle and movement on the vast platforms, point to a liveliness and activity that tends to dispel any notion that the city is not up to date, at any rate in matters railway.

Our experience of Philadelphia

day-dream of "marble halls;" the portal, vestibule, grand hall, corridors, passages, walled with white and black, and decorated with large multi-coloured panels of exquisite Mexican onyx, most lovely combinations, are equal to any we saw; large suspended "torchers" and elaborately designed fixtures for electric lights, whose soft tints when lighted suggest moonlight and poetry; luxurious settees fill cosy recesses; rich carpets are spread on mosaic floors and marble stairways, and the buffet, large and well appointed, we found on several occasions an extremely interesting and pleasant apartment.

In the Walton I saw for the first time one of the latest and most ingenious inventions—the Herzog Teleseme, by which 140 different wants may be communicated from the bedroom or any other room direct to the office, thus saving time, labour, and rendering service rapid and reliable. These most useful appliances are becoming general in the best hotels. The banquetting hall on the tenth story has seating accommodation for 700 guests, and a grand arrangement of kitchens in convenient proximity. A large whist party of nearly 500 had occupied the room a few days previously, and amongst the "fragments that remained" were eight barrels full of playing cards, gathered from the splendidly laid and highly polished floor, on which the Terpsichorean goddess is often the "court card" dividing "honours" with the "Queen of hearts."

This magnificent building, claimed to be the most palatial and modern fireproof hotel in the world, with all the latest appliances in plumbing, lighting and heating, was entirely erected, and finished at the commencement of this year, in eleven months from the time the last performance was given in the Empire Theatre formerly on this spot.

It was Saturday, and, like Pat, we had been "off to Philadelphia in the morning," having manfully put aside the temptation to a "little more sleep and a little more slumber." We had our reward in the enjoyment, in brilliant weather, of a grand exposition of base-ball, America's national athletic game, between the rival clubs of Philadelphia and Brooklyn. Nine players championed each side, the pitcher, striker, and catcher being the principal performers; the latter is usually protected by a helmet and breast-plate of stout wire. The excitement was intense and continuous; no blocking for an hour for 10 runs like some of our

modern cricket, but a brisk, smart, lively, soul-stirring game. We liked it well.

Philadelphia is known all over the world as the "Quaker City," and within a more limited circle as the "City of Homes." This is due in a great measure to the fact that a large proportion of the families, constituting the population, instead of living in flats or hotels, each occupy dwellings owned or rented solely by them. Philadelphia is twenty-two



THE BASE-BALL GROUND.

miles long, and nearly six miles wide, but owing to the simple plan in which the streets are laid out and the houses numbered, it is a comparatively easy matter for strangers to get about from point to point, without any danger of being lost. The street car lines are vast in extent, yet simple in plan; by a system of passes a passenger can ride to almost any part of the city for five cents.

There are many splendid social clubs in Philadelphia, some of which have a national fame, not only because of the features of the organizations themselves, but for the elegance of the buildings they occupy. The club having the widest fame is probably the Union League, which owns a fine building at the corner of Broad and Locust Streets; the peculiar style of the architecture of this brick and brown stone structure makes it a very striking building. It is a semi-political



THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

institution; since the beginning of its existence, in 1862, its members have entertained most of the Presidents, and many notable and distinguished men. The rooms are handsomely frescoed and furnished; numerous costly paintings adorn the walls, and fine examples of statuary give an additional charm. Strangers may gain entrance to the Union League House on presenting an introduction from a member.

The Arts Club occupies a beautiful building in South Broad Street, constructed of Pompeian brick, ornamented with carved Indiana limestone. Its beauty and striking appearance cannot fail to at once attract visitors. It contains a fine picture gallery, and the reception rooms are commodious and handsomely furnished.

Philadelphia can boast of many stately buildings, although, on account of its vast area and the more conservative character of its



THE ARTS CLUB.

citizens, they are much more widely scattered than in New York; whilst there is a marked, although not entire, absence of the "sky scraping" type, yet the streets exhibit some really splendid specimens of architectural skill. Undoubtedly the most magnificent building in Philadelphia is City Hall, a structure begun in 1871 and not yet completed. It has already cost, including the furnishing, some \$18,000,000, and several

more million dollars will be expended before it leaves the hands of the building commissioners. The tower is 550 feet high, and excepting the Washington Monument, is the highest building in the world, overtopping the tallest spire of Cologne Cathedral by 37 feet. The City Hall occupies Penn Square, and covers $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres, a larger space than any other building in the States. This great pile of marble and granite,



THE CITY HALL.

with its lofty tower, and statue of William Penn for a finish, is a central and most striking object. There are nearly 800 rooms in the building, many of them of more than ordinary loftiness. The staircases are of polished granite, popularly known as "hanging staircases," that is, projecting from the side walls, and having no outside support. Notwithstanding that there are so many rooms, and the building is so

immense, it is comparatively an easy matter to find a designated number, from the fact that to each floor an even one hundred numbers have been assigned. Elevators are running constantly during the week from



INDEPENDENCE HALL—EXTERIOR.

the ground to the top floor, and until nightfall visitors have the free run of the roof, from which is a magnificent view of the city.

Probably no city in the Union possesses so many buildings of historic interest as Philadelphia. One of the oldest municipalities in America, it was for years the seat of the National Government, and many of the old edifices in use by it, and by famous patriots of Colonial times, are still carefully preserved. No building in the United States is

better known, or more venerated, than Independence Hall with its sacred memories. It stands in the centre of the Chestnut Street front of Independence Square. The hallowed structure is surmounted by a

wooden cupola containing a clock, and from the balcony beneath the dials a splendid view of the city is obtainable. The east room on the first floor was occupied by the Second Continental Congress, by whose act the Declaration of Independence became a reality, and here many other stirring events leading to the freedom of the nation had their being. In this room, which is kept as nearly as possible in its original appearance, are the tables and chairs used at the time of the signing of



INDEPENDENCE HALL—INTERIOR.

the Declaration of Independence. Original, or faithful copies of, pictures of the signers hang upon the walls, and in the same room, in front of the spot where Congress sat, that sacred emblem of liberty, the Liberty Bell, is displayed in a case of glass and panelled oak.

The bell was cast in London, and re-cast in Philadelphia in April, 1753. The work was unsatisfactory, and it again went into the melting

pot, from which it emerged a satisfactory bell, and was placed in the steeple in June, 1753. It bore the same inscriptions which were cast in the original, and on the 8th July, 1776, it did indeed "proclaim liberty throughout the land." After sounding its joyous notes in proclaiming liberty, the old bell was only used on very particular occasions. While being tolled on the morning of July 8, 1835, in memory of Chief Justice Marshall, who had died two days before, the old relic suddenly cracked, and its tongue became for ever silent on Washington's birthday, 1843, after a few notes had been struck.

Philadelphia is quite "up to date" in the number and in the magnitude of some of the Stores devoted to goods attractive to our fair sisters; in the centre of the city, in Chestnut Market, and Eighth Street, they are particularly so; some of them are unsurpassed in the States in size and in the variety and quality of the goods displayed. Wanamaker's is a store of almost national reputation; it is a huge establishment; millions of people visit it annually, and scarcely at any time of the day, despite its many acres of area, can visitors pass along its miles of counters without constantly elbowing other shoppers or sightseers. Here are gathered some of the finest fabrics and textile manufactures of the world. The display of lace fascinated me; there was an exhibit of this dainty creature of fashion, enough to envelop in light billows of beauty half the maidens and dames of the city; and crinkled chiffon, which had been transplanted from Paris, without destroying a vestige of the charm of the various flowers, that bloomed in undiminished loveliness on equally lovely tinted grounds, driving away all suggestion of heaviness by the delightful airiness of the exquisite fabrics. Titania would have been wild to possess such gauzy aerial clothing for a royal robe. The convenience and comfort of the *clientèle* are equally studied: waiting, reading, and toilet rooms are provided and a large restaurant is attached.

This was the only store our limited time permitted us to visit. At the time of our visit it was overflowing with fashion's fairest fancies, and crowded with the most dainty damsels and dignified duchess-like dames. By the courtesy of one of Bosco's friends, one of the chiefs, we saw it thoroughly; this gentleman told me that the departments for which he alone was responsible made a "turn over" of \$2,000,000

annually; the total annual trade must be prodigious. John Wanamaker, the head of the business, was Postmaster General of the United States during the Harrison administration.

The Mint, on Chestnut Street, is a marble building, with a Grecian portico, standing a little back from the pavement. This is the United States Mint, one of the city's great attractions to visitors. The first Government Mint in this country was established in Philadelphia in



EASTER CHOIR, WANAMAKER'S STORE.

1792. For many years it was the only mint in the country. Visitors are admitted daily, except Sundays, and are escorted from the door throughout the building free, by conductors who show:—the deposit room, where the gold and bullion are received; the copper melting room, in which ingots for minor coinage are cast; the gold and silver melting room; the rolling and cutting room; the coining room, where the coins

are stamped; and the cabinet, in which is the finest collection of coins in the United States. I bought some 10 dollar gold pieces, very artistic coins, and saw the press in which they had been stamped with a pressure equal to 185 tons.

We found the manufacture of silver and silver-plated goods a considerable industry in Philadelphia, and, remembering our friends and relatives, "keepers at home," we made a few purchases at one of the principal stores. Both here and at "Tiffany's" we found forks in every conceivable size and shape. Forks in America are put to uses quite unknown on the eastern shore of the Atlantic; this excessive use of forks is occasionally the cause of embarrassment—the following is an example: "Hannah," said the mistress to the new girl, "everything is eaten now with forks. Here are the strawberry forks, the ice cream forks, the orange forks and the bread forks." "Yes'm," said the girl attentively. A few days later, when a company dinner was in progress, the first course came near being a failure. Hannah explained: "I hunted everywhere, ma'am, but I couldn't find the soup forks."

In a city of such, as it struck me, exceptional artistic taste, mental culture, and obvious refinement, it is not surprising to learn that the love, and therefore the cultivation, of flowers is great, and the number of florists is considerable. There is a small belt of fertile land in the old State of Pennsylvania, which shows a happy combination of beauty and utility, called the "Carnation Belt." Here is invested over half a million dollars in the culture of carnations for sale in the cities of New York and Philadelphia. It is estimated that nearly one million carnations are shipped each year from the "Belt." The farmers who make this "flowery land" are nearly all young men—many university graduates. And their work is in one sense at least "a labour of love." These men and their wives meet once each month at what is called a "Carnation Social Club," where methods of floriculture are talked over, and papers on various subjects read and discussed.

Philadelphia has always been regarded as one of the great seats of education in the States; the number and general high character of her educational institutions, public, private and semi-public, almost surpass belief. Besides the great colleges and other places of learning, there is

a large number of public schools, controlled by a Board of Education appointed by Judges of the Courts, and by Ward School Boards popularly elected. These schools are graded; in the Central High School for boys the course of education embraces those branches best calculated to fit the scholars for the practical duties of life, and in the High School for girls the education is largely directed to fitting the pupils to become teachers, or to enter upon some useful business career.

It was only natural whilst in the "Quaker City," and hearing about its schools, for my fancy to "revert to the scenes of my childhood," and to the first school of my youth—a "Friend's School" in the county town—where in my early 'teens I imbibed an undying love of poetry. The master, Richard Batt, lovingly known as "old Dicky," had a taste for verses, and published in 1836 "Gleanings in Poetry;" amongst its leaves I remember well "The Old Oaken Bucket." The following little anecdote told me the "bucket" was still at work, drawing the emblem of truth dripping with coolness from the well of knowledge. A teacher in a primary school recently read to her pupils "The Old Oaken Bucket. After explaining it carefully, she asked them to copy the first stanza from the blackboard and try to illustrate it by drawings, as the artist illustrates a story. Pretty soon one little girl handed in her book with several little dots between two lines, a circle, half a dozen dots and three buckets. "I do not understand this, Bessie," said the teacher. "What is that circle?" "Oh, that's the well," was the reply. "And why do you have three buckets?" "Oh, one is the old oaken bucket, one is the iron-bound bucket, and the other is the moss-covered bucket that hung in the well." "But what are the little dots?" "Why, those are the loved spots which my infancy knew."

Whilst I was in the city *The Philadelphia Record* told of a school teacher who was instructing a class of boys in geography. In order to make the matter plainer, she took an ordinary globe, and, pointing to the portion containing the United States, asked where she would come out if she should start from Philadelphia and go straight through the earth. She knew they would all say China, but she wanted to see which of her scholars would answer first. She waited fully a minute, and no answer came. Away back in the room a grimy hand was finally held

up. "Well, David," she asked, "where would I come out, if I should go straight through the earth from here?" The silence was growing thicker every second. "Please, Miss Maude, you would come out of the hole," was the reply, and the class in geography was dismissed for the day.

Another school story is from the *Philadelphia Post*:—Teacher with reading class. Boy, reading—"And she sailed down the river—" Teacher—"Why are ships called 'she'?" Boy, precociously alive to the responsibilities of his sex—"Because they need men to manage them."

Sometimes the subjects get a little mixed; music and natural history for example:—A little boy having his music lesson was asked by his teacher "What are pauses?" "Things that grow on pussy cats," was the quick response. I don't know whether it was the same boy who, thinking it would be nice to write home, commenced his letter:—"My dear papa, whenever I am tempted to do wrong, I think of you and say, get thee behind me Satan."



CHAPTER V.—PHILADELPHIA (PART II).

IT was desirable on the Sabbath morn to try and unburden ourselves of the week's accumulated sin, so we betook ourselves to St. Mark's Church, to lay down the "burden and the care." We were however not very successful; the musical portion of the service was admirable; the ritual was high but on that account by no means objectionable; the accessories were elaborate and as a spectacle extremely effective; the choristers' small white surplices gave the opportunity for a



ST. MARK'S CHURCH.

large display of bright scarlet cassocks, and these contrasts of purity and sin (I remember the "scarlet lady" represents sin) were still more emphasised, I hope not appropriately, in the clergy whose large and richly embroidered stoles and not very minute scarlet tippets hid a still



WETHERILL MEMORIAL MOSAIC ALTAR, ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

larger proportion of the "pure white" supposed to typify the righteousness of saints. All this to me was pleasant and appealed to the imagination, but the penalty had to be paid; the sermon had to be endured; no appeal there to the imagination; it was very high, in stock much too long, and so dry that it subsequently took more than one bottle of good Rhine wine to wash it down. Never was such a string of puerile platitudes, plaintively, perfunctorily, persistently paraded—vain repetitions that profit nothing.

Our very entrance into the church precincts savoured of an intrusion. The vergers, with the supercilious air of a nabob, with infinite pains

bade us sit down in the lowest room, where hearing was difficult and seeing well nigh impossible; notwithstanding that the church was only half filled, such was the priggish exclusiveness. Whether the latest millinery fashions make their debut at church or theatre I can't say, but I well remember the Babel built towers of broad ribbons, whose ombra shadings range from sunrise to shadow; the jaunty quills, from the wings of some bright mountain bird ruthlessly slain, in size like unto the sails of a windmill; the vari-coloured aigrettes, those sheaves of heaven streaming rockets that never fall earthward; fans of spangled lace glittering in the sunshine; flower shows innumerable, flowers in bouquets and flowers that trail and hang, beds of scentless roses, independent of sunshine, that bloom on regardless of summer, pragmatical roses, standard roses giant high, that swayed and shook with each movement of the fair impenitent. This much I remember, but little more. I don't think that Sunday was productive of much "growth in grace;" let us forget it.

I am told there are more than 700 places of worship in Philadelphia, comprising over forty independent or semi-independent denominations; scarcely any denomination being unrepresented in the city. Religion ought to flourish here.

Philadelphia possesses a vast area devoted to public parks; one alone, Fairmount Park, said to be the largest city park in the world, encloses nearly 3,000 acres. This grand pleasure ground extends in varying width, on both sides the Schuylkill river, to the Wissahickon Creek, and is a veritable Mecca on Sundays to many thousands of work-a-day toilers, eager to enjoy the fresh invigorating air. It is difficult to imagine a more animated scene, surrounded by verdant shrubbery rich in spring's brightest dress. In the portion known as the old park a vast amount of skill in landscape gardening is displayed, and in this part are the handsome quarters of many of the best known boat clubs. There are also large grass plats set aside for croquet, lawn tennis, and baseball. We continued our drive along the famous Lansdowne Ravine, obtaining a magnificent view up the river; a good road runs for miles by the side of a pure and pleasant stream on which canoes skim, skiffs race, and launches glide, upon whose smooth unruffled surface here and

there the afternoon sun reflected a “ramage” of delicate leafy tracery, or cast in heavier shadow the thick foliage of some overhanging laurel wood.

Continuing, the park becomes more contracted, but what it loses in breadth it gains in beauty; the road undulates and winds, banks rise on each side with gentle slope, moss covered rocks, whence crystal rills trickle, lie around; a network of undergrowth covers the ground out of



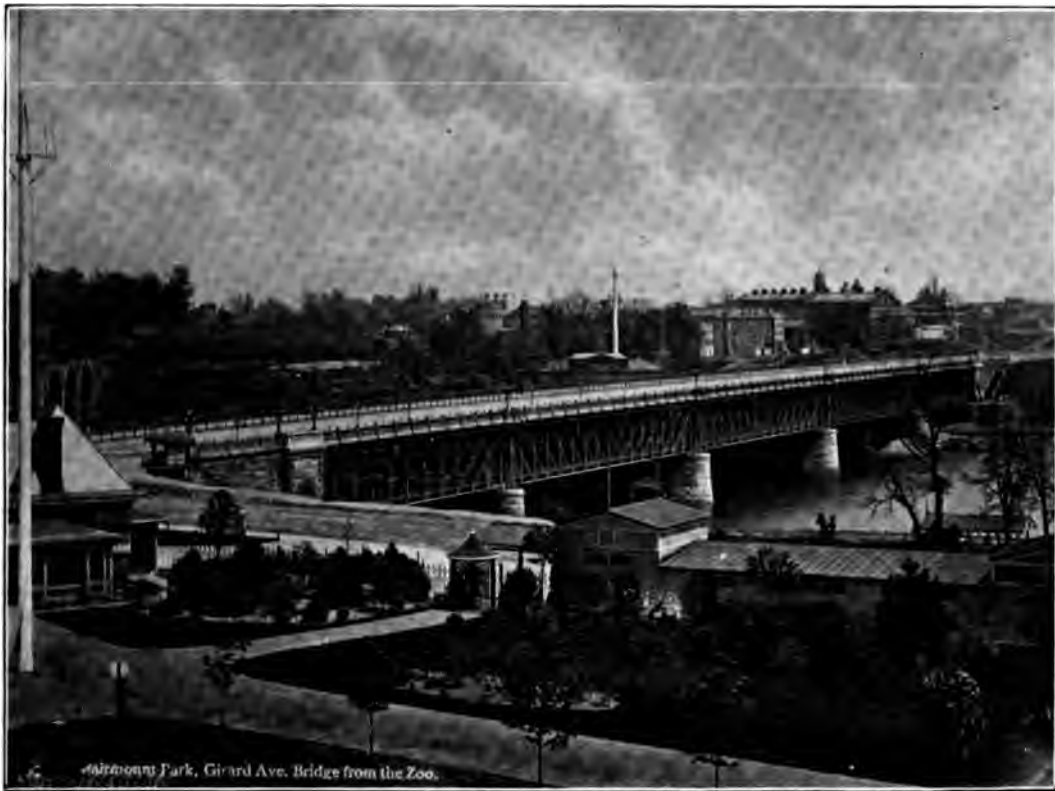
FAIRMOUNT PARK—BIRD'S EYE VIEW FROM LEMON HILL.

which wild flowers peep and perfume rises; lifeless trunks, moss-wrapt and ivy covered, recall long past years, whilst tall and erect trees whose bright young leaves tell of growth and vigour, tower overhead; sycamores flourish and chestnuts bloom; the dark tints of the pines and conifers give variety in form and colour, whilst acacias and tulip trees lend beauty and add fragrance to the scene. Picturesque nooks warmed by

sunshine, in which fairies hold nightly revels, and sequestered gullies more loved of shade than sun glare—

“Where, flecked with foam,
Past tranquil holes,
The brooklet brawls, in babbling falls,
And babbles in the shoals.”

give a charming and romantic aspect to one of the most lovely parks in the States.



FAIRMOUNT PARK BRIDGE.

By this time we had reached the Wissahickon Creek, the scenery still preserving the same character, but, gaining in strength, it is ever more charming. The creek winds in short curves for miles between high and thickly wooded hills, from out which the sweet note of some feathered songster rings; romantic gorges, down which little streams dash and mimic cascades fall, abound. We were very much struck with the

hundreds, almost thousands, it being Sunday, of vehicles passing and repassing; the American buggy, simple and fantastic, the smart Victoria, and the well appointed landau, and many a lineal descendant of—

“—— The wonderful one hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way,
It ran a hundred years to a day.”

Carriages, bicycles galore with myriads of people afoot, make up a moving panorama seldom seen.

As the road winds about, many streams are crossed and picturesque bridges traversed, from which glimpses of ravines are caught; over head the sky is without a shadow; boulders gleam boldly with their ceaseless water polish, or, hoary with the moss covering of generations, slumber peacefully in the shade; below, the glittering rays of the bright sun find ambush amid the leaf-clad boughs of trees that climb skyward, whilst overhead branch and twig, leaf and flower, weave into one harmonious coverlet the fresh products of Nature's verdant loom.

Germantown is the most famous and principal residential suburb of Philadelphia; from the centre of Germantown to the centre of the city is fully six miles. In the older part of the town are numerous historic houses, well known to the inhabitants, and at Chestnut Hill we saw very many handsome and even palatial residences. There miles upon miles of homes attract us by the novelty and beauty of their design; almost all are surrounded by verandahs of light and elegant construction, under which the household spend much time in the hot weather, reclining in deck chairs or swaying to and fro on seats built on rockers; I think I never saw such a collection of rocking chairs. Soft balmy scent-laden breezes gently fan flushed cheeks, and gaily striped shades protect them from scorching sun-rays; over the delicate tracery of the verandahs creepers trail and wisteria hangs, whilst the flowering jasmine embroiders and perfumes. Lawns of fresh young grass still unshorn, green as the purest emerald, spread out level as bowling greens, or fall away in gentle slopes and undulating curves; tasteful vases and shapely flower beds, radiant with masses of richly blended colours, beautify the earth; the flowering maple and sweet scented lilacs unfold their blossom, and all around beech and birch guard the border lines—Nature's stalwart sentinels clad in panoply of verdant armour.

During our drive we passed the famous Mannheim Cricket Ground on which is erected several club houses of pleasing architecture. The grounds are very extensive and portions are shaded with rare old trees. Philadelphia is the home of American cricket; its clubs are the strongest in the land. Several famous English teams, notably Lord Hawke's, have met with crushing defeat at the hands of Philadelphia amateur elevens.



A TYPICAL RESIDENCE, GERMANTOWN.

Nothing can be more beautiful than a day when the sky is "tassel'd with clouds light woven by the sun," when Spring is being warmed into blushing loveliness by the approach of Summer; such a day it was when we drove through the city of William Penn.

Bicycles by the thousand flitted past us during our 20 mile drive, and we could not help blessing the man who invented this easy and cheap means of bringing the refreshing breeze, the charming freshness of

the verdure, and the sweet and pure surroundings of country life **within** reach of the tens of thousands of toilers in town and city.

To-day in reckoning the achievements of the nineteenth century, we must, I think, add the marvellous development of the wheel. The growth of wheeling has been so rapid as to be almost sensational, in England and in the States alike. Old and young, rich and poor, men and boys, dames and girls, one with another have all "caught on" the bicycle fever. The popularity, which shows no sign of diminution, has made the manufacture of machines a colossal industry. The cycle manufactories in the States are wide spread—in Chicago alone I believe there are over 200 makers; and it is common knowledge that at home, Nottingham, and especially Coventry, a once commercially decaying city, now teem with thousands of artisans whose toil and skill bring wealth and comfort to their homes. An immense amount of capital is employed in the manufacture of these slender steel machines; the flotation of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company with a capital of £5,000,000 sterling is a recent example. The devotees of the wheel are found in royal palaces and the thatched cottage of the labourer, and to-day the bicycle is not only a triumph of mechanical skill, but an important factor in nineteenth century civilisation.

I am not a wheelman, and shall probably never mount one, unless some day, in the "dim and distant," I induce a lady friend to join me in riding "on a bicycle built for two," still I cannot fail to see that the coming amongst us—apparently with a fixed determination to remain—of whirling wheels, and wheels that at times won't whirl, with their lamps and bells and whistles, is a solid fact to be reckoned with, has caused a considerable amount of dislocation in our social habits, and is said to have been injurious and even disastrous to certain trades. How much of the wail that comes up from booksellers is attributable to the cycle mania? In the United States I found the great depression from which the book trade is suffering, and the same is true at home also, is thought to be largely due to the fact that men and women cannot find time to indulge in this favourite pastime, and also in literary pursuits; piano manufacturers complain that the popularity of the wheel seriously affects their sales; and a certain slackness in other branches of business

is also attributed to the fact that large sums of money have been diverted from old channels into the broad and sweeping river on which rushes the cycling boom.

I have no interest in "record breaking," nor special admiration for the average man cyclist. I cannot detect beauty in the open mouth and round shoulders of the "scorcher," and have more than once been greatly alarmed by the sight of half a dozen cycle jockeys colliding at the "Tattenham Corner" of some racing track; at the same time, within proper limits, cycling is a healthy recreation. Women almost universally sit the wheel gracefully and erect, whilst men too frequently pervert or distort the "human form divine." The ladies decline to become mere machine propellers, but continue, what they will ever remain, "things of beauty, joys for ever."



A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO.

An American wit, asked to define the word "pedestrian," replied "a fellow who makes a row when he is run over by a cyclist;" and I fear my readers may be inclined to make a mental row, and charge my brain (if any) with having gone off on wheels, but I should just like to add my conviction that, within proper time and limits, I think

Sunday cycling perfectly permissible and justifiable. Attempts have been made to find reasons for an "asserted decline in church going;" the first is the poorness of the sermons, and the second the ladies' big hats, bigger plumes and trimmings, and the big sleeves one has to face. The first objection is one of which, happily, I have little experience; the threadbare garb that clothes poverty of speech and thought rarely finds entrance into that part of Brookland's Church which is elevated six feet above contradiction; and the second is simply a matter of taste—I would not be without them, or rather their wearers, no matter how vast the hats, the plumes, or the sleeves. Country churches must provide cycle stables; sermons may fail, but hats and plumes and sleeves will remain, and never cease to attract, and then how appropriate and forceful will become the injunction, especially at evensong, beloved of the impecunious churchwarden, as its music comes floating down the long drawn aisle, "Let your light so shine before men." And it does not require any great stretch of imagination to picture some enthusiastic cycling parson, in a post nuptial exhortation, addressing the newly married couple. "May you young couple spin along the road of life in happy unison, your tyres are now perfection, may you never tire one of another, but in joy or sorrow pedal along life's road in perfect and sweet concord, remembering you have taken one another for wheel or whoa!"

A stranger to the "Quaker City" cannot fail to be impressed with the refined manners, the charming expression, the beautiful features of many of the ladies, and the "Mazawattee" or old world flavour that lingers—and may it long remain—about many of its inhabitants; no wonder then that Philadelphia is exceptionally rich in "good works;" its Benevolent, Charitable, and Humane Institutions are exceptional, numerous, and flourishing. I can only refer to one out of a large number, of which an illustration is given. The Mary J. Drexel Home is the handsomest institution of the kind in Philadelphia. Architecturally it is without a superior, and its interior is fully as beautiful as its exterior. The Home is the charitable act of Mr. John D. Lankenau as a memorial to his wife, Mary J. Drexel, his son and his daughter. It comprises four distinct departments, namely:—

The Motherhouse, or institute for the maintenance, religious instruction, and education of deaconesses who are members of the Lutheran Church.

The Old People's Home, for the reception and support of well recommended, well behaved, perfectly sober and respectable aged couples, and aged single men and women of German birth or descent, of sixty



MARY J. DREXEL HOME.

years of age and upwards, able to speak the German language, and members of the Lutheran Church.

The Children's Hospital, open for the admission of children up to the age of thirteen years, irrespective of colour, creed, or nationality.


The Girls' Boarding School, where pupils, boarders and day scholars, are admitted at the age of ten years, and a thorough education given

in German, English, and French languages, together with music and drawing. Scholars are charged for tuition.

Half the pages at my disposal might be filled by recounting the charitable institutions that adorn this fair city, and jewel her streets; hospitals and asylums for the sick and poor and weak in mind; penitentiaries for the fallen give scope for the "charity that suffereth long and is kind;" and numerous homes for the "fatherless and widows in their affliction" give practical evidence of "religion pure and undefiled." When the Recording Angel writes the chronicles of this "City of Friends," perchance he may repeat at least some of the praise allotted to the old world Philadelphia of whom the Angel of the Churches wrote:—"I know thy works"—"Thou hast kept my words"—"I have loved thee."



CHAPTER VI.—BALTIMORE.

E left Philadelphia with regret, feeling our stay had been all too short, and soon passed into an open country; fertile pasture lands spread far and wide. On each side of the railroad lay broad acres of farming land, fairly level, but here and there disturbed by some rugged knob, like some hiccough of nature. The broad silvery ribbon of the Delaware embroiders with its glistening sheen the rich emerald of the meadows, through which it flows tranquilly to the sea, bearing on its bosom much of Philadelphian commerce with the world. The river winds along between low and pleasant banks until we come in sight of the great Delaware Bridge, over which our train swiftly passes amongst its light interlacing bands and trusses.

Pastoral scenery continues to charm. Cattle—horses and cows chiefly—feed leisurely on the tender young grass, or lazily make it a bed. Old fashioned homesteads, timber framed and timber sheathed, are dotted freely over the landscape. Curling wreaths of almost transparent pale blue-grey smoke ascended lightly from the cottar's fires, and lingered pendant, like phantom plumes, in the still air; but ere we reached our journey's end, the sun had retired; the splendour of that bright day had departed; evening shadows were falling, and the stars:—

“The self same stars, that o'er man's troubled years
So long have shone from their eternal spheres.”

Those bright eyed angel stars, sleepless sentinels of the night, were again in radiant rank, keeping guard above when we reached the city of Baltimore.

Our stay in Baltimore was very short, but we made the best of our time and opportunities. Unfortunately our rapid movements have left correspondingly vague recollections, but my notes help me a little. The metropolis of Maryland is the seventh city, in point of population, in the United States; its inhabitants number rather less than half a

million. A small stream, Jones' Falls, runs through the centre of the city. At the northern limit of the harbour are located the massive warehouses, in and around which is concentrated the wholesale section of the mercantile life. A little to the west are situated the great retail establishments, and the various shopping thoroughfares, and away northwards the principal promenades and fashionable dwellings of the city are found.

Baltimore has a fine harbour, and its splendid geographical position and railroad connections give it special advantages as an outlet for southern and western products. We were told that here living is cheap, rents low, skilled labour abundant, and the exemption of manufacturing plants from taxation invites and induces the establishment of industries of varied kinds, whilst the adjacent coal fields, iron beds, and marble quarries of the State open up an illimitable vista of wealth and prosperity.

The city is as healthy as it is picturesque; the peculiar topographical arrangement of the surrounding country greatly facilitates natural drainage. Its climate is temperate, yet invigorating.

"In those blessed bounds of Baltimore,

Here, where the climates meet,

* * * * *

Where Florida's soft Favonian airs beguile

The nipping north—where nature's powers smile."

Baltimore was the first city in the United States to be illuminated by gas; the first to aid the construction of a railroad; and the first to be connected with the outside world by electric telegraph. The warmth of social life in Baltimore is proverbial, which time alone prevented our enjoying and appreciating, but we can add the tribute of our respectful admiration to the undeniable beauty of the Baltimore ladies.

We had only time to visit a few of the principal buildings, the first being the City Hall, wherein are gathered the various departments and offices of the municipal government. It is a beautiful and imposing structure of white marble, a striking example of Renaissance architecture. The different fronts are well broken and relieved, the general character strong and well defined. The centre of the structure is surmounted by a lofty iron dome, resting upon a graceful marble base; I remember that the interior aspect of this dome is very fine; the height from the floor

is 227 feet. Above a projecting balcony, from which an extensive view is obtained, hangs the city bell, "Big Sam," weighing 5000 pounds, striking the hour, and sounding fire alarms by electricity.

Baltimore is justly proud of two famous citizens, great benefactors who take foremost rank amongst the noble army of philanthropists of this grand nineteenth century—Johns Hopkins and George Peabody.



THE CITY HALL.

Johns Hopkins, a merchant of the city, died at the close of 1873, full of years and honour, leaving a princely fortune, seven million dollars, which he gave in equal amounts for the endowment of a University and a Hospital. The organization and methods of the University have been described by President Gillman, the first President, who is still in office, as follows:—"The University is organised upon the principle that it is

a body of teachers and scholars, a corporation maintained for the conservation and advancement of knowledge, in which those who have been thoroughly prepared for higher studies are encouraged to continue, under competent professors, their intellectual advancement in many branches of science and literature."

The University Buildings are in the heart of the city, within sight of the Washington Monument. In the central building are the offices of administration and class rooms for ancient languages; another contains the general library, containing 60,000 volumes, and a large lecture room for chemistry beyond; each in its separate building are the chemical laboratory and the biological laboratory; near the main group of buildings is the gymnasium, with all necessary adjuncts, and a separate hall erected specially for the Young Men's Christian Association of the University. In the physical laboratory are housed the departments of physics, electrical engineering, mathematics, and astronomy; besides these, several houses in the neighbourhood are used for class rooms, and new and extensive buildings are now in course of erection.

The Johns Hopkins Hospital was opened in 1889, and it is claimed for this institution that, although not the largest, it is the most perfect in construction and equipment in the world, the trustees having spent twelve years in gaining the widest information and procuring plans from the best experts in hospital construction. The beautiful grounds that surround it extend to some 14 acres. This institution not only provides for the treatment and comfort of patients, but has a special relation to medical education. A remarkable feature of the buildings is the method of heating and ventilation; the system is said to have solved a difficult problem, producing an equable and agreeable temperature in all the rooms and wards to which it is distributed, under all conditions of cold weather, coupled with the fullest and most perfect ventilation.

The name of George Peabody will be had in everlasting remembrance, not only in Baltimore, but in our own metropolis, for in both cities he has left an imperishable monument of his benevolence and goodness, in the erection of institutions having for their object the amelioration of the social condition of the toiling artizan, and the advancement of the intellectual and moral culture of the community in

which he lived. Generations yet unborn will bless his name, and the fragrance of his memory will remain and linger evermore in and about his noble life work that still follows him. With a sum of \$1,250,000 placed in the hands of trustees, he, in consultation with friends, matured a plan for erecting and maintaining an educational establishment of the highest order, including a library, a school of lectures, an academy of music, and a gallery of art—Mr. Peabody placing the library first in his



THE JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL.

scheme of organization. During the first few years the collection of books was slow, about 15,000 volumes being gathered together in the first five years, all however of scholarly value. The number steadily and rapidly increased until, at the time of his death in 1890, the library contained 100,000, since increased to 120,000 volumes.

Johns Hopkins and George Peabody, two of America's noblest citizens, have left behind them imperishable coronets, a legacy whose lustre time cannot tarnish, and whose glory age will not dim.

The Washington Monument is a worthy tribute to the memory of the first President of the United States, and is erected in Mount Vernon Place. A graceful Doric column of white marble, surmounted by a



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

striking figure of George Washington, representing him in the act of resigning his commission at Annapolis. The statue itself is sixteen feet high, and weighs sixteen and a half tons; a winding staircase leads to a parapet at the top, from which a magnificent view is afforded of the city harbour and surrounding country.

Near this point Washington and Mount Vernon Squares meet; all

around are found the most conservative residences, with a characteristic air of refinement and wealth; the grass plats dotted about are adorned with lovely flowers, the smiles of the Creator's goodness; fountains fling high the silver dew; mimic cascades fall over moss covered rockeries in shady nooks; and restful seats, o'ercanopied with leafy boughs, tempt us to linger awhile, whilst we listen to the young birds—moved to minstrelsy by the bright sunshine—recite their lessons in the boughs overhead.



MOUNT VERNON PLACE.

Mount Vernon Place Church, belonging to the Methodist Episcopal denomination, which occupies in the United States, both as regards numbers and influence, a position of importance, is in the heart of the most aristocratic section of the city. Its architectural beauty and dignity admirably accord with its environments. The interior we found a model

of perfect arrangements. This was the only place of worship our short stay permitted our seeing. Several fine pieces of bronze statuary are to be seen in this locality.

Baltimore has made adequate provision for the health and recreation of its large and increasing population by a judiciously arranged system of public parks and squares, scattered on opposite sides of the city. Time only permitted our seeing one, but that one the most important of all. We shall not soon forget our drive to and around Druid Hill Park; the day was glorious; the sky overhead was like the deep blue of a Delft plate. This park is unique amongst the many parks it was our good fortune to see; in acreage it is excelled by several, nor is the hand of the landscape gardener so easily traced as in the Central Park, New York, or in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; but its natural beauties give it a special charm and attractiveness; it covers some 700 acres of wood and water. There are reservoirs and a fine lake in whose clear mirror was reflected the unclouded image of the imperial lord of light. Several natural springs from out which crystal streams bubble are scattered about the park. Miles of carriage roads, some of great width, are carefully kept. Shady pathways, leafy groves—Nature's first temples—accessible only on foot are used as pic-nic grounds, and broad elevated plateaus skirted by a belt of woods and stretch of forest, in which live oaks that reckon their age by centuries. We learned that this park, the most naturally beautiful we saw, is under the control of a small board of Commissioners, and is entirely supported by a tax of nine per cent. upon the gross receipts of the Street Car Companies.

Baltimore ranks as one of the foremost educational centres of the country, and this exercises a wide influence on its intellectual life. I think there can be no doubt the American system of education is superior to ours; this opinion I gathered from personal observation and enquiry as well as reading. Americans regard their public schools in the first place as citizen-making machines, and in the second as democratic instruments, affording to rich and poor alike the best of this world's treasures. In schools on this side of the Atlantic, except those for infants, boys and girls are generally separated; in the States they are present in the same class, and not infrequently sit side by side on the

same benches; they do the same lessons, now a girl, now a boy is called upon to answer, just as it happens.

This mixed system appears to have grown up quite naturally; its advocates plead that the separation of the sexes is artificial and contrary to the spirit of the home; that two schools, two sets of teachers, is not only needlessly extravagant, but lessens efficiency; and then there is no such feeling as existed amongst us—I think it is quickly disappearing—that “second best” in buildings, teaching, and salaries, is good enough for girls. The best that can be obtained is the rightful due of girls as well as boys, of poor as well as rich, this is the keynote of the doctrine of American democracy. Next to arithmetic the favourite study is probably history—United States history especially, from the time of the Pilgrim Fathers onward. The spirit of patriotism is fostered and encouraged by the public holidays, which are always preceded or followed by some instruction about the meaning of the day. Decoration Day, April 30th, for example, commemorates the soldiers who fell in the war of 1860-61, and on that day it is the custom to deck the graves of the fallen with flowers and small flags. One of the songs suitable for these occasions begins:—

“We deck their graves alike to-day
With blossoms fresh and fair,
And on the grassy mounds of clay
We lay the flowers with care.
As o’er each sleeping hero’s head
Our offerings we placed,
The bravery of our honoured dead
Shall never be effaced.”


There was no place that gave us more genuine pleasure than our all too short visit to the Woman’s College. We were uncertain as to admission, but as we stood hesitating beneath the portal a student, whose bright eyes had still to watch the rise of more than one new harvest moon ere she reached womanhood, came blithely tripping up the broad flight of steps, and in answer to our enquiries, in the kindest and most winsome manner led us to the office of one of the officials, who very courteously conducted us over the building. We are in no danger of forgetting (personally I should not like to forget) the charm of that fair daughter of Columbia. The training she received in that

seat of learning had not resulted in the loss of her figure, or giving over brushing her hair and making herself look nice; education had not diminished her attractiveness—Why should it? but, combined with it was a sweetness and gentleness that made me long to hark back to youth and attend school once again, this time, without doubt, on the “mixed plan.” I should never dream of playing truant again with such a lovable companion. In my recollections of Baltimore I shall ever desire to retain as the central figure on memory’s tablet that charming young student of the Woman’s College.




A TYPICAL AMERICAN HOME, TO BE FOUND IN PHILADELPHIA AND CLEVELAND.

CHAPTER VII.—WASHINGTON (PART I).

HE star-spangled banner that floated above the Capitol was stirred into life by the rippling of the evening breeze, and the chariot of the moon—night's fair queen—was sweeping majestically over the ridge of the distant horizon beneath the star spangled vault of heaven, when we reached Washington and drove quietly to the Arlington, the hotel selected for our stay.

Here my friend received important despatches which occupied a considerable portion of his time after we had jointly despatched an excellent dinner. Left to myself I strolled into the hall and settled down within easy ear shot of a knot of politicians, who were discussing in loud tones the all absorbing topic of "sound money." I could not follow them; speech was too rapid and confused, and declamation and denunciation stood for argument. At first they laughed and chaffed, debated and bantered, but it ended in the kind of wrangling which I suppose usually precedes the production of six-shooters, or the more modern and less dangerous flinging of inkstands. All the time these political gladiators were engaged in wordy warfare, their surrounding fellows chuckled and puffed and spat incessantly; one of them reminded me of nothing so much as an old goat; his scanty whiskers streaked with grey, he seemed to have entered into a contract to perpetually chew tobacco. Working his jaws goat fashion, whenever he wanted to say anything he would grasp his beard with one hand, duck his head about and then squirt with a bad aim a dirty yellow streak at the spittoon, regardless of distance. The floors of American hotels are usually of white marble, but their beauty and cleanliness is often sadly defaced by the beastly addition of these liquid lines. Cannot the culture and refinement of American womanhood be enlisted to abolish this filthy and degrading practice as completely as slavery is abolished?



The sun had more than half finished his morning climb, and was shooting showers of flashing arrows dipped in gold through the topmost boughs and interlacing branches of chestnut and acacia trees, as we passed underneath their shade and along the pretty park lying between the Arlington and the White House. The air was balmy and scented with the sweet incense of flowers. Bosco was at his best, faultless in his attire, with elastic step and erect carriage, he strode along all the way, fully a step in advance—was he not an accredited ambassador with open credentials in his pocket, knowing their contents? I felt there was no chance for me, for that day at any rate, but to take a place at least one step in the rear.

Bosco's letter of introduction to the President's Private Secretary, was sent to him, unsolicited, by the United States Consul in his native town, and for its undoubted advantage and value to us, I desire to express my gratitude. It served as a golden key during our stay in Washington, and was in truth a very solid advantage; here it is:—

To The Hon. Henry T. Thurber,

Executive Mansion,

Washington, U.S.A.

My dear Thurber,

This will be presented to you by my friend, F. Carrer, Esq. (Bosco), one of the leading manufacturers and solid men of England.

Mr. Carrer may desire to visit the House and Senate. May I ask that you will facilitate him should he require it. Any further attention or courtesy you may be pleased to extend to my friend will be thoroughly appreciated and regarded as a personal application by

Yours very truly,

A—— D—— D——,

Consul.

Little wonder then with such a passport in his breast pocket my friend's step was buoyant and his tread distinctly "solid." We found Mr. Thurber a model of courtesy and kindness; after a pleasant chat, he said, "you would like to see the President, wouldn't you?" Of course we expressed our extreme gratification at the prospect, and a private interview

was arranged for us about three hours later in the day. "In the meantime," said Mr. Thurber, "you would like to look over the United States Treasury, which is close at hand. I will give you a letter of introduction to my friend Mr. Morgan, the Chief of the Treasury, and send a messenger across with you, to put you in the right direction, and now, until one o'clock, good morning."



UNITED STATES TREASURY.

Mr. Morgan we found not less courteous and kind than Mr. Thurber, and most anxious to make our visit pleasant and instructive, deputing one of his chief clerks to show all the principal features, we spent two hours in a most interesting and agreeable way.

The Cash Room is walled with choice American and Italian marbles and is one of the costliest in the world. Here the Treasury

cashes the various warrants drawn upon it. The daily transactions run into many millions, from behind steel screened windows Government warrants are exchanged for coin. Having issued originally from this very building as new currency, and having passed through innumerable hands, the notes at last come back to be redeemed, and being money no longer, they are destroyed.

The system of making new money, exchanging new for old and destroying the old is what one sees at the Treasury, and it is all deeply interesting. Let us try as briefly as possible to follow it. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing is a branch of the Treasury. Here Government bonds, postage and revenue stamps, &c., are printed. We were shewn many specimens in various stages of completion; amongst others, I remember, a \$10,000 silver certificate, the largest note issued.

From the Bureau of Engraving and Printing the currency is brought over at nine o'clock every morning—a million dollars a day—in a large waggon built of steel, and attended by a force of guards, to the Treasury, and delivered to the Division of Issue; it is counted and verified by experts; then the sheets are sent to the Sealing Room, and the Red Seal of the Registrar of the Treasury stamped upon them. The cutting machine now comes into operation, and the notes are put up into packages for final counting; each package going through the hands of five counters. The marvellous skill, rapidity and accuracy of the counters—all females, whose salaries, we were told, commence at \$900 and go up to \$1600 per annum—is a revelation of what the trained hand and eye and mind can do. Each package contains 4000 notes, and not only does she count the notes, but her watchful eye scans the red seal and detects any imperfection in its printing. During our stay in the States, I was frequently struck with the extreme beauty of much of this note printing; the beautifully executed portraits of past Presidents, Secretaries of State, Senators, and other famous American citizens, which however are never used until after their death, are unexcelled as works of the highest art.

The average daily volume of new money passing through the hands of the counters in the Division of Issue is a million dollars,

made up of 320,000 separate notes from one dollar to one thousand dollars in value. An elaborate system of receipting and checking prevails, and although errors are not absolutely unknown they are extremely infrequent.

In the Redemption Division old currency is received back to be exchanged for new. It comes from banks throughout the country and from the Sub-Treasuries. Here also the most elaborate precautions are taken to guard against error and loss; the counters in this department are women, whose skill excites our wonder and whose beauty compels our admiration. The notes to be cancelled are first made up in packets, then taken to a machine which punctures four holes through each, two in the upper and two in the lower half, and finally to the cutting knife which cuts the package in two, lengthways, each half having still the initials of the counter and the amount the package contains; one half goes to the Registrar's office and the other to that of the Secretary of the Treasury. There is received in the Redemption Division an average of a million dollars a day, or more than three hundred millions a year.

The task of the counters in the Redemption Division is much more difficult than in the new money Issue Department. There is no order of enumeration to guide the counter and much of the currency is worn and difficult to handle. We saw a great deal not usually shewn: in a secluded corner, not accessible to ordinary visitors, we were introduced to a lady, Mrs. Brown, an expert in burned money, in shreds and patches of currency. Her task is to unravel mysteries, to solve problems—often exceedingly difficult of solution. We were shown many curious examples of this particular work; pulpy bits of money that had been chewed by swine, in which traces had been made out of a \$10 and two \$5 notes; fragments of two \$500 notes supposed to have been torn up and thrown away by a Chicago man before committing suicide; the ashes of one \$10 and two \$5 notes which a woman had hidden in a grate and afterwards set fire to; notes that had been buried in the earth for safety, discoloured and partly destroyed by rot. There are however restrictions upon the redemption of fragments of money; the amount allowed being in proportion to the pieces identified, in such a way as to make over payment impossible.

Formerly the cancelled currency was burned. This method has been abandoned on account of the difficulty of ensuring every note's complete destruction; now they are destroyed completely in the "Macerator," a huge spherical receptacle of steel, containing water and fitted internally with closely set knives, which as they revolve grind the contents exceedingly fine. The massive lid is secured by three special locks, each with a separate key; one key is held by the Treasurer, another by the Secretary, and a third by the Comptroller of the Currency. Each day at one o'clock, these officials or their deputies, with a fourth who represents the Banks and the people, assemble at the "Macerator," and deposit therein the money to be destroyed.

Mr. Morgan, who signs all the Treasury bills and certificates, gave me a number of statistics bearing upon the United States currency, but as I lack the magician's pen of a Gladstone to marshal figures in an attractive form, I will simply record that the total paper currency outstanding on March 31st, 1896, was \$1,095,825,987 made up of five different denominations, viz.:—United States Notes, Treasury Notes of 1890, National Bank Notes, Gold Certificates and Silver Certificates. I notice the Silver Certificates, \$348,325,504, are more than eight times the amount of the Gold, viz.:—\$43,822,469.

The Bond Vault contains the bonds deposited by the National Banks, of which there are 5000, as security for their own notes in circulation. The law requires that a National Bank have a fixed minimum capital, and that with 25 per cent. of this capital, it must purchase United States bonds and deposit them with the Treasury; if the Bank fails the Government sells the bonds, and redeems the bank's notes. The Vaults on March 31st, 1896, contained National Bank bonds to the value of \$220,915,718. One of the Clerks in Charge of the Bond Vaults shewed us a package containing bonds of the value of \$4,000,000.

A visit to the Bullion Vaults leaves a solid and lasting impression. We saw two—the most important; by the courtesy of Mr. Morgan, the United States Treasurer, I am enabled to give (they are interesting) the contents of these vaults on the day of our visit.

CONTENTS OF VAULTS IN U. S. TREASURER'S OFFICE.

VAULT.	AMOUNT.	DESCRIPTION.
1.....	\$102,800,000	Standard silver dollars—halves, \$355,000.
2.....	48,000,000	Standard silver dollars.
2.....	2,680,000	Gold coin.
2.....	664,600	Fractional silver, \$585,000; minor coin, \$79,600.
3.....	3,500,000	National bank notes received for redemption.
4.....	1,000,000	Mixed moneys received daily for redemption.
6.....	17,000,000	Mixed moneys for daily use.
7.....	250,000,000	Bonds held as security for N. B. circulation, &c.
8.....	352,000,000	Held as reserve to replace worn and mutilated notes unfit for circulation.
Total ..	\$777,644,600	Total weight of coin about 5,000 tons.

Dimensions of Silver Vault: 89 feet long, 51 feet wide, and 12 feet high.

The Silver Vault, No. 1, in the above statement, contained when we saw it \$102,800,000 standard silver dollars, including \$355,000 in half dollars. The coin is kept in sacks of \$1,000 each, and in wooden boxes of \$2,000 each; the boxes are built up in tiers to form retaining walls for the tons of sacks. In a passage-way between the wall of silver and the stone wall of the vault stands a table on which is exposed a thousand dollars, the contents of one sack. Each dollar in the vault is represented by one of the silver certificates, which is in circulation as currency.

The second Vault we saw contained, according to the daily statement, \$48,000,000 in dollars, \$2,680,000 in gold coin, and \$664,000 in fractional silver and minor coins. It appears that the gold held at Washington is only to supply the demand of the district of Columbia. The gold reserve is distributed in the Sub-Treasuries, from whence the local demand for gold is met. The law requires the Treasury to hold a reserve of at least \$100,000,000 in gold to sustain the credit of the United States.

It may be asked, how is this storehouse of gigantic treasure protected? It seemed to me that every precaution that forethought and skill could devise had been provided. Massive steel doors protect the entrances—one, a solid sliding door, we were told, weighs six tons; another, known as the combination door, has a time lock which is wound up every afternoon at two o'clock, and does not run out until eleven

o'clock the next day, before which time the door cannot be unlocked. A strong force of watchmen, all old army or navy men, patrol the building day and night; electric bells, communicating with the office of the Captain of the Watch, are rung every half hour day and night. This office is also in communication with the Chief of Police, the Fort, and the Arsenal, whence Police, Cavalry and Artillery can be promptly sent.



WHITE HOUSE.

By the time we had thanked the Treasurer and his deputy for their kindness and attention, the hour had almost arrived for our interview with the President. Turning our backs upon the Treasury, with its stately colonnade of Doric columns after those of the Temple of Minerva, a building second only in importance to the Capitol itself; we found the full grown leaves of the noble trees, lining the semi-



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

say that in any sphere the President would leave his mark; whether as the head of a large mercantile concern, or gigantic and far reaching organization, there the impress of a commanding personality would be felt, and, judging from the many opinions I heard expressed, I should say that on the completion of his second tenure of office, he will leave a name behind him at the White House, which will take rank as one of the most able, painstaking, and hard working of the many famous men of that great country, whose shores are laved by earth's two mightiest oceans, and which lies

circular avenue leading to the White House, a grateful shade from the burning beams of the noontide sun.

We had not long to wait. Our interview was fixed for one o'clock, half an hour in advance of his usual reception. Mr. Cleveland rose to meet us and remained standing during our introduction by Mr. Thurber. I have been asked dozens of times what I thought of the President? what is he like? and what we talked about? Well, I thought him open, frank, possessed of that genial courtesy which has the ineffable charm of placing a stranger at once at his ease. I should



MRS. CLEVELAND.

between "the icy capes of Labrador and the Spaniard's land of flowers."

Then what is he like? Rather tall, moderately stout, with a pleasant but at the same time, dignified face; very like his photograph, which I have the honour to reprint, and also that of Mrs. Cleveland, who enjoys the reputation of being, not only one of the most beautiful, but most amiable women of her day.

What did we talk about? Well, anything but politics—the ink of the Venezuela message had not long been dry. Our impressions of the country, the people, American customs and institutions, the weather and scenery, made up a pleasant half hour's chat. One little incident in our conversation shewed me plainly how great a grasp the President had of things small as well as great, and how little he misses. I remarked that I had the pleasure of being introduced to his ambassador, the Hon. T. F. Bayard, and hearing him speak at the Metropole, London, after a dinner given in aid of St. John's Foundation Schools, Leatherhead. "Ah," he said, "wasn't it a beautiful speech," and proceeded to tell me much about it that at the time, I am ashamed to write it, I had forgotten; how Mr. Bayard had pointed out the large number of men who had risen to eminence and greatness in various spheres in life, born in the parsonage houses of the poorer clergy of the Established Church, mentioning Nelson amongst others. Mr. Bayard also in the most tender manner spoke of the relations that bound, and must ever bind, Englishmen and Americans in one indissoluble bond, and the President said again he thought it a beautiful and admirable speech. I must not do Mr. Cleveland an injustice because I find, on looking at my notes again, that he did refer to the pleasant relations existing between England and his country, so that the Venezuelan despatch must have been written in ink not fast colour, for the memory of that unfortunate message seemed to be fast fading, and it was chiefly remembered as "that despatch" which Mr. Olney wrote one evening after a dinner that had made him bilious.

We had a second and lengthy chat with Mr. Thurber, who seemed, so it appeared to me, to impress upon us the undoubted good feeling that existed towards our country in the States amongst Americans. All who lived in the States were not Americans; threats of the dissolution

of the ties binding the two countries together emanated in 99 cases out of 100 from persons who had drifted to America, and either spoke English with a broken accent, or did not speak it at all.

The Monroe doctrine was touched upon, and Mr. Thurber suggested that they on their side of the water might be expected to know what they want and think desirable on the American continent, much as we do, say, in Africa, Egypt, or India. Bosco replied that he did not contest that proposition, but feeling that for the moment, in the absence of Sir Julian, he represented not only Her Britannic Majesty, but the entire Empire, he added, with dignity, "You know, my dear sir, when two friends have a difference of opinion, they usually express that opinion in words least likely to give offence." Mr. Thurber most cordially assured the deputy ambassador that nothing but the kindest feelings were entertained, and we left with the feeling that our interview with America's President had been more gratifying than a reception in all the courts of Europe. After this, the Foreign Office will probably make Bosco a K.C.B.

The prevailing characteristic of the White House is stately simplicity. From Pennsylvania Avenue the columns of the portico are partially revealed through the foliage of noble trees. The situation, the character of the building, the surroundings of trim, well-kept lawns, and lofty leaf thatched roofs of verdure, in whose cool and grateful shade we found a welcome shelter from the sparkling rays of the sun on high, "set as a Koh-i-noor above the blue velvet cushion of day's coronet," all spoke of quiet dignity and repose, becoming the home of the President.

Passing within the fine Colonial doorway, and into the central vestibule, a striking feature is the screen of wrinkled stained glass mosaic (by Tiffany) which separates the vestibule from the central corridor. In the walls are decorative panels, with medallions of Washington and Lincoln. The flags of the Washington panel show the thirteen stars of 1792, when President Washington laid the corner stone of the building; while in the flags of the Lincoln panel are the thirty-six stars borne by the banner in 1865, when President Lincoln went out from the White House to his martyrdom.

From the vestibule one passes through a corridor to the magnificent

State Parlour, famed as the East Room, and used for receptions; in the wall panels are hung full-length portraits of Washington, Martha Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln.

From the East Room a central corridor extends clear through to the conservatory, and gives access to the other State rooms of the first floor. The corridor, lighted by the glow of the jewelled glass screen, is richly decorated, and is adorned with palms and pictures, and mirrors and marbles.

The portraits are of Presidents Washington, Jackson, Polk, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Grant, Hayes, and Garfield; and the busts are of Columbus, Americus Vesputius, John Jay, Fillmore, and John Bright presented by Bright to Lincoln.

Of the rooms opening off from the corridor, all sumptuously furnished, several have taken their name from the predominant colour scheme of the decoration. In the Green Room, used for a music room, are portraits of Angelica Singleton Van Buren, who was mistress of the White House during President Van Buren's term, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Hayes, and Mrs. Harrison.

The Blue Room, oval in shape, and furnished in light blue and gold, is used by the President as a reception room. The mantel clock was presented by Napoleon I to Lafayette, and by him to the United States. The Cleveland marriage took place in the Blue Room, June, 1886.

The Red Room, with walls and hangings of Pompeian red, is the family sitting room, and is used for receptions by the ladies of the President's household. There are portraits here of Presidents John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Taylor, Buchanan, Arthur, and Cleveland.

Beyond the Red Room is the State Dining Room, which is decorated in the Colonial style in tones of yellow. Here the State dinners are given to the Cabinet, the Justices of the Supreme Court, and the Diplomatic Corps. The table services, of silver, china, and cut glass, were specially designed for the White House. The china, numbering 1500 pieces, was selected by Mrs. Hayes, decorated with exquisite paintings of American flowers, fruits, game, birds, and fish.


A massive oaken table in the President's room, made from the timbers of H.M.S. *Resolute*, has an interesting history.

Sir John Franklin's expedition was cast away in the Arctic in 1846, and the long continued Franklin search which followed engaged the sympathy of the entire civilized world. Among the numerous vessels dispatched to the north was the *Resolute* of the British Navy, which, with the rest of the fleet, was abandoned in the ice in May of 1854. In September of the following year she was sighted by an American whaler, was brought into an American port, and eventually was presented by the United States to the British Government. This table, made from the timbers of the rescued ship, was in 1881 sent by Queen Victoria to the President for the White House.

The Cabinet Room, where the Cabinet meetings are held, opens off from the President's Room. Its walls are hung with portraits of former Presidents. It is reserved for the President's household, as are the other rooms on this floor. In Cabinet meetings the President sits at the head of the table, with the Secretary of State on the right hand, and the Secretary of the Treasury on the left.



CHAPTER VIII.—WASHINGTON (PART II).

HE War and Admiralty Office, or as it is called, the State, War, and Navy Building, like the Treasury in Pennsylvania Avenue, ranks as one of the largest and most magnificent office buildings in the world. It has 500 rooms and two miles of marble halls. The stairways are of granite with balusters of bronze and the entire construction is fireproof; for the records and archives deposited within its walls are priceless and beyond restoration.

The War Department occupies the west wing, the Navy Department the east wing, and the State Department the south.

The walls of the corridor of the Secretary of War's offices and the ante-room show a series of portraits of Secretaries, beginning with Henry Knox (1789, Washington's first administration) and including many men whose names are household words in American homes. Of chief and peculiar interest are Huntington's portraits of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, the three frames grouped with a drapery of the Stars and Stripes and a silken standard of the Arms of the United States. The Washington portrait is a copy of an original by Gilbert Stuart.

On the opposite side of the hall are the Headquarters of the Army and the office of the Commander-in-Chief. In the hall above are shewn models of the uniform of the Army at various periods of the service. Among the groups is one which represents the dress of Washington's Life Guard. The motto of this Guard was, "Conquer or die."

The State Library is a most interesting room, not alone for its 50,000 volumes, rare and valuable as many of them are, but for the National heirlooms treasured here. Foremost among these is a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence. The original of the Constitution and of Washington's Commission as Commander-in-Chief are preserved in the safe. Amongst other objects of interest displayed are:—The Sword

of Washington, encased in a sheath of black leather, with silver mountings. The handle is of ivory, pale green, wound with silver wire. The belt of white leather has silver mountings. The sword was among the four bequeathed by Washington to his four nephews.

The Staff of Franklin. Franklin bequeathed it to Washington, his will providing—"My fine crab-tree walking stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the cap of liberty, I give to my



STATE, WAR, AND NAVY BUILDING.

friend, and the friend of mankind, General Washington. If it were a sceptre he has merited it and would become it." There are also buttons from Franklin's dress coat.

Thomas Jefferson's desk, on which he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

The Great Seal of the United States is shown in wax replica; it was adopted by Congress in 1782.

The Naval Monument or Monument of Peace; by Franklin Simmons; erected from funds contributed by members of the Navy. "In memory of the Officers, Seamen and Marines of the United States Navy, who fell in defence of the Union and Liberty of their Country, 1861-1865."

The figures are of America weeping; History with record tablet:—"They died that their country might live;" Victory with laurel wreath, and Peace with olive branch.

The Capitol is distinguished for its commanding situation and its majestic proportions; for the dignity, grace and beauty of its design; and the adornments and decorations which beautify it without and within. All these unite to give it rank as an architectural object among the noblest in the world. From an elevated site on Capitol Hill, 90 feet above the level of the river, it overlooks the Amphitheatre of the Potomac and is a conspicuous feature of the landscape for miles on every side.



NAVAL MONUMENT OR MONUMENT OF PEACE.

It is set amid grounds whose extent and arrangement add much to the architectural effect.

From the main western entrance of the grounds, near the Peace Monument, the approach leads up the gently rising lawns to flights of steps, which give ascent to the upper terrace, extending the entire length of the west front and around the north and south ends. Here a beautiful view is afforded of the city and encircling hills.

On the east front are three grand porticoes with Corinthian columns, and there is a portico of similar columns on the end and west



THE CAPITOL.

front of each extension. Broad flights of marble steps lead up to the porticoes.

The crowning glory of the Capitol is the imposing dome, springing from a peristyle of fluted Corinthian columns above the central building, and terminating in a lantern which is surmounted by the Statue of Freedom, towering nearly 300 feet above the esplanade. The height of the dome above the base line of the east front is 287 feet; from the roof balustrade 217 feet; diameter at the base 135 feet. It is of iron.

and weighs 8,909,200 lbs. It is so constructed that with the variations of temperature the iron plates expand and contract, "like the folding and unfolding of a lily."

The bronze Statue of Freedom, designed by Crawford, is 19 feet 6 inches high, and weighs 14,985 lbs. It was set in place on December 2nd, 1862, when Washington was surrounded on all sides by Federal fortifications; and the event was celebrated with cheers by thousands of the "boys in blue," the dipping of flags and the booming of artillery.

Of the two colossal groups in marble on the portico, one is Persico's Discovery of America (Columbus and an Indian girl), the armour of which is said to have been copied from a suit worn by Columbus and preserved in Genoa. The other group is Greenough's First Settlement of America—a pioneer in desperate conflict with a savage.

The Rotunda is a convenient point from which to visit the various parts of the Capitol.

The fortunes of the American Indian furnish a theme which we find constantly recurring throughout the decorations of the Capitol. The marbles and bronzes of the Rotunda portico are suggestive of the first contact of the two races; the marble group in the tympanum of the Senate portico is significant of what the coming of the new race was to mean for the old. The subject, by Crawford, is American Development and the Decadence of the Indian Race.

The visitor is sure to be greatly impressed with the magnificence of the marble corridors and stairways of the extensions; the exceeding beauty of the pilasters, columns and capitals, sculpture and frescoing; the tessellated floors; and the vistas through the windows, giving glimpses



FIRST SETTLEMENT OF AMERICA.

of the city and the Washington Monument, the New Library, and the Capitol itself.

The Rotunda is an immense circular hall 95 feet in diameter, and rising clear from floor to inner shell of dome and canopy 180 feet above. Light is admitted through the 36 windows of the peristyle. The walls are adorned with paintings, sculptures, and frescoes, and the vaulted canopy top above the eye of the dome glows with colour. The eight oil paintings in the panels of the hall have for their subjects memorable scenes in the history of the continent and of the United States. The key to each picture hangs beneath it:—

- The Landing of Columbus on San Salvador, October 12, 1492. (By Vanderlyn).
- The Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, 1541. (By Powell).
- The Baptism of Pocahontas, Jamestown, Va., 1613. (By Chapman).
- The Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, July 21, 1620. (By Weir).
- The Declaration of Independence, Philadelphia, July 4, 1776. (By John Trumbull).
- The Surrender of Burgoyne, Saratoga, October 17, 1777. (By Trumbull).
- The Surrender of Cornwallis, Yorktown, October 19, 1781. (By Trumbull).
- The Resignation of General Washington, Annapolis, December 23, 1783. (By Trumbull).

The last four paintings by Trumbull have peculiar interest and value, because the figures in them are authentic portraits; works which are held priceless for their portraits of the Fathers of the Republic, and are a realization of the artist's high ambition. Trumbull was a son of Jonathan Trumbull, a statue of whom is in the neighbouring Hall of Statuary.

In the arabesques above the paintings are sculptured portraits of Columbus, Raleigh, Cabot, and La Salle; and above the doors are sculptures of the Landing of the Pilgrims, Pocahontas rescuing Captain John Smith, William Penn's Conference with the Indians, and Daniel Boone in Conflict with Indians. At a height of 80 feet above the floor, and encircling the wall, here 300 feet in circumference, runs a fresco in imitation of high relief, illustrating periods of the history of the continent.

The east door of the Rotunda is the Rogers Bronze Door, designed and modelled by the American artist, Randolph Rogers, at Rome in 1858, and cast by Von Muller at Munich. The double door has eight panels on each side, with one across the transom; and these are filled with high reliefs illustrating scenes in the career of Columbus.

The subjects are: Columbus before the Council of Salamanca; his Departure from the Convent of La Rabida; the Audience before Ferdinand and Isabella; the Sailing from Palos on the First Voyage; the Landing at San Salvador; the First Encounter with the Indians; the Triumphal Entry into Barcelona; Columbus in Chains; his Death.

On the transom arch is a portrait of the Discoverer; and on the panel borders, in papal robe and royal crown and suit of mail, are the personages who played their parts in the memorable world drama of the fifteenth century.

The National Statuary Hall, semi-circular in shape and designed by Latrobe, after a Greek theatre, is one of the most beautiful rooms of the Capitol. Above the door leading from the Rotunda is Franzoni's Historical Clock. The design is of History, with recording tablet, borne in the winged car of Time, whose wheel is supported on a globe circled by the Zodiac. In this hall are found statues of many of America's most famous sons; space allows the mention of but a few:—

Robert Fulton of Pennsylvania, 1765-1815 by Howard Roberts. First inventor to make practical application of steam power to navigation; built first successful steamboat, the *Charmont*, it left New York for Albany, August 7, 1807.

James Abram Garfield of Ohio, 1831-1881 (by Neihaus). Major General, Army of the Cumberland; Member of Congress; elected to Senate; President.

In the ladies' waiting room of the Baltimore and Potomac Railway Station, a star in the floor marks the spot where Garfield fell, July 2, 1881; and a memorial tablet in the wall commemorates the tragic event.

Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence and one of its signers; Secretary of State, Washington's first term; Vice-President with John Adams; President 1801, re-elected 1804.

Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, 1809-1865; President, 1861-1865.

Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, 1710-1785; a close friend of Washington, who "relied on him as one of his main pillars of support," and because of his skill in providing the sinews of war gave him the name of "Brother



FRANZONI'S HISTORICAL CLOCK.

Jonathan," used ever since as a nickname of the United States. John Trumbull, the artist of the Rotunda paintings, was his son.

George Washington of Virginia, 1732-1799. This is a plaster cast. The original white marble is in the Capitol at Richmond. It is life size; the dress is the military costume of the Revolution. The inscription on the pedestal was written by James Madison, afterward President:—

"The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected as a monument of affection and gratitude to George Washington, who, uniting to the endowments of a hero the virtues of a patriot, and exerting both in establishing the liberties of his country, has rendered his name dear to his fellow-citizens and given the world an immortal example of true glory. Done in the year of Christ, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, and in the year of the Commonwealth the twelfth."

Daniel Webster of New Hampshire, 1782-1852. This Hall of Representatives has rung with his eloquence, and in the old Senate Chamber now the Supreme Court Room was heard that celebrated peroration of the Second Reply to Hayne:

"When my eyes shall turn to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honoured throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as:—'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly:—'Liberty first and Union afterward;' but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing in all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and



STATUE OF ROBERT FULTON.

in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

The Hall has some extraordinary acoustic properties, by which whispers become shouts, and persons may converse with their faces buried in opposite corners. The variegated marble of the columns contains some astonishing natural pictures, perfect forms of birds and animals; and human faces, among which even grave Senators are wont to find likenesses of their associates.

The Hall of Representatives is a legislative chamber unsurpassed in the world. The dimensions are: length, 139 feet; width, 93 feet; height, 30 feet. It is lighted by a ceiling of glass panels, set in a framework of iron.

The Speaker's desk of white marble occupies an elevated position in the centre of the south side, and the desks of the Representatives are arranged in concentric semi-circles, with radiating aisles. A silver plate on each mahogany desk (in the House and in the Senate) has engraved on it the occupant's name. The speaker's mace is set on its pedestal of Vermont marble at the right of the desk. The mace is a bundle of ebony rods, bound together with ligaments of silver, and having on top a silver globe surmounted by a silver eagle. It resembles the fasces borne by the lictors before the Roman magistrates.

In the panels of the wall on either side of the Speaker's desk and facing the House are full-length portraits of Washington and Lafayette (by Ary Scheffer), presented to Congress by Lafayette on his last visit to the country.

Over the main entrance is the famous clock, whose hands are turned back on the last day of the session, that the hour of adjournment may not be marked by it before the business of the house is finished. The clock is of bronze, with figures of a pioneer and an Indian, and surmounting it an American eagle.

The Senate Chamber is a spacious hall 113 feet in length, 82 feet wide, and lighted by a ceiling 36 feet above the floor. The seats of the Senators are arranged in concentric rows, with the aisles radiating from the dais of the President's desk on the north side. The room is surrounded by galleries with a seating capacity of 1000 persons. The

walls are richly decorated in gold arabesques on delicate tints, with buff panels; and the glass of the ceiling is filled with symbolism of War, Peace, Union, Progress, the Arts, Sciences, and Industries.

The Senators' Reception Room, known as the Marble Room because constructed wholly of that material, has stately Corinthian columns of Italian marble, panelled walls of Tennessee marble, and ceiling of marble from Vermont. The walls are set with mirrors.

The Senate Bronze Door is worthy of special admiration, the eight panels in high relief commemorate events in the history of the Republic:—The Death of Warren at Bunker Hill, 1775; Washington's Rebuke of Gen. Charles Lee at Monmouth, 1778; Hamilton's Gallantry at Yorktown, 1781; Washington's Reception at Trenton, when on the way to his Inauguration as First President, 1789; Washington's First Inauguration, 1789; Laying the Corner Stone of the Capitol, September 18, 1793. The panels below contain Allegories of War (struggle between a Hessian and a settler) and Peace.

At the base of the white marble west stairway is Story's marble statue of John Hancock, whose name is first in the list of signatures of the Declaration. The pedestal is inscribed:—"He wrote his name where all nations should behold it and all time should not efface it."



THE MARBLE ROOM.

It is impossible within the limits of the space at my disposal to do more than refer in the briefest manner to the very many objects of the greatest interest and beauty within the precincts of the Capitol. The grand staircases; the noble corridors whose walls and ceilings are covered with frescoes; committee and reception rooms decorated with paintings depicting civil, military and naval incidents in American annals; portraits of men foremost in various spheres of life who have left imperishable names that will ever illumine the roll of fame; the Supreme

Court House, once the Senate Chamber; the Library of Congress, crowded and littered with an overwhelming collection of books. Statues and statuary claiming attention had to be hurriedly passed by, owing to the flight of time, and I must end my memories of the Capitol by a last reference to the memorial tablet deposited beneath the corner-stone of the extensions, laid July 4, 1851, concluding with these rounded periods of Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, and the orator of the day:—

“If, therefore, it shall be hereafter the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundations be up-turned, and this deposit brought to the eyes of men, be it known that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm: that their Constitution still exists unimpaired, and with all its original usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world. And all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayers that this deposit, and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures, now to be erected over it, may endure for ever! GOD SAVE THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.”

We were very fortunate in our visit to the Capitol. By the courtesy of the Hon. H. T. Thurber we had the entrée to the President's private box, both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. In the House of Representatives a debate on the bankruptcy laws was proceeding; it was not however particularly lively or interesting; a short stay sufficed. In the Senate we were much more fortunate; a full dress debate on the Currency Bill was in progress. Senator Teller, of Colorado, was on his feet—just where he stood there were about five vacant chairs, and in front of these the Senator walked to and fro incessantly, exactly as a wild beast moves about in his den. His speech was marked by great vehemence, and was evidently a bitter attack on one of his colleagues, who Mr. Teller kept referring to every minute at least as the “Senator from O-hi-o!!!” This turned out to be Senator Sherman, who rose to reply before we left; it was a battle royal between the Silverites and the Sound Money Party. I copy from the *Washington Post* of the following day a few of the leading points of the speech.

TELLER READY TO QUIT.**Will Repudiate Republicanism If It Stands for Gold.****A DIRECT DECLARATION MADE.**

The Colorado Senator Takes Direct Issue with His Colleague and in a Speech of Great Vehemence Announces His Position—A Warning to the Country that McKinleyism Will Not Bring Prosperity.

“As I speak so will I vote.”

With this declaration Senator Teller yesterday afternoon formally announced his intention of severing his connection with the Republican Party if it should commit itself at the approaching National Convention to the single gold standard.

Mr. Teller, under the spur of a statement from Mr. Sherman that the silver purchasing law was a makeshift which had been adopted to save the country from a free coinage law, told some party secrets which revealed some of the inside operations connected with the passage of the McKinley bill. Mr. Teller directly stated that the Sherman silver purchasing law was given to the silver men in return for their support for the McKinley bill. The Republicans, in order to get as high protection and taxation as was possible, paid to the silver men the price of the purchase of 4,000,000 ounces of silver a month for nearly thirty months. But for this deal, the McKinley bill would have been loaded down with a silver amendment, which President Harrison would have vetoed, and, knowing this, the silver men accepted the compromise which Senator Sherman offered them. This statement, made in the open Senate, created a genuine sensation and was not answered by Mr. Sherman.

The speech itself was provoked by the letter of his colleague, Senator Wolcott, which appeared in the *Post* yesterday morning. In his letter Mr. Wolcott took the position that neither of the two old parties would adopt a free coinage platform, and, in this contingency, he announced that he would remain with the Republican Party, believing that even gold monometallism was preferable to Populism.

There is one sentence, not reported, in the Senator from Colorado's speech, which he delivered with unusual vehemence and fervour; he said, “Mr. President, we have the greatest country in the world, the greatest wealth in the world, and the greatest intelligence to be found in any country in the world, but if we refuse to recognise silver as a part of the basis of our currency, and do not recognise the concurrent and impartial use of gold and silver for currency purposes at a fixed ratio, then I say our doom is pronounced, our glory will vanish, and

"Ichabod" will be written large on our portals." I remember this passage so well because Bosco's *solid* foot came down on my poor corns like a sledge-hammer, by way of protest, when Mr. Teller claimed for his country a preponderance of intelligence.

It may interest my readers to see the protrait of Senator Teller. He is the chosen leader of the Silverite party. Mr. Teller claims to be a good judge of mines, and says that he has examined more of them than



HENRY M. TELLER, COLORADO SENATOR.

most mining experts. He swears by Colorado as the richest mineral State in the Union. He is known as the foremost advocate of the free coinage of silver. As a speaker he is forceful and voluminous rather than graceful; his earnest eloquence has been compared by irreverent critics to the music of a buzz saw.

The Senator from O-hi-o jumped to his feet directly the Senator from Colorado sat down, and immediately proceeded in Parliamentary language to speak of the hon. gentleman in much the same way as Dan O'Connell spoke of Mr. Disraeli, when

he said the hon. member reminded him of nothing so much as a "harp struck by lightning;" this made Mr. Teller uncommonly uneasy, and he began in the most energetic manner to turn over the pages of some United States Hansard, a bulky tome bound in bright scarlet, which, when we left, Mr. Teller's face was bidding fair to match.

We felt that, as Englishmen, we should not like to leave the Senate without paying our respects and expressing our gratitude to Senator Wolcott for the magnificent speech he delivered in defence of Great Britain in the debate on the Monroe Doctrine and the Venezuelan boundary dispute.

This speech was delivered on Jan. 22nd last, but only partially reported in some of the papers on this side. Mr. Wolcott kindly gave me a verbatim copy, which I have carefully read; it was delivered in support of a resolution submitted by Senator Sewell (of New Jersey), condemning "The extraordinary message of the President of the United States, having reference to a dispute exclusively between Great Britain and Venezuela, both friendly powers." It ought to be read fully by all my countrymen. I must however only give a few extracts and the peroration which I think will take rank as a Parliamentary classic.

I take the salient points in a speech which extends over 14 or 15 pages of closely printed and closely reasoned matter; Mr. Wolcott said:—

"The few remarks I shall make will be chiefly to the effect that the so-called Monroe doctrine has been misapplied in the pending controversy; that so much of President Monroe's message as referred to the colonization of portions of America by European powers could have no applicability to any boundary dispute now existing in South America.

"It is not an easy or a gracious task to take, in this high forum, a position which apparently involves in the slightest degree the abandonment of that patriotic fervor which animates the breast of every citizen where our national pride or our country's honor is in question. There has been much tension for the past few weeks. The letter of the Secretary of State to Mr. Bayard was, from a diplomatic point of view, almost incendiary. The President's message glowed with the possibilities of war.

"It is easier to drift with such a condition than to antagonize it, but with the convictions on this subject which I hold, Mr. President, that sense of duty which accompanies us in public station as in private life prohibits a silence which would be cowardly, and impels me to the presentation of the right as light is given me to see it.

"There has never been a doctrine more misunderstood or misapplied than the so-called Monroe doctrine. It is, and has ever been, without recognition by other countries, and has always been refused the approval of Congress.

"In all the wars for independence fought in the swamps and jungles and in the fever-infested districts of these tropical provinces of South America, and

in the long struggles for liberty which drenched the Spanish colonies in America with the blood of patriots, British volunteers fought ever in the front of battle. At the great and decisive battle of Carabobo in 1821, on Venezuelan soil, after the Venezuelan troops had been again and again repulsed, and were in full retreat, the British legion, with reckless and heroic bravery, and against overwhelming odds, carried the Pass of Carabobo in a bayonet charge and with it carried the fortunes of the day and of the war. At the close of the battle, of the 900 English troops, 600 lay dead or wounded on the field, their colors seven times changed hands and were dyed with the blood of the dauntless heroes who carried them, and as the few survivors, with trailing arms, filed past Bolivar when the day was won, he saluted them as the saviors of his country. Such was the example which Great Britain set and the encouragement she afforded during the long struggle for freedom in South America. Without her aid Venezuela might not to-day be free, and those who now denounce her as if she were the oppressor of Venezuelan liberties may, with profit, study the history of those early and bloody times.

* * * * *

"Not only, Mr. President, was the Monroe doctrine intended simply as a declaration of limited scope and purpose, as I think I have shown, but the circumstances under which it was given to the world were far different from those which now exist; and under present conditions its assertion and maintenance to the extent claimed by the present Executive have ceased to be of paramount importance.

"Mr. President, it is idle to talk seriously of our integrity or perpetuity being threatened by an adjustment of boundary between Great Britain and Venezuela. That which once seemed a danger and evoked the utterance of the Monroe doctrine has passed forever away, and has left nothing to vex us but the pride of expression to which we still cling.

"We are told that we should not consider the possibilities of war; but we must look to the rational result of our interference along present lines. In my opinion, Mr. President, there will be no war. It will be avoided, not because our position toward Great Britain in her dispute with Venezuela is tenable, for I think I have shown its unsoundness, and it has been rejected by the press and public opinion of every first-class power in the world; not because by our moderation and wisdom we avert the possibilities of war, but because Great Britain will yield the whole controversy rather than face the horrors of such a war over such a question, a war out of which no victor could emerge whatever the result; a war which would put back civilization and progress for a century, and which could only mean disaster to the human race. If such a contest shall be thus avoided, as I pray it may, it will bring to us no added honor and to Great Britain no disgrace; nor will the cause of liberty in South America be furthered or our own foundations be laid the stronger.

"If the Senate, Mr. President, was not responsible for the original differences which have arisen between Great Britain and this country relative to the Venezuelan boundary, it must be admitted that we have done much toward keeping the question active and the differences acute. For instance, the other day, after all the Venezuelan dispatches had been published to the world, the Senator from Alabama [MR. MORGAN] saw fit to introduce a resolution having reference to the abortive revolution in the Transvaal.

"I know but little of the Transvaal Republic, but I am advised that a large percentage of its white citizens are English-speaking people, and are denied representation, while paying their full quota of taxation; and that situation is one which ordinarily demands and receives American sympathy for people so deprived of what we cherish as an unalienable right. But whatever the cause of the uprising, or the merits of the dispute, Mr. President, my attention at that crisis was diverted to another channel. France is a sister Republic, and although most of her colonies, commended in the resolution of the Senator from Alabama, have fewer rights than Cuba, she is yet entitled to our consideration and sympathy because of her form of government. Germany has furnished us hundreds of thousands of worthy citizens, who are a credit to the Republic. Russia was our friendly ally in the late war. And yet, Mr. President, when I read that all these powerful Governments—France, Germany, and Russia—had allied themselves together against Great Britain, and that the people of those little islands, 'compassed by the inviolate sea,' in defense of what they deemed their rights, were marshaling their armies and assembling their navies, ready, undaunted, to face a world in arms, unyielding and unafraid. I thanked God I was of the race! There is no drop of blood in me, Mr. President, that is not of English origin, and I have no ancestor on either side since 1650 who was not born on the soil of New England; but my heart beats faster when I recall the glorious deeds of Clive, and Lawrence, and Napier, and Wellington—

England's greatest son;
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
And never lost an English gun.

of Drake and Hawkins, who fought the Spaniard and swept the Spanish Main, and of the incomparable Nelson; and my pulse quickens when I realize that the splendour of their achievements is part of our glorious heritage, and that the language of Burke and of Chatham is our mother tongue!

"Mr. President, we will protect our country and our country's interests with our lives, but we wage no wars of conquest or of hate. This Republic stands facing the dawn, secure in its liberties, conscious of its high destiny. Wherever in all the world the hand of the oppressed or the downtrodden is reached out to us, we meet it in a friendly clasp. In the Old World, where unspeakable crimes even now darken the skies; in the Orient, where old dynasties have been crumbling for a thousand years and still hang together strong in the

accumulation of infamies; in South America, where as yet the forms of free institutions hold only the spirit of cruelty and oppression; everywhere upon the earth it is our mission to ameliorate, to civilize, to Christianize, to loosen the bonds of captivity, and to point the souls of men to nobler heights.

"Whatever of advancement and of progress the centuries shall bring us must largely come through the spread of the religion of Christ and the dominance of the English-speaking peoples; and wherever you find both you find communities where freedom exists and law is obeyed. Blood is thicker than water, and until some just quarrel divides us, which Heaven forbid, may these two great nations of the same speech and lineage and traditions stand as brothers, shoulder to shoulder, in the interest of humanity, by their union compelling peace and awaiting the coming of the day when 'Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'"



Edward Wolcott

It was a privilege and honour to converse with and grasp the hand of the author of these high and noble sentiments, whose photograph and autograph I have much satisfaction in giving to my readers. Senator Wolcott is not only a first-class orator, but he has the reputation of being the best billiardist in Congress. He is also ambi-dextrous; he can shave with a razor in each hand, and write with two pens at the same time.

The Washington National Monument is an imposing shaft of white marble, rising from an elevation on the Mall, near the Potomac: towering against the sky, its tremendous height confronts one at every turn, and has place in a thousand vistas.

The monument is an obelisk. Its height from floor of entrance to tip is 555 feet. The shaft is 500 feet in height; 55 feet square at base, 34 feet at top. The walls are 15 feet in thickness at the entrance, and taper to 18 inches at the top of the shaft. The facing is of pure white

marble from Maryland. The foundation of rock and cement is 36 feet deep; 126 feet square. It is the highest work of masonry in the world, the next being the Philadelphia Municipal Buildings, 537 feet.

Stretching away to the White House on the North, and the Capitol on the East, is the beautiful landscape gardening of the Mall and the parks, the city beyond, and then the hills rolling away to the horizon. On an eminence in the north-east is the Soldiers' Home; on the



THE MONUMENT FROM THE MALL.

Virginia Hills, to the west, is Arlington, where sleep 16,000 soldiers, who died in the war for the Union. It is consecrated ground, to which come thousands every year from the north and the south, the east and the west, to honour those "who gave their lives that the country might live." It is a worthy pilgrimage.

Below flows the placid Potomac, from whose further shore rise Georgetown and Washington; and beyond these the encircling hills roll away to the horizon's rim. The grounds of Arlington are noble in their contour and adornment. The art

of the landscape gardener has beautified the surroundings; there are flower beds and lawns, and a profusion of ornamental trees and shrubs. But above what the skill of man has done and beyond it all, one recognises the majestic beauty of the site itself, with its slopes and ravines, and the hillsides crowned with oaks. It is as if through long centuries Nature herself had lovingly moulded the spot, making it ready for its final great purpose, the resting place of the Nation's heroic dead:—

On Fame's eternal camping ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And Glory guards, with solemn round,
 The bivouac of the dead.

The slope east of Arlington House has been set apart for the burial of officers. In front of the house, near the flagstaff, is the grave of General Philip H. Sheridan (1831-1888). Sheridan's resting place is marked by a dignified monument of granite and bronze, adorned with a medallion portrait with flag and wreath.



SHERIDAN'S GRAVE.

The most impressive sight at Arlington is of the fields of the dead, on the level plateau, where the headstones stretch away in lines endless to the vision. On each marble or granite slab is inscribed the name of the soldier whose grave it marks, with his State and the number by which he has been enrolled in the Roll of Honour. The roster, kept by the War Department of those who

died in the service of the country, consists of thirty-one volumes, and contains the records of 250,000 deceased Union soldiers.

The new building for the Library of Congress occupies a site adjacent to the Capitol, and is a distinct addition to the noble architectural monuments of Washington. It will be completed in 1897. The removal to it of books from the congested storage rooms of the Capitol is already in progress. Communication is had between Capitol and Library by means of a subway.

The Library Building is constructed of white granite, the whitest

and purest known, from New Hampshire, and the inner courts of Maryland granite. Its dimensions are 470 by 340 feet, covering about three and one-half acres of ground, with four large inner courts, 150 by 75 to 100 feet. The outer walls have a frontage on four streets, and this, with the spacious courts and the great number of windows (nearly 2,000 in all), renders it the best lighted library in the world. The order of architecture is the Italian Renaissance. Over the arches of the three entrance doors



THE NEW LIBRARY OF CONGRESS BUILDING.

are carved three spandrels in relief, each representing figures emblematic of Art, Science, and Literature. The dome, gilded by a thick coating of gold leaf, terminates in a gilded finial, representing the torch of Science, ever burning, and rises 195 feet from the ground.

It goes without saying that we had many visits from the inevitable interviewers. We were invariably pleased by their courtesy, and astonished at the retentiveness of their memories—they never made

a note—and on the whole gave, in their papers, the details of conversations with praiseworthy accuracy. I have been perplexed as to recording any of these “chats,” my native modesty makes me shrink, but I am consoled in the recollection that my friend invariably played first, and usually solo violin, and remembering that Solomon said that “The words of the wise are as goads, and as the nails fastened by the masters of assemblies,” I feel that Bosco’s words were not for the reporter alone, but for the world, therefore I reprint extracts from the *Washington Post* :—

IN HOTEL LOBBIES.

Mr. F—— C——, a leading member of the Chamber of Commerce of Nottingham, England, a Justice of the Peace, and a partner in one of the large manufacturing firms of that city, is at the Arlington. He is accompanied by a friend from Manchester, also a manufacturer and one of the foremost citizens of that busy town. Mr. C—— is a great traveler, and there is scarcely a corner of the world that he doesn’t know. He has a brother in the Transvaal, and was naturally greatly interested in the news that four of the leaders of the Reform League, including John Hays Hammond, the American engineer, had been sentenced to death by the Boer court.

“Mark my word,” said Mr. C——, with emphasis, “these men will never hang. Old Kruger is playing a deep game. He hasn’t the least idea of inflicting the death penalty, but he wanted it to be imposed so as to get the reputation of having done a lenient and magnanimous thing when he intervenes and pardons them. He is as sly as a fox, ignorant but crafty, and yet intelligent enough to know that were he to inflict hanging on the reform committee it would raise a storm about him that he and his Boers would be powerless to quell.”

“I was in Washington in 1888, and I find that during the interval of eight years your Capital has developed into a magnificent city. I thought Washington a very handsome place eight years ago; to-day I do not believe it is exceeded in beauty by any city in the world, and I am familiar with all that make any pretensions in that line.”

“Everlasting praise be on the head of the young French engineer who planned the Capital of the embryo republic. It is the multitude of your parks and open spaces that constitute the peculiar if not the chief charm of Washington. In England our cities grew up after no definite plan and with but little respect to the beautiful; now, after all these centuries, we see the good of the very system you have here, and there is a great movement to set apart places in all

the big towns wherever the corporations can acquire the land that will serve as breathing places and resting spots for the classes that have little chance to get the fresh air and to whom a bit of green turf and a clump of trees is a novelty."

The interviewer thought his copy so valuable that he brought it out like a serial story in parts on following days, but for convenience it is condensed and consolidated. I learnt from it, for the first time, two things, one that I am a "foremost citizen," which is unintentionally untrue, and the other that my friend is a "great traveller," that there "is scarcely a corner of the world he does'nt know," but when it is explained that these "chats" usually take place after dinner, it will be understood that the imagination has free play. It is a matter of great regret that we had not the happiness of a call from a lady interviewer, who I understand is usually charming; perhaps it is as well, perchance the "chat" might have been so alluring as to be still proceeding.

During our drives about the city we passed various Government offices—in which there are over 30,000 employees—and through the best residential parts, where the various Embassies were pointed out; I was proud to see that the British representative was housed in one of the best. We passed the homes of leading Senators and men of mark, who still serve their country, and many more, once the abodes of Presidents, Senators, and Statesmen, Secretaries of State, and Generals of Armies, who now people the "Silent City," but whose names live for evermore.

Washington is pre-eminently a city of monuments, a striking proportion being equestrian. They are memorials of statesmen and generals and admirals who fought in the Northern ranks during the Civil War. We saw many worthy of note; I can only name a very few:—



FREEDOM'S MEMORIAL.



STATUE OF GENERAL THOMAS.

winning one of the most important victories of the war.

General James B. McPherson 1828-1864. Equestrian, bronze, cast from cannon given by Congress. When Grant was named General-in-Chief, in 1864, he sent a letter to Sherman thanking Sherman and McPherson as the two men who had contributed most to his success.

General George H. Thomas 1816-1879. In Thomas' Circle. Equestrian, bronze, Virginia granite pedestal, adorned with the badge of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland.

General Winfield Scott 1786-1866. In Scott Square; equestrian, bronze, cast from cannon captured by the American army, under Scott, in Mexico, and given by Congress. The pedestal blocks of Cape Ann granite are remarkable for size, the largest weighing 119 tons.

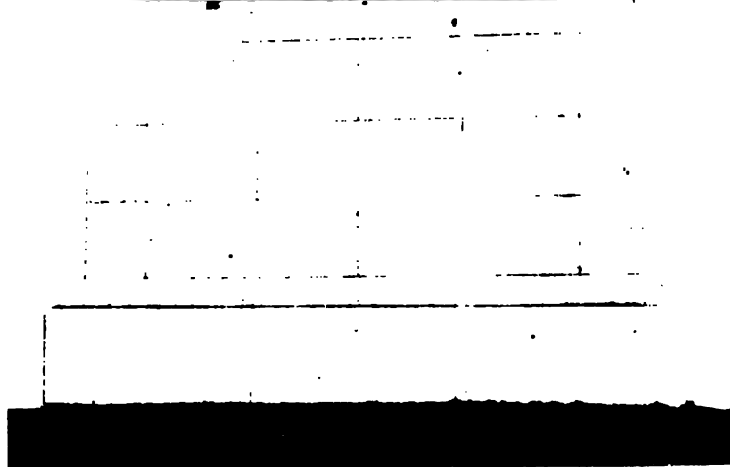
George Washington. In Washington Circle; equestrian, bronze, from cannon given by Congress; unveiled in 1860. Washington is represented as he appeared at the battle of Princeton, Jan. 3, 1777.

In front of the Courthouse is Flannery's statue of Lincoln, set on the top of a marble column 27 feet high. The Emancipation Monument, in Lincoln Park, is by Thomas Ball. The figures are of Lincoln, as author of the Emancipation Proclamation, and a slave, whose broken shackles signify his new found freedom.

Rear-Admiral Samuel Francis Dupont (1803-1865). In Dupont Circle; heroic bronze, with granite pedestal. In 1861 Dupont commanded the Atlantic blockading squadron, and in November of that year captured Port Royal.


Admiral David Glasgow Farragut (1801-1870). In Farragut Square. The bronze of the figure and of the mortars was cast from the metal of the flagship *Hartford*. In 1862 Farragut commanded an expedition dispatched to open the Mississippi. After six days' bombardment of Forts Jackson and Saint Phillip, below New Orleans, he led the fleet past the forts and captured the city.

Though these men will never again appear on Life's parade ground, mount the neighing charger, or draw the flashing blade; though for them the braying horns and the bugle's blast, the furious charge, the dreadful cannonade, the din and shout of the battlefield are past, the nobility of their character lives on, the lustre of their names and the glory of their deeds will gild the corridors of time, and be remembered in future ages until Fame shall cease to keep records on her golden scroll.



STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER IX.—A THOUSAND MILE JUMP.

IME did not permit our visiting any of the battlefields that circle round Washington. Our next "jump" to New Orleans was a long one—fully 33 hours continuous journey by the fastest train in the day. Crossing the Potomac by the Long Bridge, over which Lincoln watched from the White House tens of thousands of his troops march to death and victory in the early '60's, we bid adieu to Maryland.

The sun in mid-day splendour was shining on the topmost boughs of tall trees, and filtering its golden light through the foliage, whilst the roof of thick green leafage told of the deepening spring, as we entered beautiful Virginia. Here and there young and thirsty roads, inches deep in lime dust, run level with the railway, forcing a contrast with the well kept high roads of the Old Country. Vast stretches of pasture land, whose tender green herbage was restful to the eye, were dotted with flocks and herds, many of the cattle being so strongly marked as to resemble piebald horses in a circus, and young colts, startled from their afternoon slumber by the thunder of our iron horse, threw up their heads, kicked up their heels, and scampered wildly over the turfy plain.

Gentle slopes, studded with plantations of young trees, from out which feathered choristers carol their morning and evening hymns; lowlands in which motionless pools serve as mirrors for the sunbeams' play and quiver; or long stretches of woodland line each side of the track—the dark green of the pines forming a strong contrast to the abundant white blossoms of the dogwood trees, and the rich deep lilac spikes of a tree to which I am unable to give a name—whilst in grateful shade is spread out a rich carpet of greenery, from which a wealth of undergrowth, profuse in its shading, perpetually peeps.

We passed, all too quickly, beneath the shadows of hills clothed

with evergreen foliage, until at last the topmost branch of the nodding fir stood revealed against the blue sky line; past the margin of clear streams purling over pebbly beds, though we were unable to catch the music of the rippling rivulet racing along; over bridges that span the banks of gloomy ravines, girt with moss encrusted rocks, in whose dark recesses the water gurgles and foams amidst the vain embrace of the obstructing boulders.



NIGGER CABIN.

Once in "Old Virginie" you get fairly amongst the "darkies," as they are called, of whom there are some 8,000,000 in the United States. The nigger cabins soon become familiar objects in the landscape; they are dotted about without any system on the open land, and generally without any shade, so that these mean wood-built shanties are bleached and bent out of form by the fierce rays of the blistering sun.

By this time the country has assumed another aspect; patches of rich red-brown soil, newly cleaned, contrast with wide stretches peopled with tender corn plants—wheat, oats, and barley—fresh with the verdure and smile of youth, which stretch out for miles upon miles over the level plain, until climbing the distant rising ground they are lost to sight beyond its summit.

During the day I had a chat with an intelligent travelling companion, Mr. Warner, a lawyer, from whom I learned that the United States Senators are paid \$8,500 a year, and the Congressmen \$6,500, and in addition "mileage," those coming from the furthest States receiving the largest pay. Mr. Warner considers the system of paid members produces professional politicians, and professional politicians produce too much legislation; one set of laws being no sooner passed than they are overridden by new ones, and you can never tell the true state of the law. "Better," said he, "that these politicians should stay at home ten years and draw their pay, and have no fresh laws, for the evil of paid members is that they must constantly be making or unmaking something."

I don't know whether it was during this day I enquired which of the United States was the largest and most popular, but I remember the reply, viz:—"The State of Matrimony." A very good State to live in, so I am told.

Further South, after passing Charlottesville, the scenery rapidly changes; ridges of hills, fir clad and fir crested, hem in the view; streams of water, taking their colour from the ground through which they lazily plough their way, form bands of liquid bronze until at last they saunter into motionless pools.

We little thought as we crossed the noble Tennessee river that far away at its source, like a bright lancet of crystal, it was cutting a fine channel in the lap of the purple hills, and for ever spinning silver threads that rill and flow in peaceful ripples over beds of polished pebbles, weaving as they come along an ever widening ribbon, whose untarnished sheen, glistening alike in sunshine and moonlight, perpetually adorns the fair bosom of nature.

A stay of 20 minutes for dinner at Danville brings us to the border town of North Carolina, an important centre for the manufacture

of tobacco. The erection during the last few years of several large spinning mills, which border the railroad, suggests a great development of the cotton industry. At this point the niggers seem to have the land in possession; scarcely a white man in sight. Many of the darkies own pleasing faces with happy expressions; some quite intelligent, their eyes beam brightly, and the broad grin that never tires reveals teeth, oh, such teeth!!! that gleam and glisten in their dusky settings. The beautiful regularity and colour of these human pearls must so often have caused feelings of envy, that one wonders they were not specifically included in the tenth or covetous clause of the decalogue, and not thrown in promiscuously with "anything that is his."

When we resumed our journey the sun behind us in the west was settling towards the horizon, and the evening light, busy with its broad brush, was painting in bands of blue and gold, and spreading its glorious colouring over the far reaches of the ethereal dome. The last rays of the retiring monarch, like electric sparks, lit up the heavens as Sol sank to his bed 'neath the western sky, and quickly—there being little twilight here—the evening shadows drew their curtains closer around, shutting out all trace of moon and stars, until at last, hushed in silence and shrouded in a mantle of gloom, the fair face of nature was wrapped in a sable pall.

On drawing the blinds of our cubicles in the comfortable sleeping cars the next morning, we found we had made good progress during the night, having passed through the important town or city of Atlanta, and run 150 miles into the interior of Georgia. The railroad track was passing through cotton plantations; the early morning haze obscured the far view, but for a distance of half a mile we could discern the bright foliage of the cotton plant, many young, and some recently planted still in infancy, but later to stand like white robed brides. As the day grew the misty veil lifted, and the scenery changed; the land became strongly undulating and thickly wooded. The sombre hues of the towering pines threw into strong relief the bright foliage that encircled them, whilst the luxuriant undergrowth displayed its strength and varied colours all around.

By this time April had fully come. The silver rain followed by

the golden sunshine had brought new joy into the land, and the earth had once more unfurled her glorious banners in the realm of Spring. The country through which we were passing—occasionally rugged, but always more varied than land that lies closer to towns—was beautiful with that sort of freshness that suggests a night of perfect rest. Here and there a long rib from the hills, a rugged spike, shot out into the tillable land; these backbones of nature being for the most part clothed with scrub and hill-side "trees." The turnpike roads, smooth and white,



COTTON PICKING.

stretched out right and left in wavering lines as far as the eye could reach. We sped by the side of ploughland, climbed upland, and raced over lowland, catching sight ever and anon of peaceful and happy homesteads that warmly nestle in vale and hollow. Sometimes a few cows are seen browsing in a clover field, and the hens, moved to minstrelsy by the warmth of the sunshine, compete with the impatient neigh of the fleet and beautiful steeds that are startled into flight by the rattle of our train.

Further south again the land becomes more highly cultivated;

numbers of farm labourers were busily engaged in ploughing, making long furrows, and otherwise tilling the land; wooden cabins are spread far and wide over pathless fields, around which young niggers swarm like flies upon a summer day, whilst the song of the ploughboy, and the sweet notes of some feathered, though unseen, chorister, floated towards us on the perfumed air. The mention of "long furrows" reminds me of a thoroughly "Yankee tale":—Two farmers from rival agricultural States were conversing, and in the course of the talk one stated that his fields were so wide and the furrows so long that his ploughmen had to take their dinners with them to eat at the far end. "Oh, that's nothing," said the other, "in our State when we send a newly married couple out to milk the cows, they are so far away that they have to send the milk home by their children."

Planters' homes, generally spacious wooden erections, often claiming attention on account of their quaint architectural character, become more frequent; some even rise to the level of dignity and beauty. They are usually enframed in a raised verandah over which roses creep and woodbine hangs, and surrounded by gardens, tastefully arranged, in which bright flowering shrubs flourish, guarded by rows of acacias of exquisite shape, and protected from the scorching rays of the noonday sun by the leafy shade of fine wide spreading chestnut trees. Beneath arcadian skies of blue, small herds of cattle graze over meadows rich and green, and drink in reedy streams, whilst hens with broods of chickens strut about or bask in some grateful shade.

I was told by a travelling companion—of whom more anon—that the Carolinas, Virginia, and Georgia were originally settled by Northern Englishmen, Southern Scotchmen, and Northern Irishmen; numbers of Scots, driven from home by relentless persecutions, in the time of the Covenanters, settled here. A sturdy, high-minded race, whose qualities are perpetuated to this day.

After entering Alabama and passing through Montgomery, the character of the country undergoes another and complete change. We find saw mills converting trees into lumber; kilns for drying the sawn timber, and huge bonfires, that would delight a schoolboy's heart, are perpetually consuming the sawdust and waste wood.

When fairly in the virgin forest the track follows a straight course: standing on the rear platform of the train, the eye can trace for miles behind, over the tops of the bordering trees, a vanishing trail of smoke; to the waiting trees comes every now and then the fitful rover breeze, to woo, like a faithless lover, and flee again. The variety of trees crowded together is untold; pine and fir, elm and birch, sycamore and oak, scarlet flowering chestnuts, red flowering maples, dogwood, acacias, and other sorts whose names I failed to ascertain, present such variety and beauty as bewilders the senses. In no temple designed by man can we find columns, arches, and roof, of such wealth of tracery: from pillar and span young tendrils shoot and droop; again and again is the pillaring and arching repeated; the pendant and interlacing branches weave an elaborate foliated roof, until in the far distance their untrod aisles become silent and dim as cloister shades.

We hurried along "far from the madding crowd," far from the roar of Broadway, far from the blare and bustle, and the great city's glare and glow, with nothing to break the silence save the rhyme of the forest's rustle. The day was bright and cloudless; the glittering rays of the sun sought ambush in the deep shadows of the trees; there were more shady nooks than sunglare; here and there we crossed over land cleared and in cultivation, but excepting where sawmills were at work there was little human life visible; occasionally an old negro was seen slowly driving a lumbering ox-waggon, whilst a few others were walking about idly or leaning against some fence, or sleeping beneath the shadow of overhanging branches.

The railway tracks through these primeval forests run for scores of miles without being fenced in; cattle frequently stray on the lines, and are tossed aside by the lifters fixed to the front of all locomotives. Whilst standing on the rear platform I saw within a dozen miles two poor beasts hurled aside as we sped along at the rate of 50 miles an hour; they were flung a dozen to a score yards; one that fell into a ditch had evidently its forelegs broken; it was making frantic efforts to scramble out by the aid of its hind legs. Presently the niggers will come along, secure the carcase, and, as a rule, the railway company pay some compensation.

During the latter part of our journey we had a most interesting and agreeable travelling companion, Mr. Stewart, of St. Louis, a civil engineer and large contractor; his business engagements made him a great traveller; since leaving home, 29 days before, he had travelled over 7,500 miles, and his annual travelling averaged over 50,000 miles. He showed us a telegram he received *en route*, informing him of the acceptance of a contract to build some works, the nature of which I forget, amounting to



PRIMEVAL FOREST CLEARING.

about seven or eight million dollars. Mr. Stewart had a fund of anecdote, chiefly told to Bosco under the soothing influence of the fragrant weed, and which I understand my friend intends to introduce in his forthcoming "Recollections," so I must not forestall. One experience of his I thought must be unique; he told us he was once in a nigger cabin where there had been five births in one day and in one room, the mother having

three and her daughter two children, all of whom he saw. We thought this extraordinary, but, Yankee-like, it was "topped" by a still more extraordinary announcement in one of the newspapers, bought during our travels, which I reprint exactly as it lies before me.

SOUTHERN STATES NEWS.

A Kentucky Farmer's Wife Bears Five Sons. Maysville, Ky.

MRS. OSCAR LYONS GIVES BIRTH TO FIVE HEALTHY BOYS.

Maysville, April 30.—The wife of Oscar Lyons, a farmer, living one mile west of here, gave birth last night to five children, all boys. The children are all well developed and healthy.

Four of them weigh four and one-quarter pounds each, and the fifth five pounds, making a total of twenty-two pounds for the five children.

Pine trees, tapped for their turpentine, rear their bleached poles on high like ghostly sentinals, standing guard amidst leaf-thatched roofs, in whose cool and grateful shade happy negro bands enjoy their midday meal or peacefully slumber. Some of these giant pines grow to a very large size; at one of the stations in the forest at which we stayed awhile we saw some railway trucks laden with trunks of fine-grained yellow pine over 70 feet long, and squared up into baulks of timber fully two feet square. Mr. Stewart told us that the green-oak, from which the lock-gates of the Manchester Ship Canal are made, come from these parts, and he said logs of wood weighing nine tons had been shipped from New Orleans for this purpose, so heavy that in some instances they had broken the lifting tackle of the steamers.

As we near Mobile the country becomes more open, rich apparently in everything; girt about with wood, water, and corn, meadow and hill. Pretty rural homes wedged between trim gardens, in which bushes were weighted with roses, and lilacs bent beneath a load of purple and white bloom; or surrounded by fruitful orchards, laden with masses of pink and white bloom, whilst the grasses and young corn plants swayed before the whim of the breeze, made us feel that the spring had come quickly up that way.

We noticed many lumber mills in the neighbourhood of the Mobile River; vast stores of timber stacked on the banks or floating in huge

rafts on its surface. The timber ships seemed large and numerous, and cotton-laden steamers leave the port of Mobile for many parts of the world. Leaving Mobile we soon strike the Gulf of Mexico; light, balmy breezes and the approach of evening bring a welcome and delightful change from the stifling heat and clouds of dust through which we had been passing.

We glided along through many pleasant small places, seaside resorts, and made short stays at some of the larger ones. We passed charming villas, encased in trellis, over which roses and honeysuckle had woven a floral design that mounted to the topmost window sill; small, well-kept gardens, in which we sight the many-speared cactus, and scent the fragrance of the magnolias and mangoes that perfume the air; and from not far away comes the soft music of the waves, that gently break on the foam-scalloped beach.

Nearing New Orleans we pass woods and copses that we were told contain grouse, woodcock, quail, hare, rabbit, grey squirrel, and other game; and skirt backwaters, broad and deep, over whose tranquil surface the moonlight tides for ever ebb and flow. We cross, on narrow wood-pile bridges, but a few feet above water level, several bayous, from one to three miles wide, with mango fringed margins and strands that glisten with silvery sand, and feel devout thankfulness when the further shore is reached. These bridges, which have openings in the centre for large vessels to pass, are extremely dangerous; many accidents occur—one within a month before we passed resulted in the total loss of a heavily-laden freight train of fifteen waggons, some with cattle, all drowned, along with the enginemen and guards.

The daylight was fast fading, and the shadows lying deeper on the ground. Iridescent beetles began to gleam on the stones, and frogs from out reedy beds croaked forth in guttural monotone; the evening breeze, that played music with the leaves of the lofty trees, moved with a quickened cadence, and the lights of the Crescent City were beginning to prick the dusk when our train steamed into New Orleans.

CHAPTER X.—NEW ORLEANS.



OUR ride to the Hotel St. Charles was neither smooth nor cheap. The hotel is about half a mile from the railroad dépôt, and it cost us for each journey, arriving and departing, two dollars, or a total of 16s. 8d. sterling for about a mile of travel for two men and three portmanteaux. These excessive charges for conveyance between stations and hotels is the most annoying thing travellers in the States have to endure. The streets in the centre of New Orleans are completely intersected by an elaborate network of electric car lines, which cross and re-cross with provoking frequency. Owing to the soft foundation the streets are paved with large and irregular stones, presenting a rough and uneven surface, dangerous to drive upon, because they always slope downwards towards large open channels two to three feet wide, that run by the side of the causeways, absolutely necessary to carry off the storm-water which follows the sudden and heavy downpour of rains which, as we saw more than once, quickly convert dry, stony roads into rushing rivers.

New Orleans, like all the American cities we visited, with the exception of New York, where the space is contracted and limited by surrounding water, is laid out with a wealth of width only possible in a new country. The distances between many of the most important places are so great, and the communication in the early days of railroads so slow, that one can understand the possibility of the joke, said to have been played upon a ticket-collector by a passenger producing a half fare ticket, which he declined to accept, and when remonstrated with, the passenger promptly replied, "It's all right, boss; I was half fare when this 'ere train started, but it's been such a darned time on the way that I have grown into a man."

The Hotel St. Charles we found admirable; quite new, with all the most modern improvements. It replaces a former hotel on the same

site, destroyed by fire; the present, known as the New Hotel St. Charles, and only completed last year, cost over 1,000,000 dollars. As you enter this charming building and gaze around the noble hall, and up and down the long drawn corridors for nearly 300 feet, noting the walls of pure white marble from floor to ceiling, and the rich sienna panels, exquisite carving and grand staircase, all brightly illuminated by small electric lights, you feel under the spell of a beautiful dream; in imagination you have wandered into some magic cave, lit by hundreds of tiny lamps, and you pause awhile for Aladdin to come. We were impressed here, as, indeed, in most of the American hotels, with the excellence of all the sanitary and plumbing arrangements; as far as practicable all pipes are of a superior character, and in sight; the fittings are artistic, and generally electro-plated; bathrooms and lavatories are large, convenient, and numerous. In this branch of domestic science I feel that in this country we have much to learn.



HOTEL ST. CHARLES.

The barber's shop in the St. Charles Hotel is worthy of mention; it is certainly the finest we saw, although there are others in Chicago—of which more anon—that run it very close. The proprietor claims that it is the finest in the States. Spacious, with pure white marble floor, the entire sides are concealed behind walnut wood framing, the whole of which is panelled with bevelled-edged mirrors of varying size and shape; the same treatment is continued throughout the coved ceiling, so that reclining on your sumptuous easy chair you behold yourself duplicated above and around during the “operation,” which costs a dollar. Bosco thought it cheap; he had never seen the “Prince de Galles” crowding round him so closely before.

The climate of New Orleans, although very warm, is much more equable than in the Northern States, the temperature not often rising higher than 95° to 98°, whereas in New York it often reaches 105°, and

has been known as high as 110°. Snow is almost unknown; our friend, Mr. Henry Charnock—whose kindness, courtesy, and hospitality will ever remain amongst the brightest recollections of our pleasant visit to the Crescent City—told us that for 17 years snow had never been seen, and when a short time before a fall had occurred, business was entirely suspended whilst it lasted, and the niggers ran about most excitedly,



FRENCH MARKET.

catching on their arms the large flakes as they fell, in an ecstasy of delight.

The first of the olden-time edifices in New Orleans that attracts the visitor is the "French Market," on the old Levee, just below Jackson Square. There are three distinct and separate markets comprised in one, the Meat Market, the Vegetable Market, and the Bazaar Market. In the

second, vegetables of all kinds, and fish, game, fruit, and flowers have each their separate departments. New Orleans is, as regards its inhabitants, a specially composite city, and in this market it is made abundantly evident. Such a confusion of tongues: French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, German, and scores of others, extolling, each in his native patois, the quality and cheapness of his goods. To see the French Market in its glory one must go there on a Sunday morning, between five and ten o'clock, and accordingly on Sunday morning we went. An hour spent in this modern Babel will furnish the stranger with odd sounds and scenes enough to supply him for many a day.

The French population is very numerous, and the meat purveyors are mostly of French descent, a noticeable peculiarity being the classification of the various kinds of flesh: one will sell you mutton and lamb only, nice hind quarters being valued at 60 cents, say 2s. 6d.; on the adjoining stall you find nothing but pork in various forms, made attractive by dainty little quarters of sucking pigs: another has on hand nothing but milk-fed veal, young and tender; whilst a fourth displays the heavy lines, such as rounds, sirloins, and other beef joints, including rolled piqué, inlaid with lard, prepared for the famous French dish "*bœuf-a-la-mode*."

Passing on to the Vegetable Section, we find in great abundance and freshness, peas, French beans, and cabbage of peculiarly tender light-green tint, wrapped hard and solid; capsicums, onions and garlick, beet and artichokes, cucumbers and gherkins, asparagus and the egg-plant, delicious, but unknown in England. The Fruit Market was especially gay and attractive; bananas in huge rich clusters, pine-apples and melons in profusion, pyramids of choice apples, with skins like the red, red rose; and juicy oranges, daintily packed in gold and silver foil, or wrapped in white tissue paper, dotted with vari-coloured spots.

With the fish we found poultry of excellent quality, both alive and dead; and a curiosity in the "snapper turtle," some of which were kicking about right merrily. The fish are distinctly curious, many varieties not known on British shores; the pompano and shad, the Spanish mackerel and red snapper are delicate and most esteemed; hard shell crabs and soft crabs, and lake shrimps, which grow to a large size, are also considered delicacies; whilst spade-fish, shecphead, croakers, and many

others are special to these latitudes. The shad, I fancy, is looked upon as the greatest delicacy. I tried it once as a special treat; it was like eating boiled paper and needles; I never tried it again.

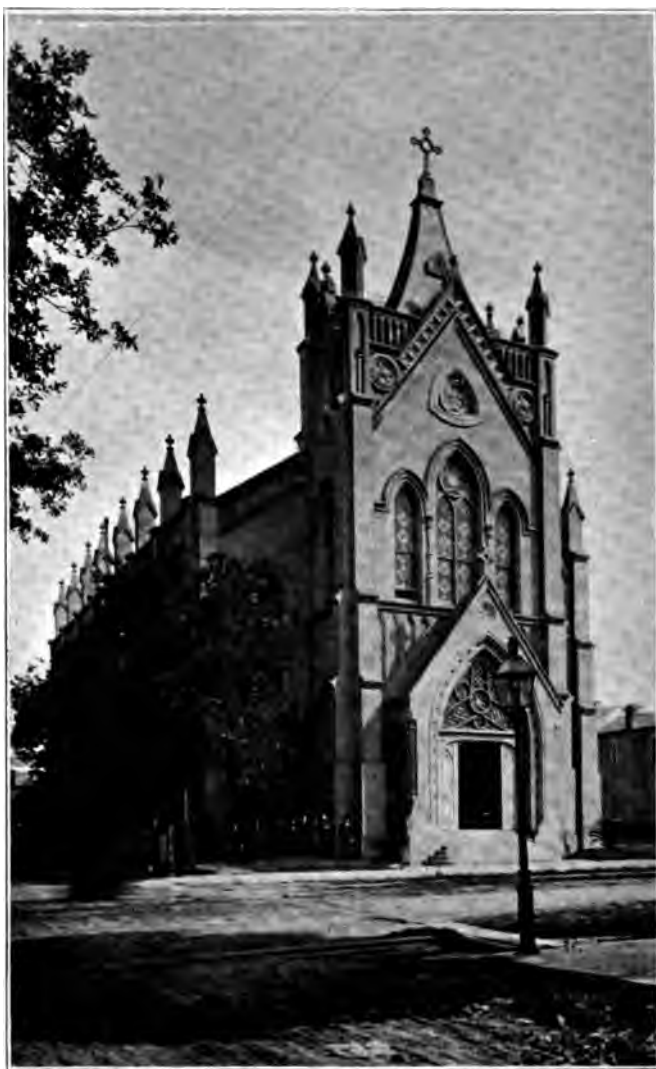
To dissipate the concord of smells, and to make Bosco's refined sense rejoice, we returned from this wondrous spot through the Flower Market; the early morning air, fresh and balmy, was laden with the perfume exhaled from a rare combination of sweet-scented flowers, exquisite beyond thought and difficult to describe:--begonias, primulas, Japanese pinks, beautifully striped carnations, pompons, chrysanthemums, and scarlet geraniums, sweet pea blossom, pansies, and drooping fuschias, hydrangeas, and cactus in bloom, orange blossoms, dear to the Louisiana brides; and roses, flower queens, some washed by a recent shower, were jewelled with sparkling drops of rain. Did the original Gardener, at His first flower show in Eden's bowers, exhibit such a wealth of perfect loveliness?

On a fine morning, especially Sunday, the market is crowded by French, Spanish, Italians, British, Americans, and the ubiquitous nigger. The correct thing to do is to drink a cup of excellent coffee; we found no difficulty in conforming to the "correct thing."

One sight I unfortunately missed; whilst engrossed with the gambols of the snapper turtles I lost, for a few moments, the company of Bosco. When we rejoined, however, he was full of fire. "Did you see her?" "See who?" I enquired. "Why, that divine Venus; it must be Deenah Dinah Do, the one they are singing about in all the pantomimes; my word, she is a beauty;" and my friend is admittedly a judge. "She must be a lineal descendant of the lady that Solomon described as 'black, but comely'—such eyes, they flashed like midday sunbeams, and teeth whiter and brighter than any pearls from the Orient; there she goes in the pink blouse and the white sunbonnet." But, alas and alack, for me the eyes never flashed and the teeth never gleamed; but I can trust the J.P.'s description implicitly. To my shame, be it said, I am no judge; to me Eve's daughters are all "joys for ever." This ebonised beauty evidently made a sudden, albeit a transitory, impression, for soon after I discovered the smitten Bosco pouring the ice water into his tumbler bottom up; the remembrance of those "liquid eyes" were evidently excluding all thought of the "liquid in the jug." It is only

fair to say my friend traverses this statement, and says it is I who used tumblers upside down—perhaps he is right.

The interval occupied by breakfast sufficed to draw the curtain of forgetfulness over the Ethiopian Venus, and by the time we reached Trinity Church we were clothed and in our right mind. The service—like all the church services we heard—was excellent, the singing good, and the organ aided by strings—violins, 'cellos, and harps. The sermon thoughtful—subject, "The Fall of Man;" object, to show that the theological doctrine of the fall and the rationalistic doctrine of development were quite compatible, evolutions not being always in an upward direction, but undulating—sometimes the clear light of the hill top, and at others the swamp and morass of the valley. Judging from the number of communicants—a very large proportion of the



TRINITY CHURCH, NEW ORLEANS.

congregation—and a glance over the May copy of the *Trinity Church Record*, I came to the conclusion that the parish is well worked, and that the motto in its management seems to be "To every man his work."

Churches always attract me, why I don't know, except that from

youth up until now the clergy I have always had with me. Although attached to the Church of England as by law established, I claim to be fairly cosmopolitan, and entertain no doubt that at the great gathering in "one fold" of "the multitude, that no man can number," that shall one day assemble within the "jasper walls of the city that lieth four square," there will be many sheep, who, amidst the doubts and perplexities and mists of earth's vale, have trodden devious paths, but which it will be



THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF ST. LOUIS.

found at last all tended towards the mountain top and the clear bright shining on the other side. Who art thou, O man, that judgest thy brother?

My friend Bosco is an artist in conundrums; at times they flash like meteor sparks amid his brilliant conversation. Was it at lunch that Sunday he asked me if I knew why clergymen of the Established Church always say:—"Dearly beloved brethren," and do not refer to the sisters? "I've no idea, my dear boy;" I said. "Why," he replied, "because the brethren embrace the sisters;" and then, tickled by my hearty laughter, he went one better, and asked me:—"Why are two ladies kissing each other an emblem of Christianity?" again my ideas ran short.

"Because they are doing unto each other as they would that men should do unto them." We enjoyed that meal; laughter brought digestion.

Of the numerous public squares in New Orleans, Jackson Square is the oldest and most interesting. In the centre of the square is a fine garden, containing a rich collection of trees, shrubs, and flowers. Almost hidden behind the wealth of foliage stands an equestrian statue of General Jackson. On one side of the square is erected the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Louis, the patron saint of France. The present edifice is just a century old. Don Andrés Almonaster, a leading Spanish official, completed it in 1794 at his own expense, the pious Spaniard's sole condition being that a Mass should be said



ALTAR, ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

every Saturday evening for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace.

The cathedral is not large, but none the less interesting; I spent some time therein. The architectural features are distinctly French, the interior reminding one of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, in Paris. Surmounting the high altar are life-sized figures of Faith in the centre, supported on either side by Hope and Charity, all having the traditional emblems; above is a fine semi-circular fresco, exquisitely painted in rich colours, portraying Louis Roi de France, "Annonce la Croisade;" another fresco, in more delicate tones, the full length of the sacarium ceiling, represents the Adoration of the Lamb. The church is galleried, two tiers of circular columns carry the coved and pointed arches which support the roof; each spandrel is embellished with medallion portraits of saints. The entire ceiling of the nave being covered with frescoes in vivid tints, whilst life-size figure subjects, in the Munich School of Stained Glass, fill most of the windows.

Soon after our arrival in New Orleans we had a visit from the irrepressible interviewer; he was a smart young man with well-cut features and eagle eye, which immediately detected that Bosco was the solid man and leader of the small pilgrim band. Soliciting the favour of a chat, but, being late, and the leading violin somewhat unstrung from the effects of a hard day's playing, we made an appointment for the following evening. Next morning a preliminary paragraph appeared in the *Daily Picayuna*, the leading paper and having the greatest circulation in New Orleans, commencing: "Two of Britain's foremost sons arrived in this city last night, and are located at the New St. Charles Hotel, &c., &c." And, being carried away by the striking resemblance of my friend to the Prince of Wales, the eloquent pressman broke out into a rapturous eulogy about the grandeur and nobility of the English character in general and the two visitors in particular. I have two regrets; the first that I am unable to give the paragraph in *extenso*, but I failed to secure a copy of that day's *Daily Picayuna*, my friend having promptly bought up the entire available edition, and mailed them by first post to admirers on this side the Atlantic; the second regret is that, owing to other and more important engagements, the set interview never came off—although my friend, who is a leading politician at home, had carefully prepared a statesmanlike essay for circulation, an infallible demonstration

of how to regenerate the United States; but we had to leave them more or less upside down.

It is said that there are always two people alike in the world. It is something to be taken for the *alter ego* of the first gentleman in the land, but it must be occasionally embarrassing to my friend. I wonder if he heard the nigger waiter—a very good waiter too—who attended our table at the “St. Charles,” whisper, with an excess of veneration, to one of his confreres: “I say, Jimmy; tell the band to strike up ‘God Save the Queen,’ ’cos the Prince of Wales is here.”

Strangers to the Southern States often make a great mistake in supposing that the Creole population is a mixed race of whites and blacks. Judge Gayarre, the eminent historian of Louisiana, says:—“The word ‘Creole,’ in French, or ‘Criolle,’ in Spanish, originally meant in these two languages, on the



THE QUEEN OF THE CARNIVAL, 1896.

authority of their respective dictionaries, a child born of European parents in the colonial possessions of those two nations in America or Africa. For this reason, the negroes, mulattoes, and Indians never were, strictly speaking, entitled to the appellation of ‘Creoles’ in Louisiana. The Canadians and Mexicans, on the other hand, were evidently ‘Creoles,’

according to the accepted meaning of that word in French and Spanish, but it never was applied to the colonists of those countries. It is, therefore, singular that probably the majority of the population of the United States have adopted the strange idea that 'Creole' means a coloured person, partially of African descent, when in fact it is the reverse, and signifies only one of pure and unmixed European blood."

It is not surprising, considering the large number of French, Spanish, and Italians who make New Orleans their home, that the Mardi Gras celebration plays an important part in the holidays of the Crescent City.

"Mardi Gras is, of course, the French expression for Shrove Tuesday, which, being the day preceeding Ash Wednesday, or the beginning of Lent, makes it easy to follow the analogy of its literal translation—Mardi, Tuesday, and Gras, fat—when the further fact is considered that in its application it also stood for the last day of the 'Carnival,' the latter signifying in this same connection, 'farewell to flesh meat,' and finding expression in gala days of revelry."

"The history of the Mardi Gras celebration in New Orleans is interesting in one form or another, it having been observed, although at broken intervals, for nearly three-quarters of a century; and continuously each year since the close of the Civil War. It had its origin in the custom in the olden times of Louisiana's planters and merchants looking to France, their mother country, for their fashions, amusements, and literature; one of the results of which was the introduction, in 1827, of the first grand street procession of masqueraders in New Orleans by a number of young Creole gentlemen, some of them just returned from finishing a Parisian education."

"The carnival of to-day, notwithstanding its French origin, as far as the present population of New Orleans is concerned, has become thoroughly cosmopolitan, and from its small beginnings of parades of masqueraders, it has developed into pageants far surpassing in extent and grandeur similar events occurring elsewhere in the world."

The features of the street pageants are floats or cars, on which is illustrated in spectacular gorgeousness some well chosen subject, which is changed every year, and kept a profound secret until its actual appearance on the streets.

“On the day before Mardi Gras comes Rex, King of the Carnival, to his ‘much beloved Capital.’ His proclamation, long before posted throughout the country, and familiar to many, shows excellently the mock assumption of regal power, and the spirit in which the festivities of Mardi Gras are carried out and heartily received by the populace of New Orleans. Rex usually, although not necessarily, makes his journey to the city by way of the river on his ‘royal yacht,’ accompanied by his nobles and attendants in waiting, and by the ‘Royal Flotilla’—which royal yacht and royal flotilla varies, according to his whims, from private yachts to visiting war vessels of foreign nations, with accompanying



MONUMENT OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

escorts of tugs and merchant steamers. He proceeds to the City Hall, where he receives the keys of the city. From then on his rule is

absolute, and his 'royal standard of purple, green, and gold' waves over the city in token of his sovereignty."

Neither is it surprising to find that in New Orleans there are many monuments to soldiers who fought in the ranks of the Confederate army; we saw a few of these, and of some I am able to reproduce photographs. The monument of the Army of Northern Virginia, in the



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

Metairie Cemetery, consists of a column surmounted by a statue of Stonewall Jackson; below are large burial vaults, in which numbers of soldiers are interred. The Washington Artillery Monument is in the centre of the same cemetery. The battalion of Washington Artillery was famous during the Civil War, and took part in all the great battles of Virginia. The monument is of tasteful design, surmounted by a statue

of a cannoneer, sponge staff in hand, and around the sides are recorded the names of the many battles in which the battalion took part.

In Greenwood Cemetery, on the Metairie Ridge, is the monument to the memory of the Confederate soldiers. The monument consists of a mound, beneath which are the vaults where are buried the remains of many Confederate soldiers who died in prison during the war. The top of the mound is reached by granite steps, and in the centre is a pedestal of elegant design, on which stands the white marble statue of a Confederate soldier resting on his gun. Around the statue are the busts of Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Johnson, and Polk. On the Confederate Decoration Day this monument is always handsomely decorated with flowers.

The Battle Monument is in Chalmette Cemetery. This beautiful resting-place of the dead is near the bank of the Mississippi; there are 12,292 graves; 6,913 are classed as known, and 5,379 are marked unknown.

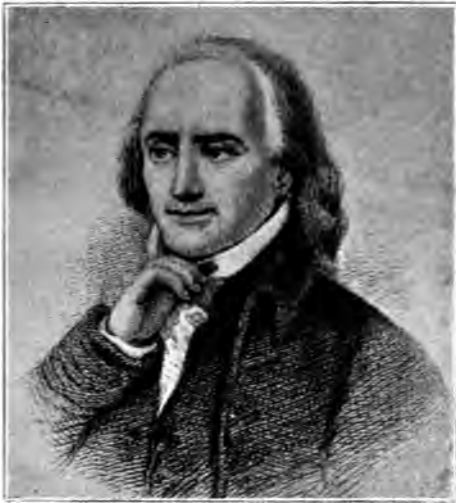
The monument to Robert E. Lee, the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army, is, however, as it ought to be in one of the principal Southern cities, the chief attraction. This handsome monument stands in Lee Square, at the junction of St. Charles and Howard Avenues; unveiled in 1883. It is a colossal figure in bronze, 15 feet in height, representing Lee with folded arms surveying the field of battle.



RICHARD LEE, FOUNDER OF THE LEE
FAMILY IN VIRGINIA.

The Lees are a famous Virginia family, whose soldiers and statesmen have for centuries helped to make history. Launcelot de Lee came over with William the Conqueror, and distinguished himself at Hastings. Lionel Lee fought with Richard Cœur de Lion, and for his valour at Acre was made Earl of Lichfield. The armour worn by this

gallant Crusader may still be seen in the Tower of London. The banners of two Lees, who were Knights Companion of the Garter, are preserved in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. In 1641 Richard Lee, a descendant of a long line, many of whom were knights, landed in the train of Sir William Berkeley, who went to govern Virginia in the reign of Charles I, and it was not long before he made his mark in the colony; and ever since, in army, navy, or Senate, his descendants have continued to leave behind them marks of distinction. Thomas Lee was in 1750 appointed Governor—the first time a native Virginian had received such an honour—but high as was his repute, he was eclipsed by



FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT LEE, SIGNER OF
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

his six brilliant sons, of whom John Adams wrote "that band of brothers, intrepid and unchangeable." Francis Lightfoot Lee was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Robert E. Lee, the famous General of the Confederate Army, graduated at West Point in 1829. The war with Mexico gave him the opportunity to distinguish himself, and on his return the young officer was the idol of the hour. At a dinner given in his honour General Scott proposed the toast, "Robert E. Lee, God bless him! wounded by a thousand bullets on the field of Chapultepec and *wouldn't* die." Scott considered Lee the most brilliant soldier

living, not only in America but in the world. At the close of the Civil War he accepted the presidency of the Washington College at Lexington, Virginia, which he held until his death. Buried in the College Chapel, which was built during his presidency, over his grave is the simple inscription:—

ROBERT EDWARD LEE,
BORN JANUARY 19TH, 1807,
DIED OCTOBER 12TH, 1870.

"That is all," as Dr. Field says, "but it is enough, the rest may be left to the eternal judgment of history."

In the centre of Lafayette Square is the statue of Benjamin Franklin, the statesman, philosopher, and patriot, in life size, and represents Franklin in a pensive mood, one arm resting on the trunk of a tree. Near the centre of this square, there is a square stone marking the exact latitude and longitude, interesting as shewing that the stone is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of the Great Pyramid in latitude and at a distance of 7,279 statute miles in longitude.

The Cotton Exchange, which has so many interests in common with Lancashire, is built of a cream coloured stone, highly sculptured with bas-reliefs and other ornaments. This building is complete in every detail; the interior



GEN. ROBERT E. LEE AND HIS HORSE "TRAVELER."

is one large apartment, supported by Corinthian columns, and lighted by crystal chandeliers. The ceiling is frescoed, and in the centre are paintings, set in panels, representing Cavalier de la Salle taking possession



THE SWORD OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

of Louisiana in the name of the King of France, De Soto discovering the Mississippi, a view of a cotton plantation, and a view of Eads' jetties. Commerce, at the time of our visit, was conspicuous by its absence; nothing doing there in "spots or futures." We found, however, an active

"spot" business going on in the billiard rooms of the clubs in which "bears and bulls," when the sun reaches the meridian, usually feed and lie down together.

We made considerable use of the Boston Club in New Orleans, of which we had been elected hon. members. We lunched there on



ROBERT EDWARD LEE MONUMENT.

several occasions, and enjoyed thoroughly our only game at billiards whilst in the States; it was a kind of modified snooker, in which the player, in order to win, was obliged to score an exact number, any excess meant commencing "*de novo*." Her Britannic Majesty's representative in New Orleans, Mr. St. John, was an expert at the game, and managed to scoop up the "nickels," for which we played, with amazing regularity. Other English residents, along with our

host, Mr. Henry Charnock, contributed to make a lively evening—not the least pleasant of those spent in the States.

The name of Mr. St. John reminds me of a tale that is current in the States about a young American lady, who, during her first visit to England, was engaged in conversation by the Prince of Wales. H.R.H. enquired, amongst other things, which of the sights of London had struck the fair Columbian most. The reply came promptly, "Sinpul." "Sinpul, did you say," rejoined the Prince. "Yes, 'Sinpul,' I thought the grandest church I have seen." "Saint Paul's, you mean," suggested H.R.H. "Yes, that I suppose is what I mean; but I thought as you called Saint John 'Sinjon,' so I thought I should be right in calling Saint Paul 'Sinpul.'"



A LEVEE SCENE, HANDLING COTTON.

From Canal Street lines radiate all over the city; the streets being level, the cars attain a great speed. As you pass into Royal Street, the old main street of the town, you immediately notice the change from the American to the Creole quarter by seeing that the names of the streets and the shops are in French. I took a car to the quaint old town of Carrollton, with its wide avenues shaded by great trees, and bordered by Cherokee rose hedges; it is well worth a visit. Pretty gardens nestle amid grounds spacious as country gardens, where fruit

trees grow luxuriantly, and the old gardens, once the great resort of pleasure seekers, are still as attractive as of old.

My main object in going to Carrollton was to see for the first time the greatest river in the world, save, perhaps, the Amazon. I had seen the Mississippi painted in panoramic form by Banvard, who, if I remember rightly, floated down the great stream for over 3000 miles,



SIDE₂ VAULTS, GIROD CEMETERY.

and painted the greatest picture of this century. It was shewn in the old Free Trade Hall in Manchester during my 'teens, and I saw only a very short time ago that Banvard himself had just crossed the narrow stream which is never re-crossed.

Soon after I reached New Orleans, being told that in the Crescent City they bury their dead above ground, I failed to grasp the meaning, but in driving about we passed the entrance to one of the places of

sepulture, of which I give an illustration; we gazed through the entrance but did not enter. When I reached Carrollton, and mounted the steep river embankment, or levee, as it is called, I was not long in seeing the reason for this singular custom. The level of the river is frequently above the level of the city, and these high and strong levees are necessary for protection from floods, to which New Orleans has been, and still is, very liable, and it is scarcely nice to see coffins washed out of the ground and floating about.



MISSISSIPPI STERN-WHEELER.

It was a late spring morning when I stood on the banks of the Mississippi; the air was fragrant with the odour of roses, and the sky tasselled with a few clouds, lightly woven by the sun, that passed slowly out of sight, like an unreturning ship, and on "the gauzy wings of fancy flying," I thought of the cradle of that giant force; of the shallow water channels, irregular tracks scooped out with infinite patience, thousands of miles from where I stood, down which the silvery raindrops, fresh from the pure fountains of heaven, trickle and flow; of the little woodland notes, the strain of tiny song, rills flowing for ever onward; and the creek bottoms, where the dark water gurgles and dances round

projecting rocks to soft and rippling music, and onward and still onward it flows, forgetful of the tiny pebbles that shaped its path in infancy, the boulders over which it broke and glided in its early course, the rocks that vainly strove to bar its progress in the past, and now as I see it, it does not carry a trace, or harbour a memory of them as, sweeping along broad and deep, the glorious river passes on for ever, with eddy and surge, in sunlight or shadow, in starshine or day with a mighty and irresistible force.

The old City Park, and the famous old duelling grounds are sure to attract the visitor; a grove of live oak trees, such as are rarely seen, occupy a portion of the park; their branches are loaded down with the long grey Spanish moss, which grows so luxuriantly in the south. This grove, usually called "the Oaks," was for many years the favourite duelling ground of the city. There are romances, thrilling with interest, of old time love stories or political quarrels, when the aristocrats of the old regime sought redress; long forgotten tragedies, duels, and suicides were as plentiful as the giant oaks; the old trees have witnessed many desperate combats. I am sorry not to have secured a photograph of this interesting place.

St. Charles Avenue, leading through the residential portion of the city to Audubon Park (named after the great bird hunter and tree lover), is lined with the most beautiful homes and gardens of the city, and is a most charming drive. It passes through the heart of the "garden district." Handsome residences, and quaint and pretty homes, mostly timber framed and timber covered, with fancy shaped slate roofing, are set in the midst of grounds made as attractive as nature, assisted by skill, can execute. The newer and larger villas are models of architectural beauty and good taste. Being of wood they afford ample room for the display of the painter's art; shades of buff or drab, slate or green, are most frequent; these colours are often relieved by bands or lines of white, giving lightness and life; the indispensable verandah, frequently double, whereon both lower and upper rooms open, are often of exquisite design, but almost hidden beneath a dense covering of climbing roses, sweet peas, and clustering woodbine, from out which the stars of the yellow jasmine peep abundantly.

In the well kept gardens, of which the owners are justly proud, are tastefully arranged beds carpeted with polyanthus and pansy, primulas, begonias, and scarlet geraniums; hollyhocks and trumpet lilies raise their stately heads above the yellow rose bushes, and gladioli shoot up spikes of flame. Grouped around the verdant trim kept lawns are shapely shrubs, prominent being the *meyenia erecta*, a bushy plant bearing



A LOUISIANA GARDEN IN DECEMBER.

handsome purple bell-shaped flowers of the gloxinia tribe. Feathery palms and California palms, bearing regal plumes, suggest the tropics.

I remember well the spreading hibiscus, relieved by its grand scarlet flowers, with a background of pointsettia, the immense leaves of the sea-side grape, the variegated rubber tree, with its fine foliage, towering on high, and the dense mass of the magnolia, impenetrable by

the sun's rays, and decorated by huge buds and flowers white and pure as driven snow, all combining to make the air languorous with the weight of fragrance that rivals and excels the choicest perfumes of Araby.

As thought reverts to the pleasant but all too short time spent in New Orleans, with its joyous sunshine that for ever gilds the leaves and paints the flowers, not the least pleasing light that will shine on whilst memory lasts will be the recollection of that mighty river, that living tide rolling on calm, majestic, irresistible, whose stream, turned by a pebble's edge at its source, had ploughed its way through furrows by whose side the wild ferns wave, over rocks where in very weariness the floods murmur and wail, and then, slipping silently through long stretches of velvety meadow, the music of its silver song coming with laughter through the reeds, and between banks "where willows stretch, in lithe festoons," their drooping arms down to the cooling stream, until at length the slender rills are for ever united in one vast channel, broad and deep, and the rush of the mountain torrent is stilled in the peaceful flood of the giant river, as it mingles its waters with the Mexican Gulf, and flows tranquilly on to its ocean rest.



CHAPTER XI.—UNIMPORTANT.

NIGHT had once more drawn a thickly woven curtain, unrelieved by the calm silvery moon or patterned by the diamond flash of the twinkling stars as we bade adieu to New Orleans, a city the remembrance of which must ever recall a profusion of kindness and courtesy that can never be forgotten. But if the plains of heaven were hidden for a time, wrapped in gloom, the plains of earth shone brightly with the sparkling gleam of myriads of glittering fireflies. On we sped over many a fen and across miles upon miles of swamp land in which beds of reeds and rushes flourish and snakes and serpents find food and shelter, and where the meteor spark of the firefly's lamp plays quickly over the land.

Moreover, and in very truth, "the land brought forth frogs." These melodious children of the earth croaked all around such a glee that the happiest of mortals might envy, and this endless monotone, relieved occasionally by the altissimo note of some prima donna amongst the "Tree" species, made us pity the tired little throats. Hurrying along we reached pasture lands, and still the fireflies flashed overhead or danced and glanced amid the myrtle leaves of the clover plant. By and bye the stars came out, jewels in the crown of her majesty the night, and then the meteor sparks, finding competition hopeless, ceased to glow, sinking to rest where the grass was damp, and as I turned in for the night my spirit seemed to roam to the bright world of dreams, and memory recalled happy thoughts that still glow with the light of a joy that is past.

We sprang from our couch betimes the next morning, glad to escape from the stifling atmosphere of the closely curtained cupboards in which we had passed the night, vainly wooing sleep. Fantastic mists hung at first lightly over the lowlands, and then, as if disdaining all semblance of hurry, slowly and with great deliberation rolled their fleecy

forms up the breast of the gently sloping hills, revealing the curling smoke floating up through wood and coppice from some bright cottage or farmstead, almost hidden from sight down the hawthorn-clad lanes.

We were not long in reaching Holly Springs, where a stay of twenty minutes is made for breakfast; in less than twenty seconds twenty various dishes, piled like pyramids, surround you, and ere you



CUTTING SUGAR CANE.

can glance at the contents of one half the conductor's command "all aboard" must be obeyed.

Besides cotton, New Orleans is the great market for sugar; its wharves receive the entire sugar and molasses crop of the States, amounting annually to 225,000 tons. This immense product of sweets, the largest of Louisiana's staple crops, is one of the briskest trades in this great commercial centre; next to cotton its importance far exceeds

any other article of merchandise; it was a matter of regret that time limitations preventing our accepting invitations to visit sugar plantations and mills, we were compelled to be satisfied with a passing glimpse.

After leaving Holly Springs the succeeding country is for a long distance primeval forest, through which the railroad makes lines straight as an arrow. The track is hemmed in by dense foliage, cool with the fresh



SUGAR HOUSE AND SHED.

morning dew. There deep solitude reigns; the woven shades of the pavilion'd boughs shut out the eye of day; nothing breaks the deep silence save the rustle of the leaves tuned to the balmy breeze of Springtime, the last evening sigh of the Summer zephyr; or, in the Autumn, when the merry wind is the blithe musician, playing a fantasia for the fallen leaves to dance a whirligig. Here and there fires have swept through the woods, and the blackened stumps and the dead trees,

with their broken branches outstretched against the sky, are weird and ghost-like as we glide past them.

At long intervals sawmills are erected, and patches are being cleared; piles of lumber and accumulations of timber await shipment, and here, as we make short stops, limited signs of human life break in on the view; a few negro boys, unclad except by a scanty shirt, may be spied sitting on some adjacent fence, or basking beneath the shadows of the alders, whilst a solitary woodpecker, startled by the advent of our train, shrieks at the top of his shrill voice, and a few scared blackbirds fly about in unhappiness and confusion; but the solitude is rarely broken by the song-bird's carol—there is little but the whirr of the revolving saw to break the monotonous silence. For hundreds of miles we had not seen lake or river since we left the Mississippi; truly “a dry land where no water is.”

As we advance further on our journey the country becomes much more cultivated. The woodman's axe has pushed far back the forest boundary, and proved, as always, the pioneer of civilisation. Vast stretches of reclaimed wood and swamp have become pasture land; fertile plains spread far and broad, covered as far as the eye can reach with heavy crops of the corn plant; wheat and oats, maize and barley, ripple a chorus of gratitude to the sun-warmed breeze, that gently plays on their bowing heads.

Homesteads, painted in the brightest vermilion, become numerous, and contrast strongly with the cloverland overspread with a rich mantle of purplish green; brown pools, the colour of the land, in which, as the sun turns to the time of the loosing of oxen, cattle drink, reflect dimly in bronzed mirrors the waving willow stirred into motion by a wandering air. Here and there a white turnpike stretches far away between two stripes of brown land, over which can be traced the lengthening shadow of the hornbeam tree, whilst some brook or streamlet, lingering on its way as if loth to move along, embroiders with its sparkling silver thread the joyous landscape.

The sun had gone down to his nightly rest 'neath the western skies; the rose curtains that enfold his couch had told us of fresh beauty and hope for the morrow, and God's hand was already busy lighting the watch-fires for us, that last until dawn, as the first stars shone out above the

ridge of the low-lying hills, when we reached St. Louis, our next stopping place, after a long and tiring journey.

The New Planter's Hotel, at St. Louis, where we made our short stay whilst in the city, is the finest of all the hotels we visited in the States. Recently erected, it is equipped in the most sumptuous and luxurious manner for the comfort and entertainment of guests. It is not only a large and magnificently fitted up hotel, the rooms, the furnishing, the cuisine, and the attendance are all of the highest excellence.

The saloon is very large, and the service admirable. I remember a little incident that occurred there shewing the marvellous power of memory possessed by some of the darkies:—A large number of people were dining; we had left our hats in the corridor in charge of the nigger attendant. When my hat was handed to me I questioned its identity, but I soon found out my mistake and apologised. I am told these men take a great pride in their absolute correctness, and that in some of the large restaurants and hotels thousands of hats, coats, and umbrellas pass through their possession daily, and mistakes are of extremely rare occurrence.

In the States, from time immemorial, the "borrowed umbrella" has been a mine of wealth from out which the jester has dug treasure; its adventures have formed merry gibe and jest in prose and rhyme. Even now, hoary with age and bumping along after much travel, the umbrella joke still threads its way through the columns of the comic press. But Yankee invention, so prolific, is ringing the knell of this old time jest; the umbrella "made to be borrowed," and for no other purpose, is now an established fact; it is made of the cheapest materials, for, like youth, once lost it never more is seen; a dozen umbrellas will go a long way. To each handle is attached a small cardboard tag upon which appropriate sentiments are inscribed, such as—"Take him for all in all," "I shall not look upon his like again." The most inveterate borrower has been known to "crimson" at such a frank announcement.

The establishment of the lending umbrella is intended to be, not so much a convenience to visitors as a censor of their morals. I heard of one house where the tag had assumed notepaper size, bearing the words:—


"I'm here for you to take or leave,
as you will;
That you will take me I believe,
but still,
If I remain when you are gone,
You'll take another further on!"

Curiously enough this umbrella has never been borrowed. "I believe," said its owner, "it has a good effect on those who read the tag."

Entering the beautiful hall of the hotel, from which corridors, lighted most artistically, stretch right and left, the eye is instantly attracted by the grand staircase, which Bosco has just reminded me was the finest we saw; its massive beauty adds a truly palatial touch to the picture. Ascending to the first floor we find ourselves in the Foyer, fitted with elaborate and beautifully designed brackets and chandeliers for electric lights. The carpets are of the richest velvet, all the furniture is of the best style of the cabinetmaker's art. The Foyer is truly regal; tempting couches and chairs are scattered about; recesses, nooks, and corners abound, in some of which we could fancy the old, old story had more than once been told. Others, draped with fantastic hangings, furnished with luxurious divans, and lighted by such subdued shading that poetic imagination easily pictured the Orient, whilst the ear was entranced by the sweet concord of harmonies that came floating on the sound waves from the small band of strings and the grand piano that play every evening after dinner.

The "New Planters" is a typical modern American hotel. The lavatory fittings are of nickel silver of the most improved kind; the baths are porcelain lined and are perfect, altogether the plumbing is of the very best that can be desired. The linen in American hotels is almost universally spotlessly clean, abundant and of good quality. The elevators in this hotel I remember were of bronze and exceedingly ornamental, and as noiseless and perfect as unlimited money and modern ingenuity can make them; they ascend from near the foot of the grand staircase and their interior decoration is in the highest taste.

I find on looking over my memoranda that I have retained cuttings of the reports of the ubiquitous interviewer, which appeared in the *St. Louis Star*, of May 5th and 6th, only suppressing those parts where the paint is laid on too thick. The first is preliminary, and erroneous as regards our stay, the second speaks for itself; here they are:—



TWO DISTINGUISHED BRITONS.

"Two fine looking old gentlemen from England, John Kendall and Frederick Carver, are registered at the Planters' Hotel. The former is from Manchester and the latter from Nottingham, and both are manufacturers. They are combining pleasure with business. They will remain in St. Louis several days."

TWO ENGLISH SQUIRES.

THEY ARE IN ST. LOUIS, AND CHAT INTERESTINGLY OF VARIOUS THINGS.


"John Kendall and Frederick Carver, two fine-looking old gentlemen from England, registered last night at the Planters'. Mr. Kendall is from Manchester, and Mr. Carver from Nottingham. Both are manufacturers, one being president of the largest establishment for the manufacture of lace goods in England, and the other manager of an immense dry goods concern at Manchester.

"Mr. Carver has crossed the Atlantic several times, but this is his first visit to St. Louis. Mr. Kendall, the older of the two, saw America for the first time only a few weeks ago. From New York they went to Philadelphia and then to Baltimore and Washington City. At the capital, President Cleveland gave them a private audience. 'He received us very cordially,' said Mr. Carver last night, in speaking of the visit. 'We had a very pleasant talk together for some time, but the President didn't mention Venezuela once. His private secretary had told us, however, before that the President's Venezuela message had been misunderstood in England; that he had intended it in a friendly way. It wasn't the message we Englishmen objected to so much, as the way it was given out to the world and made public. If a message embodying the same sentiments had been sent to the British Government quietly, it would have caused very little unfavorable comment. As it was, nobody got excited over our way. The time is past when a row can be started by such a thing between the two countries.'

"Mr. Carver talked in this spirit for some time. He favours the establishment of a court of arbitration for the settlement of disputes arising between Great Britain and the United States. He is a great admirer of Lord Salisbury and his foreign policy. President Kruger, of the Transvaal, he looks upon as a pious old humbug. Egypt he thinks should be occupied by British Troops because of the Suez Canal. The Manchester Canal, both he and Mr. Kendall think, will eventually pay as a commercial investment, though perhaps not until the original investors are in their graves. The traffic is increasing steadily."

St. Louis is the city which was recently devastated by a tornado; at the time of our visit a powerful heat wave was passing over it. So intense was it that it compelled me to remain in the hotel the whole of our short stay, and if I am unable to say anything about the city, this must be my excuse, and so, kind reader, we will take a long and silent jump to our next stopping place—Chicago.

CHAPTER XII.—CHICAGO (PART I).

HICAGO, “the Phoenix City of the West,” “the Garden City,” and the “Windy City,” as it is variously called, is situated on the south west shore of Lake Michigan, to which, inclusive of the parks at either extremity of the city, it has a frontage of over 20 miles, and although but sixty years old, it is the second city of the United States in point of population, and the seventh in the same respect in the world. It is the centre of more than a third of the railway mileage of the United States, and its inhabitants claim it to be the most rapidly prospering city on the continent.

In the first year of the present century Chicago was a swamp; in 1811 a small military post, soon to be abandoned, and to be the scene of a terrible Indian massacre; in 1821, again an insignificant military station; in 1831 a village of twelve houses, without mail routes, post roads, or post office; in 1841, an incorporated city, with 5,752 inhabitants, and an export trade amounting to \$328,635; in 1851, rapidly assuming commercial importance; on the eve of possessing railway communication with New York; its grain shipments increased to 4,646,831 bushels; its population numbering 34,437; in 1861, its grain, pork, and lumber interests all enormously developed, its population almost quadrupled, and its shipments of breadstuffs increased ten-fold within a single decade; in 1871, rich and magnificent, bidding fair to outstrip the most famous commercial circles of either the old or new world; but suddenly, on that memorable October night, almost swept out of existence by fire, only to rise triumphantly from its ashes in more than its former splendour, a monument of indomitable spirit and energy; in 1892, the greatest railroad centre, live stock market, and primary grain port in the world; the scene of the ceaseless activities of over a million and a quarter of eager, restless toilers, attracted by its fame from far and near, and to-day still

advancing, with rapid strides, in everything that distinguishes a great metropolitan city. Such, in brief, is the history of Chicago, the capital of the wealth-producing West.

The Fort Dearborn massacre occurred August 15, 1812, at a spot near 18th Street and Indiana Avenue, and is marked by an appropriate monument erected by Mr. G. M. Pullman. A group of life-size statuary represents the massacre on the evacuation of old Fort Dearborn. The pedestal is of Quincy granite. Bronze tablets in the four sides represent the fight and massacre, the waggon trains leaving the fort, and the scene at the moment of



STATUE, FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE.

Captain Wells' death. The group shews an Indian in the act of tomahawking Mrs. Helm, and another Indian knifing the surgeon, while Black Partridge, Mrs. Helm's rescuer, occupies the most prominent position.

The destructive fire of 1871 originated on Sunday night, October

8th, near the corner of Jefferson and De Koven Streets, where Mrs. O'Leary's fractious cow is said to have kicked over a kerosene lamp, setting fire to the contents of the shed. At that time a strong gale was blowing, which soon fanned an insignificant blaze into a sea of flame,



RANDOLPH STREET, LOOKING EAST.

and whirled the firebrands on their errands of destruction. Within 24 hours over three square miles of Chicago had been swept away; everything which helped to make Chicago the great commercial centre of the West lay in ashes. Nearly eighteen thousand buildings were destroyed, the entire loss being estimated at no less than 190,000,000 dollars, of which only 44,000,000 dollars was covered by insurance. The homes of 98,500 persons were consumed. It is estimated that 200

persons lost their lives in the conflagration. But before the embers had died out work was begun by the removal of the *débris*, in preparing the way for the magnificent buildings which now hide from view all

traces of the memorable fire of 1871. The calamity brought blessings in its train. The day of the wooden "shanty" was doomed; piles of magnificent architecture rapidly began to replace it, and made Chicago celebrated throughout the land; truly, between a great city and none but a single night intervened.

During our visit the following extracts from an "up-to-date calculation" regarding the population was published in one of the Chicago daily papers:—

GOES UP TO 1,760,000.

City Directory Returns Show Chicago's Real Population.

FIGURES THAT DON'T LIE.

INCREASE IS 60,000 A YEAR

R. H. Donnelley Explains How His Enumerators Work.

GREATEST CARE IS EXERCISED.

Chicago's population is approximately 1,760,000, and has increased steadily since 1894 by between 50,000 and 60,000 each year. So conservative an authority as Ruben H. Donnelley, manager of the Chicago City Directory Company and compiler of the annual volume issued by that company, is the authority for this statement. Mr. Donnelley is regarded by the business community of Chicago as having the most intimate knowledge of the city's population possessed by any one man.

The result, as put by Mr. Donnelley, is:—"A reasonable and material increase will be shown by the directory this year of the population of the city. Our estimate of the population in 1895 was 1,695,000. If the whole directory shows the same increase that has already been noted, and I have not the slightest reason to doubt that it will, we shall show an increase of population of over 60,000."

The following table shows the directory estimates of population for the years given:—

1896.....	1,760,000
1895.....	1,695,000
1894.....	1,635,000

This is an extraordinary result in so short a time, seeing the population was authentically stated to be 45,000 forty-three years since; now one million and three-quarters.

The climate of Chicago is healthful and invigorating, although the winters are cold and the temperature in summer is liable to great and sudden changes, doubtless owing to its close proximity to so large a sheet of water as Lake Michigan. It is interesting however to note, amongst the many published statistics, that the death rate is amongst the lowest for any city of the size of Chicago on the globe. This is a remarkable fact when the unsanitary site, the rapid growth, and the crowded condition of some of its districts, tenanted by foreigners, are considered. The United States census of 1880 gives 15 per cent. more children under five years of age than any other city of 200,000 population in America. The area of the city is nearly 200 square miles. It is 24 miles long and 10 miles wide. The popular vote in 1892 was:—Cleveland, 136,525; Harrison, 100,851.

Outside of London it is doubtful if any city in the world can show as large and as varied a population as the City of Chicago. I reprint an analysis of the population taken some time since, but I don't suppose the relative proportions have greatly changed.

Nationalities comprising the population of the City of Chicago:—

American	292,463	Hollanders	4,912
German	384,958	Hungarians	4,827
Irish	215,534	Swiss	2,735
Bohemian	54,209	Roumanians	4,350
Polish	52,756	Canadians	6,989
Swedish	45,877	Belgians	682
Norwegian	44,615	Greeks	698
English	33,785	Spanish	297
French	12,963	Portuguese	34
Scotch	11,927	East Indians	28
Welsh	2,966	West Indians	37
Russian	9,977	Sandwich Islanders	31
Danes	9,891	Mongolians	1,217
Italians	9,921		

The Negroes are said to number 13,000.

1,208,669

It will be noticed in this estimate that the Irish and German population is, relatively, very large. This will probably account for Chicago being so large a market for pigs, and great export centre for bacon. I heard of an Irishman who regularly crammed his pigs one day, and starved them the next. Asked why he did so he replied, "Och, sure and it's because my customers like to have their bacon with a streak of lean aqually, one after t'other."

In Milwaukee, a city within 100 miles of Chicago, the proportion of Germans in a population of a quarter of a million is variously stated to be from two-thirds to four-fifths of the whole, and I think in a more recent statement of the nationalities comprising the population of Chicago, that the Irish, as well as the Germans, exceed the Americans.

The municipality of Chicago is housed in a magnificent twin



THE CITY HALL AND COUNTY BUILDINGS, CHICAGO.

building, the largest and most imposing of the public edifices of Chicago, and one of the finest structures devoted to county and municipal purposes in the world. It occupies an entire square. In style a free treatment of the French Renaissance, it is built of limestone, and adorned with massive columns of the finest granite. The length of each of the two façades is 340 feet, the width of the entire building 280 feet, and its height from the ground line 124 feet. The eastern half, fronting on

Clarke Street, is occupied by the various officials of Cook County, who are located in spacious and elegant apartments; the rooms devoted to the administration of justice being models of courtroom convenience.

The interiors of the two buildings differ somewhat in arrangement, the City Hall being finished in white oak and much colouring, while the interior of the county building is plain but rich. The twin buildings cost completed \$4,400,000. The Public Library occupies the top floor of the City Buildings.

The Fire Department, with headquarters in the basement of the City Hall, possesses 72 steam fire engines, 22 chemical engines, 28 hook and ladder trucks, two river fire boats, one stand pipe and water tower, and 421 horses, with a staff of 970 men. By the fire alarm telegraph system, established at a cost of nearly a million dollars, an alarm can be instantaneously flashed to the nearest station from any part of the city. With such alacrity are the alarms responded to, that the loss occasioned by the actual fires is remarkably slight in comparison with the experience of other cities.

On the 1st of January next Greater New York will have a debt of \$170,000,000; notwithstanding its magnitude Chicago has hopes of being able to beat that.

In Chicago there are roughly speaking 2,500 miles of streets within an area of 20,000 acres, and seventy-five miles of fine drives within the city limits. This vast city has many entrances. A passenger may enter Chicago in a luxuriously furnished sleeping car, and, without leaving it, reach one of the principal seaboard cities of the United States. There are also railway lines leading into Canada on the north and Mexico on the south. It is estimated that fully 175,000 people arrive and depart each day.

Twenty-eight railroads, operating forty systems, with nearly 40,000 miles of road, converge and centre in Chicago, thus making it the greatest railroad city in the world. Two hundred and sixty-two through, express, and mail trains arrive or leave each day. In the same period, 660 local, suburban, or accommodation trains arrive or depart; 274 merchandise freight trains, and 164 grain, stock and lumber trains reaching Chicago or leaving it in every twenty-four hours; thus making

a grand total of 1,360 as the average daily movement of all classes of trains, an aggregate reached by no other city in the universe.

Chicago possesses one of the most complete systems of street railways in the world, being literally gridironed with their tracks. The three divisions of the city are operated by separate companies, with an aggregate of 396 miles of track. The cars are used by about 600,000 persons a day. The fare is uniformly 5 cents.



THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY.

It is greatly to the credit of Chicago, the distinguishing characteristic of which has been said to be the pursuit of wealth with an energy and a singleness of purpose almost unexampled, to have made the splendid provision it has for the education of the young. Nearly 300 public, primary, grammar, and high schools; fifteen colleges of law, medicine and theology; half a dozen academies of art and science, and two

universities are not the marks of a community wholly given up to the acquisition of wealth.

The Newberry Library is a monument to the munificence of Walter Loomis Newberry, who left a will providing that his fortune should be divided in equal portions between his surviving relatives and the projected institution. The sum realised for the use of the library was, by judicious investment, nearly \$3,000,000.

The history of art in Chicago deals with the business men rather than with the artists. In architecture, commerce gave the artist his opportunity, although it could not give him genius. Whatever has been accomplished in building up art schools, exhibitions and collections, and in fostering an interest in art in the community at large, is due to the men of affairs, who have thrown into this work the same energy that has built the city and made it famous.

The Art Gallery, or Art Institute as it is variously called, is attended by several hundred pupils, and I believe is self-supporting. I saw two or three classes—on the mixed system—at work during my visit; nothing could exceed the interest, close attention, and decorum exhibited. The lower floor is used for the exhibition of sculpture, metal work, and kindred objects. Here may be seen plaster copies of many of the Greek and Roman classics. Some good modern bronze statuary, including Mozart as a youth tuning his fiddle, causing me once more to break the tenth commandment. On this floor also the lecture halls and library are found.

The upper part of the building is used entirely for the exhibition of pictures and statuary, which are held frequently, and there is a very creditable nucleus of a permanent collection. My visit was both hurried and lonely, my friend Bosco being engaged in putting finishing touches to commercial plans for the enrichment of the Empire generally, and the company, of which he is so distinguished an ornament, in particular. I was at a great disadvantage in being deprived of the guidance of his artistic eye. The pictures seem to be chiefly French, Dutch, and other Continental schools; but few British, which I regretted. I noticed in particular Meissonier's "Vedette," Munkacsy's "Wrestler's Challenge," Jacquet's "Queen of the Camp," Bouquereau's "The Bathers," Dante

Gabriel Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix," and Columbus at the Court of Queen Isabella," by Brozik, all of which bade me pause and consider.

The building, which stands on the lake front facing Adams Street, is long and rather low in the elevation, but particularly suited for the purposes for which it is intended. The style of architecture is Grecian, severe and classic in feeling; a broad and imposing flight of steps leads up to the principal entrance, which is guarded right and left by a couple of noble lions at bay, their look of firm determination and outstretched tails of bronze, suggested the thought that the occasional pastime of some of our cousins, in trying to twist the tail of the British Lion, might be more difficult, and, perchance, dangerous than in their playfulness they sometimes think.

The business section of Chicago, crowded with buildings that are simply magnificent in proportion and design, presents an appearance of age and stability that makes the brevity of its history seem almost fabulous. There is a collection of mercantile buildings, probably unsurpassed in an equal area at any other place on the globe. The visitor is bewildered at the wonderful perspective of massive façades. These structures are planned and erected on a most generous scale. The principal type of architecture is the Romanesque or Round-arch Gothic, and the materials vary from brick, terra cotta, and iron to brown stone, marble, and granite.

The Brothers of the Mystic Tie, "who meet upon the level and part upon the square," have a magnificent home in the newly-erected Masonic Temple at the corner of Randolph and State Streets. The Masonic Temple is probably the highest office building in the world. The main entrance is beautiful and imposing. A twelve foot corridor runs on every floor around the interior of the building. The Temple is twenty stories high. The first sixteen stories are used for office and store purposes. The seventeenth and eighteenth stories are used by the Masonic fraternity.

Walking on State Street the eye is at once arrested by this imposing pile, the neighbouring palaces of trade sinking into insignificance by comparison. The bay windows of the State Street front break the otherwise severe simplicity of its walls into curves, at once pleasing and artistic.

The entrance is a massive granite archway, forty feet high by thirty-eight feet wide. The doors, of heavy plate glass, are framed in bronze, and lead into a rotunda, which absolutely seems to reach the skies. From the rich mosaic floor the eye journeys up and up, noting the polished



THE MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

Italian marble walls, the massive girders of steel, and the graceful railings of bronze outlining each floor. One, two, three, up and on, till twenty-one are counted and the mellow radiance of the glass roof obstructs the view. Then your neck aches, and you replace your hat and front the elevators standing in a semi-circle at the rear, and flanked with marble pillars in a row. As you step in, you notice the flights of marble stairs climbing over

your head dizzily, and as you go up, with the ease and buoyancy of a bird, you wonder at the deliciously fresh air you are breathing, and notice that the system of ventilation is as unique as it is perfect.

Just a slight demand on the imagination, and the Orient dawns on you in all its fabled magnificence; rare marbles, paintings, and tapestries peep from every nook. Mosaic floors, and floors lavishly strewn with costly rugs, lie beneath your feet. India, Persia, and Japan have yielded their choicest art treasures to deck these sumptuous apartments, the result being a dream of almost more than earthly beauty. Egypt has lent her sombre inspiration, tuned to the lotus-eaters' reveries, while Ancient Greece keeps her company, with all its classic grace and purity.

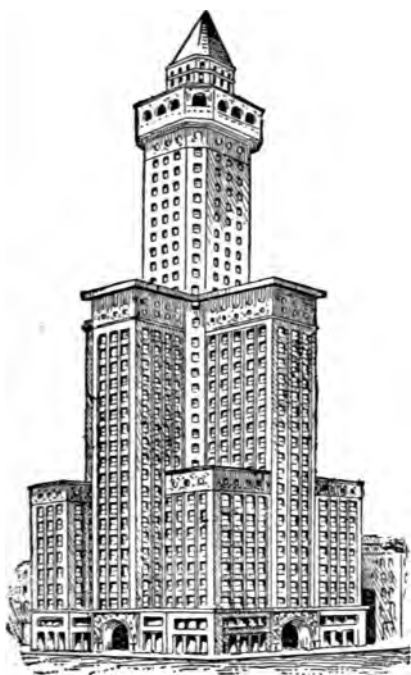
Here a hall opens out like the transept of a cathedral, its ceilings arched and panelled with heraldic designs. A "dim religious light" pervades the vast room, and perfume of "censer swung" seems to float through the silence.

Was that the minster bell's chiming, sweet and low, and do the knights, in clanking armour clad, bend low their plumed heads, battle-scarred and toil-worn from the long crusades? One does not need to close the eyes to summon them back from the long dead age of chivalry and romance. A raised dais, canopied with beautiful grille work, fronts a great organ, whose pipes are picked out in gold and red and blue.

There is an assembly room, a club room, parlours, smoking and coat rooms, kitchens and corridors, armouries, store rooms, property rooms, all to be finished and furnished in the most artistic and sumptuous manner. There are over 28,000 feet of flooring space devoted to the exclusive use of the Masons, forming the most magnificent suite of lodge rooms in the world. The seventeenth, eighteenth, and part of the nineteenth and twentieth stories comprise the suite; and the twenty-first story is a huge observatory, roofed with glass, from the windows of which can be seen the entire city and the tumbling waters of the lake, touching the misty sand dunes of Michigan away out against the verge of the horizon.

The streets look like pathways among toy houses; cable cars are but boxes on wheels; horses look like diminutive ponies from this eerie height; and what an insignificant little creature humanity seems, ant-like, hurrying hither and thither in swarms on the sidewalk; the water tower, away out by the "nord site," looks like a pencil stood on end; and the breezy spaces of Lincoln Park, with its grass and trees, look like bits of green muslin spread out to bleach in the sunlight. When

the smoke of the city lifts sufficiently, the buildings to the westward seem to reach limitlessly. Streets are but threads trailing out to where the sky comes down to kiss the prairie, and surely all those trees are nothing but dwarfed shrubbery. Massed with palms and swept with the cooling breezes from the lake, no more delightful spot could be found to while away the long listless hours of a summer afternoon than the top floor of the Masonic Temple.



PROPOSED
NEW ODD FELLOWS HALL.

The capping wonder of the whole is this—but one short year lay between the corner and the cope stones. The building progressed by day and night, and on the anniversary of the laying of the corner stone the last stone was put in place with all the solemn and impressive rites of the order. The Masonic Temple stands an object of pride to every Chicagoan, and a thing of wondering admiration to the visitor within its gates.

But high as towers this huge fabric, it is dwarfed by others in building and in contemplation; some are actually in course of erection considerably higher, and we saw sketches of a proposed "Odd Fellows' Building" half as high again, or even more. My recollection is that the plan shewed an elevation of nearer 40 than 30 stories. Whether it will ever get beyond a plan it is impossible to say, still an authentic sketch of Babel's Tower would be interesting for comparison. The height of these buildings is getting so gigantic that the view has to be taken in parts; it takes two men to reach to the top; when one has looked up half way, then the other takes up the look and completes the gaze. Americans are said to be (I don't believe it) proverbial liars, but it would require half a dozen of the biggest to exaggerate the size of these enormous buildings. It is interesting to know that these monster fabrics are almost all built in steel frames; will the frames ever corrode and the buildings fall?

The shopping district of Chicago, *par excellence*, is the quadrangle formed by Wabash Avenue, Washington Street, Dearborn and Congress Streets, the "ladies' half mile" being essentially on State Street from Randolph to Congress Streets. In this quadrangle are the finest of the stores and shops, and on the favoured promenade are wares displayed in windows which would vie in array with those of any city on the face of the globe.



MICHIGAN AVENUE.

The crossing of State and Madison Streets may be termed the vortex of retail trade. Here the crowd and clanging bells of cable cars bewilder the senses.

Chicago is very large, very lively and go-ahead; the roar and rattle of the streets, the clang of the tramcar bells by day and night never ceases. Our hotel being in the centre of the city with frontage to three principal streets, wake when we would during the night, the

toll of the tramcar bell mingled with the rumble of the tramcar wheel, made sleep difficult. Chicago has the reputation of having the most corrupt Corporation in the States, at least so we were told; it certainly is the dirtiest city—this we saw; if it were not for the powerful breezes that blow over Lake Michigan I fear the murky grimy veil would be impenetrable to the rays of the mid-day sun. These remarks of course apply to those portions of the city devoted to the furnace and

forge, the mill and manufactory.

It is, however, to the region lying outside the veil of smoke that Chicago owes its title of "The garden city;" to the parks and the beautiful and artistic boulevards that join them. Of parks there are several; we visited two, Lincoln, some 250 acres in extent, and Jackson, the site of the Great Exposition of 1893, which covers nearly 600 acres, of which more anon.

The approach to Lincoln Park



STATUE OF LINCOLN, LINCOLN PARK.

is unfortunate, as it is through the dirtiest part of the city we had seen, but when once the lake drive is reached, you forget it all amid the grassy mounds and verdant lawns, watered and tended, mown and trimmed like a rich velvet carpet. We were told that Lincoln is the most beautiful of all the parks; this we can well believe. It is rich in monuments. A life-size statue of Abraham Lincoln stands in front of the Presidential Chair and bears



STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE, LINCOLN PARK.

the inscription:—"1809, Abraham Lincoln. 1865. The gift of Eli Bates. With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it." A statue of General Grant, bestriding his war-horse, overlooks Lake Michigan. The memorial fund for the erection of this monument was started by Mr. Potter Palmer, with a

donation of \$5,000 within two hours of the death of Grant, and the completed monument was unveiled with imposing ceremonies in 1891, in the presence of 8,500 military and over 150,000 other spectators. The statue is over 18 feet high, and is the largest casting ever attempted in the States.

Amongst other monuments Frederick von Schiller is seen standing erect, whilst Shakespeare sits in calm contemplation. (By the way, my



STATUE OF LINNÉ, LINCOLN PARK.

friend Sir William Bailey, who has made the subject a special study, tells me Shakespeare never wrote the immortal plays with which his name is imperishably associated, but another man of the same name). Linné, the Swedish botanist, watches the growth of the trees and flowers he loved so well, and more than one statuary group records and recalls the presence in this very spot, little more than half-a-century ago, of tribes of wild and savage Indians.

As we follow the boulevard, part of the system intended eventually to connect the parks by a chain of magnificent drives—bordered with trees and edged with cool, green lawns on either side—and to encircle the city, the broad expanse of Lake Michigan, the second in size of the five great fresh water lakes, and the only one lying wholly within the United States, stretches away as far as the eye can carry; a vast field, without dividing lines, of liquid herbage, seemed to steal away until sky and water met in the boundary line of the horizon, whilst within easy sight are seen the lighthouse and breakwaters, and the white sail of many craft.

The day, I remember, was pleasantly warm and balmy, an occasional fleecy cloud sent a lace-like shadow flying across our path; the breeze was merry and gay, it sang little love songs in the foliage of the trees, and made rippling laughter along the top of Michigan's gentle swell. The slanting rays of the post meridian sun were falling athwart the splendid residences that face the lake, revealing in all their grandeur some of the finest examples of domestic architecture in Chicago. Brick, sandstone, limestone, terra-cotta, granite, and marble have been lavishly employed to create forms of architectural beauty that do credit alike to the merchant prince who inhabits and the artist who designed them.

By and bye we dip into the recesses of the park, and revel amid its enchanting loveliness. The spring had brought with it freshness and colour, all around hung garlands of blossom laden with the perfume of budding life; here, where but a few years since the aborigines killed the deer and lit the camp fire, the new settlers from every quarter of the globe wander in safety at their will beneath a canopy of leaves, and the ubiquitous bicycle, more ubiquitous here than ever, glides and races on roads level and smooth as a billiard table, or toils up steep ascents and whirls over undulating slopes. Lincoln Park is a garden of varied and beautiful landscapes, walks and drives wind about amongst the trees over gentle knolls down to the margin of some ornamental lake, over whose quiet waters canoes glide, and graceful swans are peacefully sailing. At every step comes some vista of exceeding beauty—now it is the sun's great eye seeking to penetrate a forest of trees

ere he dips down to his nightly rest, and anon you halt on a rustic bridge and stand spellbound by the fascination of his glittering rays, as they are mirrored in the face of some unruffled pool, clear as crystal, relieved by a profusion of water lilies, and enframed by verdant banks so low that the fresh foliage bends down to kiss the watery mirror that reflects its charms.



BOAT HOUSE. LINCOLN PARK.

Boat houses and romantic grottos are built in picturesque spots, and arbours are found in quiet and peaceful groves; over these the purple wisteria hangs, and the honeysuckle and jasmine climb; the wood robin perched in the rose laden trellis is piping his May-day song. Parterres are radiant with colour, the gay bloom of flowers unrivalled by the pencil of man, and already the butterfly is wooing the lily, and the busy bee has taken the rose for a bride. Limpid rills thread their way

almost noiselessly under the shadow of great flower laden trees, or meander—

“Twixt moss grown banks, where maiden-hair
Uncurls its fronds of lace work rare.”

whilst an occasional rush of water falling over a few mossy rocks gives a dash of foam, and marks a miniature cascade that tumbles in a glitter of silver.


Our drive in and about Lincoln Park had been long and pleasant, all the more so owing to the intelligent attention of our driver. The bicycle lamps were beginning to let their lights shine before policemen, and lovers were seeking the quiet places in which to tell the old, old story, before we left the park. Across the lake, on the edge of the horizon, the last red arc of the sun



IN LINCOLN PARK.

was lingering and resting, ere it sank slowly into the water, and then, before we reached our hotel, in the deep blue night of the sky, the stars had shone out quite suddenly.

CHAPTER XIII.—CHICAGO (PART II).

IME was not on our side during our visit to the States; we attempted much, saw much, but much too superficially, in fact thrice the time spent from home would barely have sufficed. No visit to Chicago is worthy the name without a pilgrimage—for they are miles away from the centre of the city—to the celebrated stock yards. This we accomplished, but at the very worst moment we could have selected, viz.:—mid-day on Saturday, but it was then or never. We were armed with an introduction to Mr. Swift, Junr., a partner in Messrs. Swift & Co., a firm of very large dealers. Mr. Swift, in the most kindly manner, and I fear at some personal inconvenience, drove us round the grounds.

The Union Stock Yards, in which this enormous business centres, cover more than 400 acres. We saw but little, the time was inopportune, but I gleaned some interesting information. In 3,300 pens, 1,800 covered and 1,500 open, provision is made for handling at one time 25,000 head of cattle, 14,000 sheep, and 150,000 hogs. The yards contain twenty miles of streets, twenty miles of water troughs, fifty miles of feeding troughs, and seventy-five miles of water and drainage pipes. There are also eighty-seven miles of railroad tracks, all the great roads having access to this vast market. The entire cost was \$4,000,000. About 1,200 men are employed in the stock yards proper. In 1892, 3,571,796 cattle, 7,714,435 hogs, 2,145,079 sheep, 197,576 calves, and 86,998 horses were received at the yards in 309,901 cars, being of an aggregate value of \$253,836,502.

At the time of our visit, being a half holiday, the yards were practically empty, but the daily receipt of hogs varies from 20,000 out of the season to 75,000 during its height, to which must be added large quantities of cattle and a somewhat smaller quantity of sheep.

It was in some sense a disappointment not to see some of the famous slaughter and packing houses, such, for example, as Armour's, where 5,000 pigs and 3,000 cattle are killed daily and prepared for exportation. The method, the almost mechanical method, by which hogs are transformed into bacon and ham, and beasts into beef and tongue, has been often described, but as I did not personally witness the



UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO.

transformation scene, I won't use another's description. Mr. Swift assured us there is no waste, bye-products come from everything; the blood, the life thereof, went for manure, horns and hoofs for glue, and the superfluous fat for butterine and oleomargarine, or margarine, a mixture with butter. "One thing only," said Mr. Swift, "we have not yet been able to use, that is the 'squeal.'" But I saw whilst in Chicago, in one of the papers, the following paragraph:—"If Weyler, the Spanish

general, should lose his situation in Cuba, he ought to find it easy to get employment in the Chicago stock yards as an expert butcher." Perhaps some day he may be in want of a berth, and then even the "squeal" may be utilized.

A farmer at the stock yards told how he raised a litter of ten pigs which had been orphaned. He constructed a trough with ten holes in it, one for each little pig. In these holes he inserted bottles with nipples attached. The pigs caught the idea very quickly, and they were among the finest porkers in the lot which he brought to Chicago.

The meat packing industry is carried on in immediate proximity to the stock yards. To realize the extent of its operations, it is only necessary to mention that a single business, that controlled by Messrs. Armour & Co., occupies seventy acres of flooring, and employs about 4,000 men. Some 18,000 to 25,000 men are daily employed in various packing houses, varying according to the season of the year.

That crime abounds in Chicago, is, unhappily, only too true. During our stay a terrible murder was committed in the centre of the business portion of the city. A gang of desperados entered a drapery store shortly before the hour of closing, and at the point of a loaded revolver demanded the contents of the cash-box from the clerk—a young lady of uncommon presence of mind and courage—who parried the demand until an alarm was given, when the robbers fled from the store, followed by the proprietor, Mr. Marshall. I print a few extracts from the *Chicago Times* of a day or two later:—

Captain J. E. Stuart, Post Office Inspector, was one of the first to pursue the men who killed Marshall. He was on the Madison Street car which halted directly opposite the Golden Rule Store. "When the car stopped no shot had been fired; two men ran out from the store, and the proprietor was in hot pursuit. They whirled round and began firing. They fired several shots, and Marshall, who had nearly reached the curb, staggered and fell. I jumped from the car, and ran through the middle of Madison Street towards Ann Street, to head them off. When I was about twenty feet from the corner of Madison and Ann Streets the two men turned and fired at me. Their bullets whizzed over my head, and it was unquestionably one of these which hit the young woman on the car. The men ran through Ann Street to the first alley, and turned down that. I followed about forty feet into the alley, but having no revolver I turned back. I met a policeman and told him where the men had gone. He started

down the alley at a very leisurely pace. Had he hurried a little he might easily have overtaken them. If I had had a gun I'd have got them both."

These abbreviated extracts give some faint idea of an atrocious crime committed in the crowded thoroughfares. As far as I know the criminals have never been brought to justice; all the time I remained in the States the police were "looking for" but had "not found" the villains. From a leaderette I cull the following:—

THE CRIMINAL IN THE CROWD.

The whole city is disturbed by such a desperate crime as the murder of the West Madison Street shopkeeper and the wounding of three other persons by robbers. The audacity of the pads was unexampled, for they choose the busy corner of a busy street, and an hour when all the world is abroad for their adventure and their hasty shots were heard by scores of people powerless to intercept them.

A villainy of this nature always disturbs the confidence of the community. The futile efforts of the police to apprehend the murderers only aggravate impatience and fear.

An inevitable and disturbing consequence of the crime is the arrest of scores of noted criminals, men who can have no legitimate occupations, who are teathered to their criminal destiny by flagrant "records." Invariably they are found armed, prowling the side streets prepared to rob and slay at any convenient moment. There is really more ground for dismay in this than in the murder itself. The curtain which covers the motives of the street crowd is torn aside, and we discover it honeycombed with gallows birds.

Probably this is more or less the case in all large cities. But it always seems that Chicago is cursed with more of these gentry than any other city. The police say so, and charge the offence to police magistrates and judges of the upper courts who deal mildly with the rogue who has not been caught in the act. Whether this be so or not, the arrest of not less than fifteen "suspects," all of them life-long criminals, most of them armed, none of them professing surprise at the suspicion of murder, is enough to excite a widespread sense of fear.

Mr. Stead, in a much quoted article entitled "If Christ came to Chicago" (which unfortunately I have not had the advantage of reading), I understand, paints the city as exceptionally bad and vicious, nothing equal to it has been seen since the overthrow of the "Cities of the Plain." Mr. Stead is well known, he has gained a distinguished position in the world of letters; as a word painter of vice and immorality in their most repulsive forms, he is without a rival. We were more

fortunate in our experience of Chicago. We saw in our brief stay absolutely nothing with which Mr. Stead could darken his canvas. It is true we did not keep late hours, and equally true that when we "took our walks abroad" at night, we kept to the highways and well-lighted thoroughfares of good report, and avoided excursions into byeways to collect details about "vermin and disease, tramps and rogues, drunkenness and prostitution, blackmailing and bribery;" that was not our mission. We did not enter the jungle, or "go down from Jerusalem to Jericho," and therefore did not fall amongst thieves. We were not inquisitive, we did not search for evil and consequently did not find it. I cannot think Chicago stands on a pedestal of abnormal wickedness. That Mr. Stead painted from life many of the characters found in his picture cannot be doubted; the only question is, is he right in ascribing to Chicago a larger proportion of wickedness, and guilt of a deeper dye than can be found in, and with equal fairness be charged against New York, London, Paris, Hamburg, Naples, or other large cities of the world, and would inevitably be found there, if the same searching investigation were pursued.

In his message to the Council, in 1891, Mayor Washburne reviewed the matter as follows:—"The suppression of public gambling in a great metropolis and cosmopolitan city like Chicago is a matter easier undertaken than accomplished. Until the three great inherited and inborn passions of man—licentiousness, gambling, and intoxication—have been eradicated, by education or birth, no statute laws can entirely suppress the social evil, gambling, and intemperance. *When our hypocrites cease to extol their own virtues in the synagogues, and cease to foster vice in secret by leasing to prostitutes, gamblers, and law-breaking saloonkeepers for the sake of the increased revenues received thereby, then, and then only, can we hope to view the millenium; until then we can no more turn back the tide of man's passion by laws than could Canute turn back the advancing ocean by his command.*"

I should say Chicago and New York are the worst places in the States to estimate the true American character. They are the most cosmopolitan places I know, but the least American of any of the cities we saw. In Chicago not one fourth of the entire population is native

born; door-plates and signs testify abundantly that the owners have been transplanted from abroad, and are not indigenous to the soil. Is there any wonder then if, amongst the jetsam and flotsam of the world, some, at any rate, of the scum of the earth has drifted to what has been described as "The white city of magnificent distances."

We had experience of two of the Chicago Clubs:—"The Chicago Athletic Association" and the "Calumet." The "Athletic" we visited very hurriedly an hour or two before leaving the city; for a club of its character probably no finer exists in the world; the front elevation, of which I give a photograph, is extremely pleasing; internally the arrangements are most



THE ATHLETIC CLUB.

expansive and complete, and include a large swimming bath, tennis and racquet courts, bowling alley, billiard room in which I counted seventeen tables, an immense gymnasium fitted with the most modern and perfect

appliances containing a large stage for theatrical performances, and in addition a fine library, reading, writing, and smoking rooms, more than fifty private rooms, and every conceivable convenience. There are over 3000 members. We could well have spent within its walls a much longer time if it had been at our disposal.

The "Calumet" is a social club, located in a magnificent building on Michigan Avenue, and is the leading South side club.

By the kindly courtesy of another of the "Prince de Galles" many friends, the "Calumet" was made the starting place for a most delightful drive to and through the World's Fair ground. The site selected for the Great Exposition of 1893 was Jackson Park and Midway Plaisance. Jackson Park has a considerable frontage on Lake Michigan. The cooling breezes, that temper the Summer heat and fan the heated brow, blow from a gathering ground three to four hundred miles long and one hundred wide. It is a beautiful spot within easy distance of the centre of the business portion of Chicago. The ground occupied by the Exhibition contains over 650 acres.

Few traces are now left of this magnificent enterprise. My memory is not very clear, but I think there now only remains the mammoth "Statue of the Republic," by Daniel C. French, which is 60 feet high, and stands on a pedestal 40 feet high, at the entrance to the basin from Lake Michigan. Besides this are two buildings, one given by the German Government, representing the town hall or some other place in Nuremberg, and the other, the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, which has the distinction of being the largest building on the face of the earth, covering an area of over 30 acres, and which is large enough to include the whole of the buildings and grounds of the Royal Jubilee Exhibition, held in Manchester in 1887, and yet leave a margin of a few acres for promenading purposes. This building was a constant attraction and source of delight to the general public, and has been secured to the city at a cost of one million dollars, of which, I believe, Mr. Marshall Field contributed one half.

The glories of the World's Show have departed from the shores of Lake Michigan, and in one sense the undertaking was a failure. The capital required, \$20,000,000, was found by subscription among public-

spirited Americans, Chicago alone contributing ten million dollars to the fund. Not more than 15 per cent. of this capital has been returned to the subscribers. Upwards of twenty millions of visitors paid for admission to the Fair; the largest number on one day being 600,000!

For years to come the story of its splendour and magnitude, and the recital of its many misfortunes will be told to listening and interested



MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

ears, and Americans will have the proud satisfaction of knowing that the World's Fair was the largest exhibition ever held, and that it is unlikely that it will ever have a rival.

There are some good stories told of visitors to the World's Fair; I must record, at any rate, one. An old lady got lost in Chicago, and she couldn't remember the address of the house where she was staying, but

she had it at home—"home" being an empty Michigan farm house. So she marched to the railway station, bought an excursion ticket, and went to Michigan after her lost bearings, returning in forty-eight hours with the address in her pocket, having travelled five hundred miles to get it.

On our return to the Calumet Club-house, our friend, Mr. Adam, a descendant in unbroken line from the "first man Adam," had arranged an excellent dinner, amongst other things "clam soup;" I tasted clams in various forms, but in the form of soup I thought them best. It was Saturday evening; cigars, coffee, liqueurs, and rocking-chairs on the spacious verandah formed an agreeable pendant to an excellent meal. The air was soft and balmy. The evening zephyr swept with gentlest touch the tender tendrils twining around the diamond lattice. Nature was drawing the curtains of night all around; Venus hung like a pendant jewel in the sky; an infinity of sapphire sky unfolded a deep vaulting, tinged by the mellowing rays of night's fair queen, and shaded by the earliest amber of the moon.

As we bid adieu to our friend with gratitude in our hearts, in the quiet of that eve of the Sabbath, we felt increasing stillness as the midnight hour arrived, and ere we reached our hotel it seemed as though the bed hangings of the Universe, depending from those Western skies, were unusually rich in texture and tone; the depth of blue seemed fuller and more intense, and the stars, coruscations of countless fire flies, that held on high the glorious blue velvet coverlet, sparkled and quivered with a lustre rarer than all the rubies that lay hidden in Burmah's secret mines.

The Auditorium and the Palmer House are the largest and most important hotels in Chicago. We felt it our duty to inspect the buildings, and also to sample some of the liquors and food, and I don't recollect that they were unsatisfactory. Connected with the Palmer House is an immense barber's shop, the largest we saw; larger and almost equal in elegance of decorations and luxuriousness of appointments to the one described in New Orleans. Bosco, as my readers have seen, affects the "tonsure," whether voluntarily, like some Dominican father or by compulsion of nature, is immaterial; at any rate the "coronal" receives the most

constant and tender solicitude, and might form a veritable "crown of glory" if the silver fringe were not darkened by mystic hair brushes. I know those hair brushes, having frequently used them, and have often noted their magic effect on my own locks, silvered as they are by the frosts of time; they emerge patterned with streaks of many shades of brown, not fast colours. I often wonder how it is done.

You occasionally hear some funny things in these American barber's



THE AUDITORIUM HOTEL.

shops of which the thought of my friend's "coronet" reminds me. You can't help hearing the conversation of the customer on the adjoining chair and the "artist in hair" in attendance:—"Hair dyed, boss?" "Yes, it died nigh on twenty years since, except the little fringe round the crown and that don't seem to grow much less," and then another bald-headed customer you hear addressed:—"Ah, my dear sir, you ought

to try some of my invigorating hair restorer, its—" Customer—"But I don't want any hair." Barber (evidently amazed)—"Don't want any hair, why?" Customer—"Because I'm married."

My recent mention of Mr. Marshall Field reminds me of our visit to the wholesale and retail departments of the great firm of Marshall Field and Co., one of the very largest dry goods houses in the United States. The wholesale warehouse, a magnificent structure, covers the entire square bounded by Fifth Avenue, Adams, Quincey, and Franklin Streets. It is built of granite and brown stone. The building is admirably arranged in three sections divided by fire-proof walls. The entrance way admits to the centre section, an immense room nearly 200 feet square, which is occupied by the counting house with its numerous divisions of work, and the private rooms of members of the Company. In the side sections are found departments for the sale of goods, packing, &c. Within the precincts of this huge establishment work is found for some 2,300 employees in about 35 departments. Each of the eight floors has an area of $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres, a total of 12 acres of floor space. The amount of merchandise turned out is immense, probably \$40,000,000 annually.

The retail department is located in a group of buildings at the corner of State Street and Washington Street. The following particulars were sent to me by the courtesy of one of the partners, my visit being extremely hurried owing to other pre-arranged engagements.

The buildings occupy 260 feet on State Street, 300 on Washington Street, and 108 on Wabash Avenue. The main building is six stories, exclusive of basement, and the annexe is nine stories, exclusive of the basement, the buildings being connected by a bridge 20 feet wide. The upholstery department salesroom occupies the entire fourth floor of the main building, and two connecting buildings as work rooms, one 40 feet by 150 feet, and the other 60 feet by 150 feet. The carpet and rug department occupies the entire third floor, with corresponding work rooms for same. The tea room occupies the entire fourth floor of the annexe, 150 feet long by 108 feet wide; it is a dainty apartment, isolated from the rest of the establishment; there is ample seating accommodation for 700 people in perfect comfort. The service is quiet and the cuisine perfect. The seven floors in the main structure and six in those

adjoining give a total floor space of about six acres. The interior of the main building is pure white, and is lighted by a great central open quadrangle or skylight.

The engine room is a feature of this vast establishment of which the proprietors are justly proud. The arrangements are the finest I have ever seen, commodious, cleanly, well ventilated, with machinery and appliances of the most modern and perfect description. Coal is not used for heating, but natural gas, brought in pipes from Indiana, 150 miles away. Ten immense boilers supply abundant power.

The main building and annexe contain 24 elevators, 21 passenger and 3 for goods, all on the swiftest and most improved plan. Show windows run round the entire frontage of Washington and State Streets and Wabash Avenue, and these windows, as well as the rest of the buildings, are brilliantly lighted by numberless incandescent lights, the electricity being produced on the premises by a splendid plant containing some novel features. The number of people employed in the "retail" is over 3,000, making with the "wholesale" a grand total of 5,300, a larger number than the population of many a town.

Mr. Marshall Field, the honoured head of the Company, is well known throughout the States for his wealth, large heartedness, and munificence. In our pleasant chat he conversed about many subjects of political interest, both as regards the municipality of Chicago, and the government of the United States. Mr. McKinley, who had occupied, a few days before my visit, the very chair in which I sat, he considered secure in the coming contest for President. Of course at that time Mr. William Jennings Bryan had not fallen like a bolt from the blue, and carried away, for a time, the discriminating critics of "the mighty city by the unsalted sea." The jewelled phrases "you shall not press down upon the brow of labour this crown of thorns," "you shall not crucify mankind on a cross of gold," which electrified the Convention, had not been uttered, at least by Mr. Bryan. Unkind critics, and they are not very tender in the American Press, say that he is discovered to be a plagiarist of bold character. The flaming passage in the Chicago speech, which, it is said, "carried the Convention off its feet," was taken from a speech of Congressman M'Call, on January 26th, 1894, on the

Wilson Bill, Mr. Bryan being near to him at the time:—"Ready as you have ever been to betray labour with a kiss, you now scourge it to the very quick, and press a crown of thorns upon its brow. You shall not crucify mankind on a cross of gold." This is very unkind.



WILLIAM McKINLEY.

Mr. Field's opinions on municipal government, bi-metallism, protection, and commercial questions were freely expressed, and were valuable, coming from such an authority, opinions, moreover, endorsed by almost all the business men we met. We greatly regretted being absent from our hotel when Mr. Field returned our call at the Wellington.

It is not surprising to find the silver question has invaded the comic papers in the States. One of the latest jokes is

the following:—"Come round next Sunday, Jolliboy, my wife and I are going to celebrate our silver wedding." "Silver wedding? Why, you haven't been married more than twelve years." "I know that, but

silver has depreciated. It's only worth twelve, when it used to be twenty-five."

The greatest, and, I think, the only, real disappointment I experienced during our visit was our inability to see more of American home-life; not that we were without invitations to join family circles, but because the ground we covered and our rapid movements made it impossible to accept them. In Chicago and Boston we were specially unfortunate. In Chicago we were struck, as the visitor is struck in Nottingham, with the remarkable number of young girls, from say 16 to 25 years of age, bright, well, but not over, dressed,



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

intelligent, neat, cheerful, and orderly, a considerable number wearing spectacles. As a rule these girls have eyes bright and beaming; teeth white and gleaming; many have voices of sweetness, with some, of course, in a cosmopolitan city like Chicago—as in New York—the voice

is sharp and rasping, and the style of dress startling, but these, I think, are exceptions.

It is said, I don't think it's true, that "Down with gallantry" is the cry of the New Woman in France. They have decided that the "homage" that man now pays to woman is a humiliation, and that they are determined to have no more of it. All the little attentions, which it is now our highest delight to pay to the fair ones, are but so many signs of ignominious servitude. They mean to break their bonds asunder and be free; never more need we raise our hats, or help them through a crowd, or hand them out of a carriage, not even offer the darlings a seat in a tram car. Henceforth we are bidden to treat ladies as equal in every respect. Give them an off-hand, familiar nod, and a "how d'ye do" when we meet them in the street, let them take their chance in a crush, pass in front of them in a doorway, or at the booking office of a railway station, and let them take their fair and full share of paying for their pic-nics and other amusements. But I cannot trace any suggestion for the regulation of that delicate, yet almost universal and most agreeable operation (so I am told) of kissing and caressing, now, as from the beginning indulged in between the sexes. Before the abolition of "gallantry" can hope to make headway, quite a number of little questions of this kind must come up for settlement. The abolition of slavery was easy in comparison with the abolition of "gallantry." The task is absolutely hopeless, at any rate, amongst English speaking people.

Mr. Haweis, the Anglican cleric, whose Australian agent once advertised him as "The mighty myriad-minded Lecturer," I suppose because his lectures are not only "manifold" and of "magnified merit," but at times "mixed and muddled," says:—"During my three visits to America I had singular opportunities of observing the ways of American girls, especially school and college girls. I have seen and addressed them in class, in chapel, in their theatres and music rooms; I have walked and talked freely with all sorts and conditions of them, and I deliberately say that the American girl in her teens is much more interesting, more well-informed, and better able to take care of herself than the average English girl. She is more refined, and much more highly educated, as a rule, than the man she marries. Her superior

refinement is readily acknowledged, and she is a goddess in the house. This throws some light upon the reason why Englishmen like to marry American girls. It is not only because they are rich—which they often are—but because they are better informed, more amusing, quite as affectionate, and much more conversable and generally abler than most young English girls. And the reason why American girls like Englishmen is not because they have all got titles, but because our gentlemen are, as a rule, more cultivated, better educated, and less speculative than the average New Yorker. I neither wish to butter my countrymen and cheapen my countrywomen, nor to flatter American girls and disparage American men. I speak very generally, and I qualify my statements with the observation that whilst nothing can be more fascinating than the perfectly well-bred and well-educated American gentleman—he has a grace and openness seldom found even



TYPE OF AMERICAN BEAUTY.

amongst the aristocracy here, for he is warm and they are generally cold—on the other hand, can there be anything more appalling than the loud barking and snapping American woman, only comparable in offensiveness to the traditional John Bull on the ‘Continong,’ or ‘Arry let loose on the ‘Bulleyvards?’”



LILIES.

Of course this is the opinion of Mr. Haweis. My experience is too limited to be of any value.

I am told that in America there are many charming women of thirty to forty years, who are less old maidish than many girls of half that age—old maidishness is much more a question of disposition than age. Some people who claim to be judges are eloquent in their admiration of women over thirty. They say that women after that age become more attractive, be they married or unmarried. They understand life and its responsibilities better than when younger, and they are truer and more sympathetic comrades and companions, and I am not aware that in their ideals of charming women they exclude widows; indeed, I remember, a gentleman, who selected one for a wife, wrote:—

“Why is a rose in nettles hid
Like a young widow, fresh and fair?
Because 'tis sighing to be rid
Of weeds, that have no business there!”

Doubtless in this case the prospective bride supplied the poetic bridegroom with the divine afflatus. May the stars shine over the cypress tree of widowhood, however gloomy be now the grove that casts its shadow over the “Lillie.”

I had long flattered myself that I was far beyond the loss of my judgment in such matters, but, alas! find without warning that I am still susceptible. Are the words uttered in the first garden, “It is not good that the man should be alone,” finding an echo in my heart?

I suppose there is to be found in the States, had one the opportunity of seeking, those same qualities which everywhere make all good women lovely—tenderness, delicacy, endurance, faith, gentleness in suffering, consolation in sorrow; these virtues call forth the truest beauty,

the most enduring loveliness, and admit women, even here, to sisterhood with the Angels, and if we add thereto that chiefest charm of woman, a low and gentle voice, "even as the swallow's wings skim the still waters of the sleeping lake."



CHAPTER XIV.—TO, AND IN CLEVELAND.

A FAIR Spring Sabbath morning gladdened the face of the earth when we said *au revoir* to Chicago—not “adieu,” for somehow I am looking forward to a second visit, which may never come. The rays of the sun, which was peeping over the Eastern hills, glistened adown the streams and transformed Michigan into a lake of burnished silver. As we sped along, leaving the city with its belching factory chimneys and canopy of smoke far behind, the atmosphere became purity itself. The wide green valleys, already awakened to their leisurely untroubled daily life, spoke of days that come without excitement and sink into night with an undisturbed sigh.

The line by which my “conductor” had arranged to travel was the “Lake Shore and Michigan Southern”—a wise choice. It has the world’s record for fast long distance running; on October 24th, 1895, it accomplished 510 miles in 470 minutes, an average rate of speed, exclusive of stops, of over 65 miles an hour. The condition of the line is excellent, and it is probably the finest track on earth for making a long distance fast run. This line we found in every respect the most comfortable to travel upon. The equipment of the train in which we travelled could not be excelled; it comprised Wagner vestibule sleepers of the latest designs, buffet, library, smoking and dining cars.

Our previous experience of the “feeding apartment” on the trains by which we had travelled was disappointing; the food was never good, often bad. Here we had an agreeable change. The cars are neat and tasty in all their appointments, and dining on the trains of the Lake Shore Railway is accomplished in a very satisfactory and comfortable way. The menu is carefully selected, the food well cooked, and the attendance excellent; and as the “road bed” is claimed to be perfect, there is greater freedom than usual from sharp jolts and oscillatory movement; in fact, the travelling all the way from Chicago to New York is most comfortable.

After skirting the margin of Michigan for a short distance the line strikes into a beautiful pastoral country; fertile fields, fenced in, abound; grass land and corn land, relieved by well wooded plantations, from out which the dark deep leafage of the laurel and pine peep, forming a strong background to the woodland pools, on which the glancing sunlight plays. Well made and broad roads wind amid the landscape, until lost along the shadow of some woodland glade. Murmuring brooks glint in the bright light, and trill the treble music of the rills; rippling rivulets run mid grassy banks, embossed by many a wild flower, in which the wild-hearted daisy is conspicuous, and sluggish rivers, that scarce make an effort to stir, lie blistering beneath the sun.

Miniature Eiffel towers surmounted by dainty windmills, dotted about, tell of an effectual and at the same time picturesque method of raising water for irrigation and other purposes. Placid pools with silvery faces holding the mirror to nature, reflect peaceful homesteads, where the clear morning note of chanticleer, the noon day hymn of the feathered songster, or the lowing of the slowly winding herd in the cool of the evening provides, perchance, the only music of the livelong day.

Hurrying on, we not infrequently pass, within eyeshot of the railway track, some silent city, the last resting place of many a rude forefather of the neighbouring hamlet, who "after life's fitful fever sleeps well" undisturbed alike by the "storm that wrecks the wintry sky," or the "summer evening's latest sigh that shuts the rose." Over some of the village fathers mossy marbles rest, and names have been carved on granite tombs for many a year, but on others "The glistening night dews weep, on nameless sorrows churchyard pillow," for there:—

"The weary pilgrim slumbers,
His resting place unknown;
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,
The dust was o'er him strown;
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,
Among the sod were blown;
His mound has melted into earth,
His memory lives alone."

As we near Toledo, the land becomes for some distance on each

side of the line very flat, but well under cultivation; to the east it spreads far and broad, until it meets a rampart of vegetation dense as the primeval forest—so thick is the clothing of those dark pine-clad hills. Leaving Toledo after a short stay the scenery again changes;



SPRING.

vineyards and orchards enrich the land. The blossom had fallen from the apple. The peach and pear had thrown aside their beauteous clothing, and the cherry had shed its lovely bloom, but the shapely leaf of the vine, and the well-knitted fruit on ten thousand trees told of a rich harvest to be gathered 'neath the Autumn sky.

Soon we skirt Lake Erie. It was towards the close of an almost cloudless day; a great calm had settled over land and lake; a shining peace spread over all. Fishing vessels seemed to be lazily drifting to or from the fishing grounds, as we saw "Erie" shimmer under the influence of a gentle ripple on which the westering sun shot



AUTUMN.

arrows of rose lit gold. Now and then a rocky spur made undulations in the water, and the trees in full leaf cast a shade on its margin. Over all there spread a sky of tenderest blue, and the almost motionless

waters of the lake mirrored, with faultless fidelity, the boundless vault of heaven. It was, indeed, a perfect picture.

On and on we sped, past Marblehead, with its rocky headland spur. Above the further shore the last saluting rays of the setting sun were flinging a robe of glory over the earth, and mantling the vast expanse of water beyond. A broad band of crimson fire, mingling with a belt of amber, ran across the horizon like a trail of molten gold. Before we left the side of Erie the shades of evening had begun to gather, and our last thought of that glorious inland sea is photographed on the plates of memory as one vast untarnished silvern sheet.

But twilight was at hand. The outline of the trees became more solid and cast deeper shadows. The heavens were dipped in rose and barred in purple, as though some sainted artist had spilled all his paint adown the western sky. The faint night wind was sighing softly and sweetly over wide stretches of meadow land, and gradually the darkness fell, until the sapphire sky displayed a single gem, but before we reached Cleveland, our next stopping place, multitudes of golden stars were once more spangling the coverlet of the southern skies.

We made but a short, much too short, stay in Cleveland; about the city I can say very little. We made the most of our time; on our arrival the eldest son of an old friend joined us at supper, after which, at his suggestion, the night being fine and balmy, we took an open car, or overhead trolley as they are called, along Euclid Avenue as far as Lake View Cemetery. As we returned—the streets being almost clear—the motor-man let the car go, and we sped along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, but my young friend, who is connected with electrical engineering, assured me he had been in these cars when they had been running at forty miles an hour!!

This young fellow, smart and handsome, and about the age that I understand young men are particularly “susceptible,” was enthusiastic in his praises of American girls. “They are pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with—much more companionable (so he said, speaking, I think, from experience), with a willowing grace, the result of the much greater attention paid to athletics by females as well as males in America. In the schools more care is taken of the body than with us;

they divide it into three parts, bones, nerves, and muscles, due exercise being given to all; great attention is also paid to bathing. The girls are drilled like veterans; the waists, instead of copying 'wasps,' are left loose and free. A gymnasium course seems to overcome any naturally awkward defects; the chest is arched, the throat rounded, and instead of



PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

stooping round shoulders you have the erect bearing of a grenadier, and a good figure, which does much to make a woman beautiful."

I am bound to say, although long past the age at which any judgment of mine would be of value, that I quite agree in his estimate of American girls. Fashion once exalted the sentimental heroine to the highest pedestal, but now, thanks largely to our Transatlantic cousins and the ascendancy of common sense, there is set up in the place of the languid, lily-like society belle, as the ideal of womanhood, the healthy, robust, strong-limbed girl, who, surrounded by girls of her

own class, learns to jump bars, swing clubs, and climb ladders; who frankly admits that she has arms and legs, and has made up her mind to use them.

The next morning I returned alone by trolley to Lake View

Cemetery—a distance of some six or eight miles—on a pilgrimage to the tomb of James Abram Garfield, twentieth President of the United States. His progress from “Log Cabin to White House” is written in the chronicles of his country. In June, 1880, the National Republican Convention, at Chicago, nominated him as the party candidate for President, and he was elected to that high office, receiving 214 votes to 135 votes cast for General Hancock, the Democratic candidate; and on March 4th, 1881, he was duly inaugurated President of the United States. Few men have ascended to the National Chief Magistrate’s Chair attended by greater popular expectations; but hardly had he organised his administration when on July 2nd, as he was leaving Washington, he was shot in one of the railway depôts by the assassin Guiteau.



GARFIELD MEMORIAL, EXTERIOR.

In pursuance of the expressed wish of Garfield, Lake View Cemetery was adopted as his last resting place. Funds from all parts

of the country—east, west, south, and north (the citizens of Cleveland being especially generous in their contributions)—poured in for the erection of a national monument. Three prizes for the best designs were offered, and ultimately the design of Mr. George Keller was selected by



GARFIELD MEMORIAL, INTERIOR.

two eminent and disinterested architects. The memorial stands on a high ridge of ground, about one hundred feet above Lake Erie, and three miles therefrom. From the terrace on a clear day is a magnificent panorama of the city of Cleveland, of wide spreading forest and fields, and the far stretching waters of Erie.

The form of the memorial is large and imposing, rising boldly 180 feet from the roadway. It is in shape a circular tower, fifty feet in diameter, elevated on broad high terraces. At the

represent the career of Garfield. The frieze on three sides of the porch has for subjects the career of Garfield as a teacher, a soldier, a statesman, and as President of the United States, the last one, on the south side, representing his body as lying in state. The life of Garfield was full of variety, and these the sculptor has skilfully reproduced.

The porch is entered through a wide and richly decorated portal, and within is a vestibule vaulted in stone, with a pavement of marble mosaic. Through this vestibule you approach the memorial temple or shrine, circular in form, and in the centre, on a marble paved dais, is a pedestal of Italian marble, on which stands a marble figure of Garfield, of heroic size, representing Garfield just risen from his chair in the Congress of the United States, and about to address the House of Representatives. Arranged in a circle around it is a series of eight massive, double granite columns, which support a dome, that forms a noble canopy over the statue. An ambulatory around these columns permits the spectator to survey the statue and the entire interior from all points. The dome is entirely inlaid with Venetian mosaic, emblematic of the sorrow of the American people. A circular aisle outside the row of columns is also vaulted and highly decorated, whilst over the entrance door on the inside are seated allegorical figures of "War," fully armed, and "Peace," holding the olive branch, typical of the labours of Garfield in the service of his country, both in camp and court, and underneath is this inscription:—

"Erected by a grateful Country in memory of James Abram Garfield, 20th President of the United States of America, scholar, soldier, statesman, patriot. Born 19th November, 1831; died September 19th, 1881."

In the crypt is the mortuary chapel where lie the mortal remains of Garfield in a bronze casket, resting undisturbed by the side of the mother he loved so well, in the blessed hope of reunion and immortal life beyond the tomb.

In one of the public squares to which most of the tram lines converge is a very fine monument to the soldiers who fell in battle. Cleveland 50 years since had 2,000 inhabitants; 30 years since it had increased to 47,000, and to-day it numbers at the least 347,000 citizens, so quickly and mightily has it grown.

Electricity is playing an important part in the working of American machinery, and is undergoing a rapid development of application. The evidences of electrical activity are much greater in the States than in England; every town is lighted up at night by electricity, and electric tram cars are being run everywhere, the cable car that was in general use six or seven years ago having been almost entirely superseded. There is such an amount of familiarity with things electrical evident, that it is no surprise to discover electricity being largely utilised wherever motive power is required. The Street Railway Company distribute electrical energy in small units. In photo-engraving work large establishments have found that electricity is an ideal power for their purposes. Other uses to which electric power has been applied are glass cutting, gem cutting, optical grinding, coffee machinery, printing, paint grinding, and so on. Thirty years ago, when telegraphy was practically the only recognised electrical industry, Cleveland was the headquarters of the Western Union Telegraph Company, the largest electrical corporation in the world. There, grew up shops for the manufacture of various telegraphic and electrical instruments and appliances. When Mr. Charles F. Brush had designed the dynamo machine and system of arc-lighting, which have made his name a household word, he entered into business relations with a concern in Cleveland for the manufacture and introduction of his inventions. From this beginning grew up the Brush Electric Company, at one time the principal establishment in the world engaged in the manufacture of electric lighting appliances. Cleveland has always been peculiarly a city of electric manufactures. Over 150,000 arc lamps are nightly burning in the streets and public places of American cities and towns, the product mainly of the Brush establishment. Nearly 30,000,000 arc-carbons were made by this company last year. In some of the principal American places of worship a plan of decorative electrical illumination has been adopted with good effect. In undertaking the illumination of an altar, a statue, or any special architectural feature, the artist contrives to bring out, by the aid of electrical lamps, the particular points which, for ecclesiastical or other reasons, it is desirable to emphasise.


Bosco has friends everywhere, and not the least kind we found

those in Cleveland. It was a sultry afternoon when we reached the home of one of these gentlemen—a quaint residence not far from the lake side. We found shelter from the burning rays of an almost tropical sun on a verandah shaded by flowering creepers that made the air heavy with the odour of their perfume. During my visit to the States I had many opportunities, and embraced them, of becoming acquainted with a large variety of essentially American drinks. They are divided into “short drinks,” including, amongst many more:—“Brandy Cocktail,” “Manhattan,” “Martini,” “Pick-me-up,” “Rye Cocktail,” and “Leave it to Willy.” I am not quite clear about the last; I left the choice so regularly to Bosco that I don’t quite know what he left to Willy. Then there were the “long drinks,” at very short intervals, for which the hot weather was entirely responsible:—“Sherry Cobbler,” “Whiskey Sling,” and others were tried in turn, but in the end we remained true to our first love, “Gin Fizz,” and never did we enjoy it more than under the roof of Mr. Hart; our heartiest thanks to you, good friend, for all your kindness.

A well appointed carriage and pair stood waiting in which our friends took us for a long and most enjoyable drive, passing again along Euclid, an avenue of fine residences. It was pointed out to us that the “Bobs” of the city dwelt on one side and the “Nabobs” on the other, and the somewhat striking difference in the size of the houses and grounds was quite apparent. There are scores of miles of these homes. Cleveland claims that it possesses more homes than any other city in the United States.

They are much the same in character here as those in Philadelphia already described. The same verandah on which sway to and fro the indispensable rocking chair, protected by jasmine, muffled and rose-laden lattices; genial bowers, over which the branches of the velvet foliage creep, and where sunny hours for ever smile. The purple surf of rhododendrons in full flower forms a pleasing contrast to the milk white thorns, powdered with Summer Snow, and the carol of the song bird filters through orchard trees where but yesterday the apple blossom scented the air. Lawns of unfading verdure have backgrounds of aspiring fir trees and shadowy pines, and the lightest airiest breezes bear on the soft gale, the hum of the honey laden bee, the fragrance of the open rose and the perfume of hidden violets.

CHAPTER XV.—BUFFALO AND NIAGARA.

HE country between Cleveland and Buffalo, our next resting place, is interesting. Soon after leaving the city we passed under the shade of grand old trees, and hurried, for a short time, in view of Erie's transparent lake, "where swiftly glide, like fluttering birds, a thousand little ships;" as the light wind made tiny wavelets in which the gleam of the sunshine smiled and turned into crinkled gold. The splendour of the sky, the tinted trees, embellished with beautiful foliage, from out which, borne on the soft ripple of some vagrant breeze, there came a hint of paradise, entranced us. Farms and groves dotted hill and vale; the gold and rose of the sunset lay like a benediction on the smiling scene. The cows came lowing up the lanes, ringing their mellow toned bells. Woodland pools lay unruffled like patches of sky. The birds chanted their vesper hymn, and the brook sang as it tripped over its pebbly bed, and over all, lit with bright flashes, lay a film of golden gauze.

The scenery is very diversified; you come almost suddenly upon an amphitheatre of spruce, whose tall heads rise up in terraced evenness, through whose intricacies narrow roadways lead to a picturesque homestead perched in some sheltered niche on the hillside, from whence we could detect a thin white smoke shaft, rising as a spectral spiral pillar, seeking to link the earth with the sky. Orchards abound, and bright gardens in which blossomed many an incense bearing tree. It seemed as though when autumn came it would be a land of golden fruit, of crimson tinted roses, where all day long you may hear the buzz of honey-sucking bees, and watch the feathered songsters fly.

The long long day was nearly done, the evening shadows were beginning to veil the mountain crests, a few fireflies by the track side struck their spectral sparks, and as we neared some country station the stillness was broken by the bark of the restless watch-dog. I remember

before reaching Buffalo we passed through a densely wooded country, whether forest or thickly tangled woodland I know not. In the densest part, where the moon shone on the higher branches of the trees, they looked like grey crested phantoms, with plumed helmets gracefully nodding a recognition to some wandering air.

If I could remember half the tales I heard in America this book would not suffice to contain them all. I think it may have been about



BUFFALO LIBRARY.

this time that a fellow traveller told us of a clergyman who had a very large and wide parish, the remote parts of which he could only visit at long intervals. He was asked to baptize a child on a day fixed a month ahead, but being in the neighbourhood in a fortnight he called, thinking to save a return journey. He found it too soon; child still unborn. Could this expected child be the little girl I heard of who, on being questioned by her father about the sermon, replied, "I only remember he said 'Paul planted and had Apollinaris water?'"

Buffalo, at the source of the Niagara river, has a population of over 300,000. It is famous as the western terminus of the Erie Canal, and also as the chief eastern port of lake navigation. It is situated 22 miles from the Falls. It is the terminus of the great trunk lines of road, both east and west, as well as being the terminus of the great

roads that reach the vast lumber, coal, and oil fields of Pennsylvania, which make it the outlet of the most valuable and productive coal, oil, and lumber supplies in the world.

During the past decade Buffalo has grown and improved as never before in its history. It is the largest coal distributing point in the world, its receipts in 1890 being $6\frac{1}{2}$ million tons. It is the largest sheep market, the largest fresh fish market, and the second largest wheat and cattle sales market in the world. Buffalo has forty-five grain elevators, with a storage capacity for



CITY AND COUNTY HALL.

thirteen million, eight hundred thousand bushels of grain.

The city covers an area of forty-two square miles. It has nineteen miles of water front. A fine system of water works supplies the city with water from the Niagara. Buffalo has more miles of street asphalt pavement than any other city in the world. Its park system, embracing

over five hundred acres in three principal parks, is connected by eighteen miles of double road, tree-lined boulevard. Buffalo is one of the greatest centres in the world for the manufacture of railway cars, flour mill machinery; agricultural implements, hardware, soap, starch, malt, and beer; for meat packing and lard and oil refining; is one of the largest centres in the world for lithographic printing, map and photo engraving, show and railroad printing—employing more than two thousand skilled workmen in these arts.

Among Buffalo's fine public buildings are its granite City and County Hall and Buffalo Library. Buffalo has one of the most celebrated crematoriums in the country. It is a very cosmopolitan city, having, besides its predominant American and German elements, about fifty thousand Poles, thirty thousand Italians, and smaller colonies of other nationalities. Buffalo has given two presidents to the United States—Millard Fillmore and Grover Cleveland.

One of the keenest observers of the growth of the west, Frank Wilkerson, wrote recently concerning the prospects of Buffalo, as follows:—“As I look forward to Buffalo's future, I am not at all certain that Chicago will be the largest city on the Lakes. I strongly incline to believe that the Erie Canal will eventually draw to Buffalo the commerce of a region which living men will see inhabited by 25,000,000 people, the larger portion of whom will be producers of primary products, and all of whom will be large consumers of coal and iron. If Buffalo secures this trade—and she can—then Buffalo and not Chicago will be the second American city.”

That this prediction is not too roseate nor chimerical can be seen from a consideration of the plans for Buffalo's future, in the stupendous and magnificent scheme of tapping the enormous water power of Niagara Falls, now wasted, by a tunnel, and bringing it to Buffalo. Who can foretell the immense changes that this innovation will bring about?

Our object in going to Buffalo was to make it a base for seeing Niagara, which is distant some 20 miles by rail. We left as early as convenient in the morning; the day was bright, almost cloudless. Our way lay through miles upon miles of orchards, the air perfumed with the fragrance of apple trees then in full blossom, an earnest of a rich autumnal

fruitage. A seamless carpet from nature's loom, soft as velvet, bright and green as the sheen of an emerald, spread out on each side of the railway track. To the right rose gently sloping hills adorned with spring verdure. Herds of cattle were seeking their daily food in the meadows, and horses, startled by the rush of our train, tossed their heads, and with an impatient neigh and flying mane scampered in circles round the fields. The land was enriched at intervals by the bright shining of limpid brooks, whose crystal waters as they thread their way to the river embroider the earth, making melody soft and sweet with the music of their silver song as they laughingly purl through the reeds.

To the left runs the placid Niagara River, calm, broad, majestic. Along the borders of this water-way are fascinating vistas of water and woods. Brimful to its banks it finds its way through fertile meadows. The clear smooth gliding water reproduces with mirror-like fidelity the expanded boughs and leafy arches of the forest trees that line its further bank. On the bank near us—and we run a long way by the river side—the stream drifts into shallows, round which bending willows dip to see their image in the stream, and so the never ending flood slips along, through quiet stretches of velvet meads, leaving behind the babbling brook still polishing the pebbles and dancing in the bright sunbeams, but the laughing river flows on, by day and night, cool and clear and deep, slowly loitering through the meadows as if to catch the warmth and gladness of the sunshine, and then hastening on it seems to reflect with sadness the glancing quiver of the sunbeams that play upon its face. At it nears the Falls the hurry ever increases, and—

Then, leaping like a thing possessed,

A demon struck with madness;

* * * * *

From rock to rock a foaming swirl,

Of waters sweeping down;

From bank to bank a seething whirl,

A curling torrent brown,

* * * * *

Till prisoned in a depthless pool,

With many a rippling quiver,

Again serene, 'neath shadows cool,

Flows on the peaceful river."

The Niagara River, one of the shortest but one of the most famous rivers in the world, is a part of the system by which the

waters of the Great Lakes are carried to the ocean. Its entire length is only thirty-six miles—twenty-two miles from Lake Erie to the Falls, and fourteen miles from the Falls to Lake Ontario.

The Niagara River is merely one link in the chain which conducts the waters of Lake Superior to the Atlantic. When it leaves Lake Ontario it is the River St. Lawrence, through the mouth of which more fresh water pours into the ocean than through the mouth, probably, of any one river in the world.

The sources of Niagara River are Lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan, and Erie, which, along with several smaller lakes and one hundred rivers, large and small, drain a country of more than one hundred and fifty thousand square miles, the drainage of half a continent, whose remotest springs are two thousand miles from the ocean.

The average depth of the river from Lake Erie to the Falls is about twenty feet. In some places it is over two miles wide. At the narrowest point, near the Whirlpool, the current is above forty miles per hour, and at the widest part about four miles per hour. Between the Falls and the Whirlpool the depth varies from seventy-five to two hundred feet. At the Whirlpool Rapids it is estimated at two hundred and fifty feet; in the Whirlpool at four hundred.

Various estimates have been given of the amount of water going over the Falls; one estimate says that one hundred million tons pass through the Whirlpool every hour.

The chain of the Great Lakes, the inexhaustible source of the power, is unaffected by floods or droughts, the surface height of the Niagara River is practically the same at all times, and the lake water which constitutes the stream is of the purest quality.

The proposal to utilize the vast water power of Niagara, without injury to the Falls, or encroachment on the State Reservation, has for some time past assumed a practical shape.

The utilization of Niagara River power has been sought since 1825, but no considerable use was made of it until 1846, when a hydraulic canal was constructed. In 1886 the late Thomas Evershed, engineer of New York State canals, proposed a scheme, practically on the lines which have since been adopted, *i.e.*, a subterranean tunnel, or

tail-race, extending from a point on the river above the Falls to a point near the surface below the Falls. The project stood still for a time, as is often the case with great enterprises, but on July 19, 1897, a syndicate of business men and speculators of Buffalo offered a prize of one hundred thousand dollars "to the inventors of the world, for the best appliance for utilizing the water power of Niagara River." Nobody ever met the requirements, and the prize was never awarded.

In 1890 the great work was taken hold of in earnest, and a contract was signed between the Niagara Falls Power Company and the Cataract Construction Company. The former Company has all the powers for taking water from the Niagara River, passing the water through race-ways and tunnels, and furnishing the power derived to mills and factories. Niagara Falls is undoubtedly destined to be a great manufacturing as well as distributing point.

No commercial enterprise is likely ever to mar the beauty of Niagara by these great water projects, or lessen the enjoyment of the visitor there.

The drain upon the main river by the tunnel is not worth considering. The divergence of water to the extent of many hundred thousand horse-power would not be noted. Fluctuations in the amount of water, caused by the wind setting the water of the lake back, or driving more water into the river, amounts to far more than any possible utilization of the water for power can produce.

Sir William Thomson, familiar with the Falls of Niagara through frequent visits, was probably the first person to suggest the distribution electrically of the water power at Niagara.

Glendower's vaunted ability to evoke "spirits from the vasty deep" would find few hesitant Hotspurs in these nineteenth century days, when Niagara, she of the "thundering sound," is to be robbed of an infinitesimal portion of her waters, and denuded of a fraction of her mighty mysterious force, and this without apparent diminution of volume. A by no means exaggerated estimate of the constant force of the water passing over Niagara would place it in the vicinity of 7,000,000 horse-power, *i.e.*, at least double all existing power in use in the entire United States.

As an indication of the progress made in "harnessing Niagara" for use at distant points, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the great American orator, made a successful attempt to girdle the earth with electricity generated by the power of Niagara Falls on May 7, whilst we were in the States. His message was telegraphed from Madison Square Garden over 24,000 miles of cable, and received again in the same room in a few minutes, making an electric tour of the world; and so the prediction of Puck in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in 40 minutes," has been literally fulfilled.

An entertaining book—a good sized one too—might be made out of the adventures and misadventures which have happened at Niagara Falls. A belief existed among the Indians, it is said, that Niagara demands a yearly sacrifice of two human victims. Careless people have fallen from the cliffs, insane people have jumped from the bridges, foolhardy people have been drawn over the Falls through venturing too near on the stream above. No one has ever passed over the Falls and lived.

The story of Sam Patch has long been a Niagara classic. The pioneer of jumping exploits was born in Rhode Island about 1807. He was successively a sailor, a cotton spinner, and an athlete. When about twenty years old he jumped from a new bridge at Paterson, N.J., into the Passaic, a distance of about eighty feet. He repeated this jump several times from the bridge and the high cliffs, and became locally famous. In the autumn of 1829 he came to Niagara. He selected a spot on the footpath under Goat Island. Here he put up a ladder, the bottom resting on the edge of the river, the top inclining over it. It was stayed by ropes to the trees on the bank. A small platform was built at the top, ninety-seven feet above the water, which is about fifty feet deep at that place. Patch made two jumps from this staging, and was witnessed by big crowds. From Niagara Sam went to Rochester, and from the edge of the Upper Genesee Falls jumped—into the next world.

Greater than Patch was Blondin. In June, 1859, Blondin got his wire rope stretched across the chasm from White's old pleasure ground. His first advertised walk was on June 30, 1859. He astonished the crowd by performing many gymnastic feats, and when in the centre of the rope lowered a cord to the old steamer, *Maid of the Mist*, from

which he drew up a bottle and took a drink. Never before, or since, has any attraction drawn such crowds to Niagara as Blondin's rope performances at this time. It was August 17, 1859, when he did the astonishing feat of carrying Harry Calcourt across the rope on his back. On August 24 Blondin crossed the rope chained hand and foot. On his return he carried a stove to the middle of the river, made a fire, and turning French cook made an omelette and sent it down to the deck of the steamer *Maid of the Mist* to be eaten. His greatest feat was thought to be in carrying the man across on his back. Since Blondin's time several people have crossed the Niagara gorge on a tight rope, but none have approached him in daring exploits.

Of late years there have been many other performances at Niagara of a sensational character, from the throwing of a dummy man from the railway suspension bridge, which for a time made many people who saw it think a man had fallen into the river, to the wild hazard undertaken by Robinson in 1861, or the tragic bravery of Captain Webb.

Joel Robinson's trip with the steamer *Maid of the Mist* has been world-famous ever since he achieved it in 1861. The *Maid* was built to ply as an excursion steamer at the foot of the Falls. The business did not pay, and it was decided to hazard a trip to Lewiston, seven miles, for the purpose of selling her. The fearful trip was accomplished, and quickly, too, though with much injury to the boat. It is related of Robinson, who died a few years later, that he came home from the trip looking twenty years older than when he set out.

The Whirlpool is not far behind the Falls themselves in adventurous interest. In 1811 a dare-devil British soldier, who was logging near the Whirlpool, got afloat on a log, and was carried about in the pool for several hours, finally making land in safety.

There is no record of any attempted boat passage through the Whirlpool before Robinson made it in 1861, nor was there any for several years following. Then an era of Whirlpool-fooling set in.

In 1887 Charles A. Percy made a successful trip through the Whirlpool Rapids in a lifeboat of his own construction. Several would-be imitators of his feat, however, perished, and since 1888 no "lifeboat" has been tested in the Whirlpool Rapids.

Captain Matthew Webb, the great English swimmer, undertook to swim down the Whirlpool Rapids, and through the Whirlpool, July 24, 1883. How far he went alive is not known. His body was recovered four days after at Lewiston.

August 22, 1886, a Boston policeman named Kendall, (bravo! Kendall) wearing a life preserver, actually swam—or was borne by the current—through the Whirlpool Rapids and across the Whirlpool, where he managed to reach the shore, exhausted.

Less daring souls have navigated the Whirlpool snugly hidden in great barrels built for the purpose, but these feats bear no comparison with those I have mentioned.

Father Hennepin, a missionary amongst the Iroquois, published in 1678 "A description of the fall of the River Niagara, which is to be seen betwixt the Lake Ontario and that of Erie," of which I quote a part:—

"Betwixt the Lake Ontario and Erie there is a vast and prodigious Cadence of Water, which falls down after a surprizing and astonishing manner, insomuch that the Universe does not afford its Parallel.

"This wonderful Downfall is compounded of two cross streams of Water, and two Falls, with an isle sloping along the middle of it. The Waters which fall from this horrible Precipice do foam and boyl after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous Noise, more terrible than that of Thunder; for when the Wind blows out of the South, their dismal roaring may be heard more than Fifteen Leagues off.

"From the great Fall, which is to the West of the River, the two brinks of it are so prodigious high, that it would make one tremble to look steadily upon the Water, rolling along with a rapidity not to be imagin'd. Were it not for this vast Cataract, which interrupts Navigation, they might sail with Barks, or greater Vessels, more than Four hundred and fifty Leagues, crossing the Lake of Hurons, and reaching even to the further end of the Lake Illinois, which two Lakes we may easily say are little Seas of fresh water."

Hennepin was the priest and historian who accompanied the French explorer, Robert Cavalier, commonly called La Salle.

No visit to Niagara is complete that does not include a trip on

the *Maid of the Mist*. She is the third *Maid of the Mist* which has plied as a ferry on the Niagara below the Falls. The first was built in 1846, and in 1854 was replaced by the second, on which, in the spring of 1861, Joel Robinson made his perilous trip to Lewiston. The task of rowing a boat across the boiling Niagara looks like a perilous one; but the experienced rivermen, by taking advantage of currents, and by knowing the signs of the river, do not find it very heavy navigation.



VIEW FROM THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, SHEWING INCLINED RAILWAY
AND "MAID OF THE MIST."

The best general view of the Falls is certainly from the Canadian side. The most effective view of the Horseshoe is from the Canadian edge of the Fall—the most effective, that is, for sublimity and grandeur.

The Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park borders the river on the Canadian side, and extends along the western bank of the Niagara from

the head of the Rapids to Queenstown, embracing all the land lying between the water's edge and the steep wooded bluffs, the wild pocket in the hill which holds the Whirlpool, Foster's Flats, skirting one of the wildest rapids in the river, Cedar Island and Dufferin Islands, and seven miles of the most picturesque but least known parts of the Niagara gorge.

The first sight of Niagara was, to me, as to many others, disappointing; the fact is that the spectacle is so sublime and overwhelming that the mind, unable to grasp it, cannot adjust itself all at once to a scale so tremendous, and so the impression fails. If seen first from the Canadian side, I think the impression would be very different. Niagara is not the only place where high-pitched expectations fail of full realization. I remember that in my first visit to St. Peter's at Rome, the immense square in front, the towering height of the Vatican, and the vast extent of the buildings that rise by its side seemed to dwarf the façade; but when you enter the noble fane all this is changed, and you realize at once the grandeur of the temple. So with the Pyramids, for exactly the opposite reason, they are so lonely, so absolutely isolated, nothing near with which to measure their bulk; it is only when you have encompassed their base, or climbed to the summit of Cheops, and then stood awhile in reverential contemplation, that you are struck with their immensity, and hushed into something akin to awe, as you seek back, back, until the historic taper grows dim and well-nigh exhausted in the search for their origin.

It was not until we had reached the middle of the upper Suspension Bridge that I formed any true conception of the exceeding grandeur of the Falls. Bosco had more than once visited them; his impressions, ideas, and conclusion had been already fixed. I did not attempt to dislodge them. The American side, as I have said, is least calculated to impress the visitor for the first time with the beauty and sublimity of the prospect; this is partly because of the distances and width of the panorama that lies spread before one, but chiefly I think because the general formation necessitates their being seen from the centre, or below, or from the western side.

The Suspension Bridge, just below the American Fall, by which

we crossed, is said to be the longest suspension bridge in the world, the distance from shore to shore being one thousand two hundred and sixty-eight feet. Fine views all round are obtained from this vantage ground, which is elevated almost two hundred feet above the river level.

The height of the Falls above the level of the water in the river is:—American Fall, 167 feet; Horseshoe Fall, 158 feet. The amount of water passing over the Falls of course varies with the height of the river. The average has been estimated at 18 million cubic feet per minute, of which fully two thirds pass over the Horseshoe Fall. The width of the Horseshoe is about 2,350 feet, and the American Fall about 800 feet. The deep green colour of the water is due to the depth. In 1827 the *Michigan*, a vessel condemned as unseaworthy, was purchased and sent over the Falls. She drew 18 feet, and filled with water as she went through the Rapids. As she went over the brink without touching, the depth of the water was proved to be 20 feet. The Canadian Rapids run at the rate of 28 miles an hour.

The roar of the Falls can be heard a long way if the wind blows towards the listener. It has been heard at Toronto, forty-four miles, and at Buffalo, twenty-two miles away. The spray rises up in the heavens like smoke, and can be seen for almost incredible distances, especially when the rays of the sun are upon it. Solar bows, "whose arch is refraction, its keystone the sun," formed by the refraction and reflection of the sun's light on the spray, can be seen on any bright day when the visitor is between the sun and the spray.

Some of my readers, who have the misfortune to be of my age, may remember the late Charles Mathews in his inimitable portraiture of Sir Charles Coldstream in "Used up;" when suffering from an excess of "ennui," it was suggested to him to climb Vesuvius. He replied he had already been there and looked into the "Cratar," there was nothing in it. A trip to Niagara, the greatest falls in the world, was hinted at, as a likely means of affording relief. "Ah, no," he said, "I have been there as well, but I found nothing in them, nothing in them." Well, I had the advantage of Sir Charles, I found a vast deal in them; the unvarying, ponderous, unspeakably solemn voice of that mighty flood found its way into my soul, and still holds it spellbound with an

irresistible fascination that cannot be shaken off; for me the thunder of the deep diapason, the eternal bass of nature's sublimist organ, will echo along life's road until the last stream is reached.

We finished our visit to the Falls of Niagara at a spot where perhaps we ought to have started, viz.:—Prospect Park, on the American side. This park is very largely left in its natural state. The old timber is exceptionally fine; it is a spot embowered by ancient trees, gnarled and hoary. There are magnificent oaks with far spreading branches, whose centuried trunks, with their lichen and moss covering, are enwrapped as with a cloak. We spent our last hour at Niagara in Prospect Park.



THE AMERICAN FALL.

We sat for awhile, in the heat of mid-day, 'neath the cool shady coverts of whispering trees, whose leaves ever and anon were lifted up to shake hands with the rover breeze as it came to woo and flee again.

But our last view, and the one that most vividly remains, was from the parapet. The rush and roar of the magnificent cataract, falling within a few feet of where we sat in mute contemplation, commanded reverence and enforced silence. It is an old saying that "familiarity breeds contempt;" this should not apply to Niagara, one of its great charms is that it does grow upon you, the sense of its incomparable grandeur must ever increase. It is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; Bosco, even in that solemn hour, could not restrain his buoyant spirits. He told me of a Yankee, I almost think he said a friend, who, looking at the picture then before us, exclaimed "There's nothing in that!! the water is up there and it's got to come down. If it ran up the other way, it would be something to look at." This reminds me of the story, that has done duty for many years, of the man who, having been born and lived all his life near the Falls, seems to prove that familiarity does breed contempt. Having read Southey's well known verses on Lodore:—

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling.
Here smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting strong:
* * * * *

Dividing and gliding and sliding
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, tumbling, and toiling and boiling,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
* * * * *

And in this way the water comes down at Lodore.

He naturally became anxious to see the falls so graphically described, and compare them with his own Niagara. The time came, the Atlantic storms were left behind and an entrance gained to the peaceful hills and dales of the Lake district, the home of poets and the land of sunshine and raindrops; where water falls in slender silvery lines or tumbles about occasionally in mimic cascades. The visitor sought diligently, but found not Lodore—I am not surprised at that. Weary and footsore by his fruitless wanderings in the hills, he sat down on a bank, and seeing

an inhabitant approach—they are very scarce about there—he addressed him, saying:—"I have come over 4,000 miles to see your famous cataract; tell me, my friend, where are the great waters of Lodore?" Judge of the pilgrim's astonishment when his newly found friend replied:—"Why you be a sitting on Lodore; they're all right are these Falls when the rain comes, but it is'n't very regular."

I know these Falls well, I have spent many happy days in the comfortable hotel at their foot. My first experience was not unlike our American friend. The Falls were exceptionally thirsty; the ascent of the rocky ladder, if not exactly easy, was at any rate free from moisture. On the flat surface of a huge boulder I espied a sheet of paper; disdaining peril I risked my life to gain it, and what think you was written thereon—"Remember me, Jones, from Preston." The paper was held in place by a penny, which, needless to say, I appropriated. Never was immortality so cheaply bought; forty harvest moons have since then waxed and waned, but Jones lives on and will ever remain in my memory as one of the seekers after Lodore—I shall never forget Jones.

It would not be quite fair to leave the impression that Lodore is for ever thus. I have climbed that rocky gorge, with its mountain spurs rising up precipitous sheer above; the topmost summits seemed to pierce the sky with their jagged crests. Huge dark fantastic rocks lay deep below, forming gloomy stony cauldrons in which the foaming water bubbled and boiled. All around, above and below, are scattered in bewildering confusion giant boulders, smooth faced with the resistless polish of ages, or glistening beneath the coverlet of the unceasing crystal tide. Granite bastions project from the sides, and at the sky line the ragged rocks stand out as some fair castle with its shining coronal of towers. High up almost out of sight comes down from the mountain top, a limpid stream, leaping from ledge to ledge on its downward course, and tossed into clouds of spray that sparkle like pellucid pearls or flashing diamonds 'neath the rays of the Autumn sun. Velvety carpets of moss clothe the projecting crags, which hold up on high—but with an unstable grip—the tall slight treelets that climb upward to drink the early dew and kiss the morning sunbeams. Ferns

and polypodes nestle in the shade, and modest wild flowers are born and bloom and die, always retiring, and often unseen, hid away from sight in the clefts that scar the face of this lonely gully.

But I am wandering. Kind reader forgive me inflicting "memories of Lodore," but they were written on the spot in company with Bosco's friend and mine, the "Archangel Michael." I am sorry they are not more worthy of my dear old friend and companion on that early Autumn day.

When we first came in sight of Niagara on that lovely May morning, the spray in the centre of the "Horseshoe" was rising much higher than the Falls. The sun was struggling bravely and successfully to pierce the intervening mist, and was tracing a bright belt of pale pure emerald above the granite ridge of the huge rock buttress, that vainly strives to impede the progress of the headlong river over which its surging waters leap and fall.

Standing at the extremity of the rampart that protects Prospect Park from the encroachment of the hurrying waters, you see at once that the American Fall runs in an almost straight line, and forms a strong contrast to the graceful curve of the Canadian Fall. From where we stood the visitor can almost gather handfuls of crystal gems that rise and fall in liquid plumage—glorious in the reflected rays of the heavenly monarch, who by this time had driven his fiery chariot on high beyond the bounds of cloudland.

Below you can easily trace the flow of the green water that tumbles over the Horseshoe and the brown torrent that topples over the American Fall—and as you gaze in silent admiration you think of the growth of this mighty power, of the flush of the streams onflowing; you listen, in fancy, to the tiny rills that make dulcet music, and watch the cattle drink in reedy streams that meander through meadows rich and green; and you picture the furious reach in some river hemmed in by resistless barriers as it rushes headlong through narrow and picturesque canons, and anon tired with its restless fury it loiters tranquilly through the lowlands, singing in gentle cadence on its way to the saltless and tideless seas. Concentrated at this one point come all the stores of these vast lakes, hurled in one stupendous

volume down Niagara's steeps, yet hidden by a bridal veil of starry spray, decked with the flash of many a rainbow gem, and then onward bounds the froth of the white rapids, as in foaming breakers they rush headlong against huge rock barriers that impatiently, but foolishly defy their course. On, on, through treacherous whirlpools and fathomless pools until the waters, worn out by tumult and conflict, glide into the peaceful rest of some still backwater that underlies the shadowy bank — or, bidding them all good bye, the river flows down, down, 'neath the changeful sky to the deep and changeless ocean.

Since finishing my "impressions" of Niagara, for the most part written on the spot, I have met with a poem which describes the Falls in language of far greater beauty than any at my command. I am sure no apology is necessary for



RAPIDS, BELOW THE FALLS.

reprinting here a few verses therefrom, of such lofty grandeur:—

* * * * *

“No fleet can stop thy progress, no armies bid thee stay,
But onward—onward—onward—thy march still holds its way;
The rising mists that veil thee as thy heralds go before,
And the music that proclaims thee is the thund'ring cataract's roar.

Thy diadem's an emerald, of the clearest, purest, hue,
Set round with waves of snow-white foam and spray of feathery dew ;
While tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thine ample sheet,
And the rainbow lays its gorgeous gems in tribute at thy feet.

Thy reign is from the ancient days, thy sceptre from on high ;
Thy birth was when the distant stars first lit the glowing sky ;
The sun, the moon, and all the orbs that shine upon thee now,
Beheld the wreath of glory which first bound thine infant brow.

And from that hour to this, in which I gaze upon thy stream,
From age to age, in winter's frost, or summer's sultry beam,
By day, by night, without a pause, thy waves, with loud acclaim,
In ceaseless sounds have still proclaimed the great Eternal's name."

* * * * *

—*Buckingham.*



CHAPTER XVI.—THROUGH MASSACHUSETTS.

IT was a glorious May afternoon when we left Buffalo—indeed, beyond a tropical downpour during our stay in New Orleans, which came and went within the hour, those glorious western skies scarce cast a shadow and never shed a tear on our path. The scenery from Buffalo to Boston is the most diversified and beautiful we passed through. As we emerge from the City of Buffalo we pass by the side of suburban residences surrounded by trim, well kept, and deliciously scented gardens, in which old-fashioned flowers grow in profusion, making a paradise of enchantment for bees, butterflies, and birds. Under the influence of a gentle breeze the dark pines waved their topmost plumes, whilst the plants, fresh with the delicate green of early May, and the fragrant flowers, seemed to bend as though in sign of worship to their Creator.

We passed along by the side of well tilled farms, with comfortable farmhouses peering out from among the trees. The railway stretches away before us, often without curve or deflection as far as the eye can reach, and the motion of the train is so easy, that it is hardly felt, as we fly along through sweet grass country, where the roads wind over gentle slopes, through wooded pastures, and by the side of purling streams that are dappled by the shadows.

From the distaff of the sun, beams, bright, brilliant, and beautiful, were flowing down, a warp of glory, on innumerable rills, feeders of the larger streams, weaving over the landscape a mesh of golden threads. As we proceed eastward we gain somewhat higher ground, passing through meadows in which but yesterday the sunny cowslips smiled a dream of gold, and the cows are now ringing their mellow-toned bells. At intervals a brightly-painted cottage—some of these homesteads are painted a bright vermilion—breaks in sight, surrounded by a quaint garden bordered by syringo trees, with an outpost built as a rustic arbour, hid beneath the perfumed trail of the woodbine.

We passed through woodlands in which towered many a majestic forest giant, with head erect and arms outstretched, as if eager to bestow a benediction on the passing traveller. The whistle and rush of our passing train startled many a bird, as it was weaving to and fro amongst the walls of green and roofs of green, through which we sped. The branches were swinging gently and the leaves rippling lightly, stirred into life by the music of some wandering breeze. We were running away from Erie and Ontario, those vast unsalted seas, but we passed many a pool and lakelet, on whose calm face we could detect the image of an occasional shy cloudlet that came wandering by, sailing like a silent film twixt earth and sky.

Before we reached Syracuse nature had sung her twilight song, that wonderful melody when every sunset ray is a music bar, and every note is an evening star. The sun had dropped down in the west, drowned in a sea of gold. As the daylight faded the moss-rimmed pools became more shadowy; the tired cattle were gathered in the fold; the idle zephyr ceased its whispering; the winged wanderers had found their moss-lined nests; the wind had become more drowsy and the brook more sleepy; the far free reaches of the sky had lost their bands of blue and gold; nature had once more spread her mantle in dusky folds across the unfathomed silence of the sky, decorated on that night with the silver shell of the new moon and jewelled with the golden hue of the jessamine stars.

Our stay at Syracuse was sufficiently long for the enjoyment of a good supper and the inspection of the new and important railway station then in course of erection by our sometime travelling companion, Mr. Stewart. The railroad track here runs through the centre of the town, apparently (it was dark) along the centre of the main street and without the slightest protection. We had had a long tiring day, even pleasure is oft-times labour. On that night, I know, we welcomed the darkness; it brought balm to our eyes, weary as they were with the garish day. The veiling shadows had brought in their palms the poppy seeds of slumber, whilst the patient stars kept sleepless watch over us on the far off ramparts above.


During the night we passed through the important town or city

of Albany, and over the midnight hills enwrapped in robes of trailing darkness. I awoke about four o'clock the next morning. I am not clear about the State we were then journeying through; I think it must have been Massachusetts, at any rate I know the names of several stations ended with the word "field," Pittsfield, Westfield, Springfield, &c., although I don't remember any with the happy omened name of "Bloomfield," which I suggest is an omission. There was no part of our journey in the States I enjoyed so much as this; for four hours I drank in to the full the delights of this charming country, whilst Bosco on a shelf on the other side of the sleeping car was drinking in "a little more sleep and a little more slumber," and pouring forth notes ponderous if not sonorous, which suffered in comparison with the matutinal trill of the early lark.

When I raised the blinds of the cupboard in which I rested, for me the short night had gone, the daylight was coming on apace; the night winds were lingering whilst they sighed their last melancholy melody. The sky grew brighter and the last pale stars became fainter, save the morning star, that fair pledge of coming day, which waited to crown the smiling morn; mists and vapours were rising out of the valleys and rolling up the hillsides.

I lay there 'neath a pensive spell—a waking dream that comes but seldom in a life. The frail crescent boat of the moon had sailed down into the margin of the west and the shoals of stars had ceased their twinkling unrest. It was not long ere the gray mists rose from the valley and lifted their shrouds from the hillsides, the light fleecy clouds that had wrapped the mountains in a mantle of white. The sun with seemingly a lothful beginning of his day's journey, gazing far out over the hill tops, purpled in sombre lines the first faint flush in the East. As the purple brightened it was in turn chased away by the warm fire of the topaz, until at length a shower of flashing arrows dipped in gold were shot from above the crag-crowned hills. The morn, young and fair, was donning a rosy pallium jewelled with diamond dews.

This portion of our journey brought to mind the most beautiful parts of North Wales. The hills rise up in terraces until the topmost peaks reach above the timber line. These hill sides, we were told, are



clothed by the wood anemone, the sweet little blue berry of the Scottish Highlands, the fern, the Alpine edelweiss, the bridal flower of the Swiss mountaineer, and the heather that reminds the sons and daughters of bonnie Scotland of their native land, and many another brilliant-hued flower adds beauty to the scene.

Jagged heights, crags, and bleak, barren hills, motionless and eternally changeless, save for the flight of a shadow or the flame of a sunset ;




THROUGH MASSACHUSETTS.

irregular peaks running back, tell plainly of violent eruptions in the day of some great upheaval far back in the dim misty ages of antiquity, and here and there, loftier than the rest, a stern and sleepless sentinel, stands some grim mountain, keeping perpetual watch and ward over the valley.

From the railway, clinging as it were to the mountain side, we look down to the right upon the valley and the beautiful river that now roars through a narrow defile, and anon spreads out so wide as to

CHAPTER XVII.—BOSTON.

HE town was named in honour of the men of old Boston in Lincolnshire, and was selected as the centre and metropolis of the Massachusetts colony. During the year 1630 as many as fifteen hundred persons came from England. In ten years not less than twenty thousand had been brought over. At the very beginning of the settlement, a general court, the first in America, was held in Boston; and in 1632 it was formerly declared to be "the fittest place for public meetings of any place in the Bay." In Boston was first established the principle of educating the people at public cost.

Boston was, from the beginning, a commercial town. Before it was a year old, shipbuilding had begun, and trade was soon after started with the sister colonies, first with Virginia; at the opening of the eighteenth century it was probably the largest and wealthiest town in America. John Josselyn, who was there in 1674 or 1675 found the town "rich and very populous," the streets "many and large, paved with pebble stone, and the south side adorned with gardens and orchards." Twenty-five years later, Edward Ward, a Londoner, with an exuberant fancy, wrote in a different vein. He also found the houses "in some parts joynd as in London:" "the buildings, like their women, being neat and handsome," and the streets "like the hearts of their male inhabitants," paved with pebbles.

A most discriminating observer was Daniel Neal, whose book on Boston appeared in 1719. "The conversation of this town," he testified, "is as polite as in most of the cities and towns in England; many of their merchants having travelled into Europe; and those that stay at home having the advantage of a free conversation with travellers; so that a gentleman from London would almost think himself at home at Boston when he observed the number of people, their houses, their furniture, their tables, their dress and conversation, which perhaps is as splendid and

showy as that of the most considerable tradesman in London." He also noted the well-patronized booksellers' shops and the five printing-presses then in the town, generally full of work; and he declared that "Humanity and the knowledge of letters flourished more here than in all the other English plantations put together."

Boston seems to have been the centre of rebellion against British rule, which culminated in the Declaration of Independence at the end of the eighteenth century. The "Boston Tea Party," famous in song and story, took place on the 16th December, 1773.

British commerce having been crippled by the persistent refusal of the Colonists to import taxed commodities, Parliament in 1770 removed the tax imposed in the Acts of 1767 on all articles except tea, retaining it on that "to keep up the right of taxing." Thereupon the Colonists resolved not to use or receive taxed tea. When, in 1773, the King having concluded to "try the question with America," it was learned that several cargoes, shipped by the East India Company, were on the way, it was determined they should not be allowed to land in Boston. The tea was consigned to "Commissioners," leading merchants of the town, and on the night of November 1st, summonses were left at the houses to these men demanding their appearance at the Liberty Tree publicly, to resign their commissions. None responding, and each, when personally called upon, refusing to resign, a legal town meeting was held and the resignations were formally demanded. Again they were refused. On the 18th report was received that the tea-ships were nearing the coast. Then a second meeting was held, and for the third time the resignations were requested. For the third time they were refused. Without a word of comment the meeting at once dissolved. At this the Commissioners took alarm, and soon sought refuge in the Castle. On the 28th, the *Dartmouth*, the first of the tea-ships, appeared in the harbour. Immediately calls were posted and circulated for a meeting the following morning, "to make a united and successful resistance to this last, worst, and most destructive measure of administration." It resolved that no duty should be paid on the tea, and that it should be returned to the place whence it came, "at all hazards;" informing the *Dartmouth's* owner and captain that the landing of it would be "at their peril." The proposals of the

Commissioners—in effect to store the tea until they could obtain advice from England—failed. The *Dartmouth's* owner and captain were again summoned, and made to promise that the tea should be returned “in the same bottom in which it came.”

Soon the other two tea-ships arrived and were anchored alongside the *Dartmouth*. On December 14th another great meeting was held and adjourned to the 16th, the last of the twenty days' limit for the discharge of the cargo. At this day's meeting there were “nearly seven thousand gentlemen, merchants, yeomen and others, respectable for their rank and abilities, and venerable for their age and character;” the meeting being occupied by fervid speech-making. As dusk approached Rowe put the query, “Who knows how tea will mix with salt water?” which was greeted with applause; instantly from the gallery rang the signal war-whoop; it was re-echoed from the street below, and a band of men disguised as Indians suddenly appeared. The meeting broke up in confusion; and following the lead of the “Mohawks” a throng swept down to the wharf where the ships lay, guarded by the volunteer patrol. The “Mohawks” boarded the ships, each vessel having a detachment allotted to it under a recognised leader, removed the hatches, the keys of which were surrendered on demand without protest, and within three hours the contents of three hundred and fifty-two chests had been spilled into the bay, and the memorable “Boston Tea Party” was over.

“The waves that brought a century's wreck
Have rolled o'er Whig and Tory;
The Mohawks on the *Dartmouth* deck
Still live in song and story:
The waters in the rebel bay
Have kept the tea-leaf savour,
Our old North-enders in their spray
Still taste a Hyson flavour.”—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*.

Within the heart of the city, to which at the opening of every business day “the great arterial streams of humanity” are drawn, is a very congested district into which are crowded warehouses, shops, and offices of trade and commerce, the exchanges, many banks, public buildings, the courts, hotels, theatres, the newspaper offices and the railway stations, and it certainly was in the middle of the day densely crowded.

Few parks anywhere in the midst of a crowded modern city offer a more pleasing combination than Boston Common, and there is no feature of the city that is more highly prized than this rare down-town open space, with its broad elm-shaded walks and its picturesque cross-paths. Everything about it is of the homeliest character, the velvety greensward and the over-arching foliage being the sufficient ornaments of



WASHINGTON STATUE, PUBLIC GARDEN.

the place. It has but two monuments and a couple of fountains, and the Frog Pond, where boys sail miniature ships.

The Army and Navy Monument, on the hill by the Frog Pond, is reached by a short walk along a charming cross-path. Designed by the late Martin Millmore it cost the city \$75,000. The platform of the monument thirty-eight feet square, rests on a mass of masonry sixteen feet deep. The four bronze statues, each eight feet high, on the projecting

pedestals represent—Peace, a female figure bearing an olive-branch; the Sailor, a picturesque mariner, carrying a drawn cutlass and looking seaward; History, a female figure in Greek costume, holding a tablet, and looking upward; and the Soldier, perhaps the best statute on the monument, a Federal infantry man standing at ease. The four large bronze reliefs between these pedestals represent,—that in front, “The Departure for the War;” the second bas-relief, “The Sanitary Commission on duty in the field; the third relief, “The Return from the War,” containing forty figures; the fourth bas-relief, “The Departure of the Sailors from Home.” The main shaft of the monument, a Roman-Doric column of white granite, rises from the pedestal between the statues; and the four allegorical figures at its base, in high relief and eight feet high, represent the North, South, East and West. The statue of the “Genius of America,” which crowns the shaft, a female figure eleven feet high, clad in classic costume, is the most prominent feature of the work. In one hand she holds the American flag, in the other a drawn sword and wreaths of laurel; and she faces the South.

The monument bears the following inscription:—

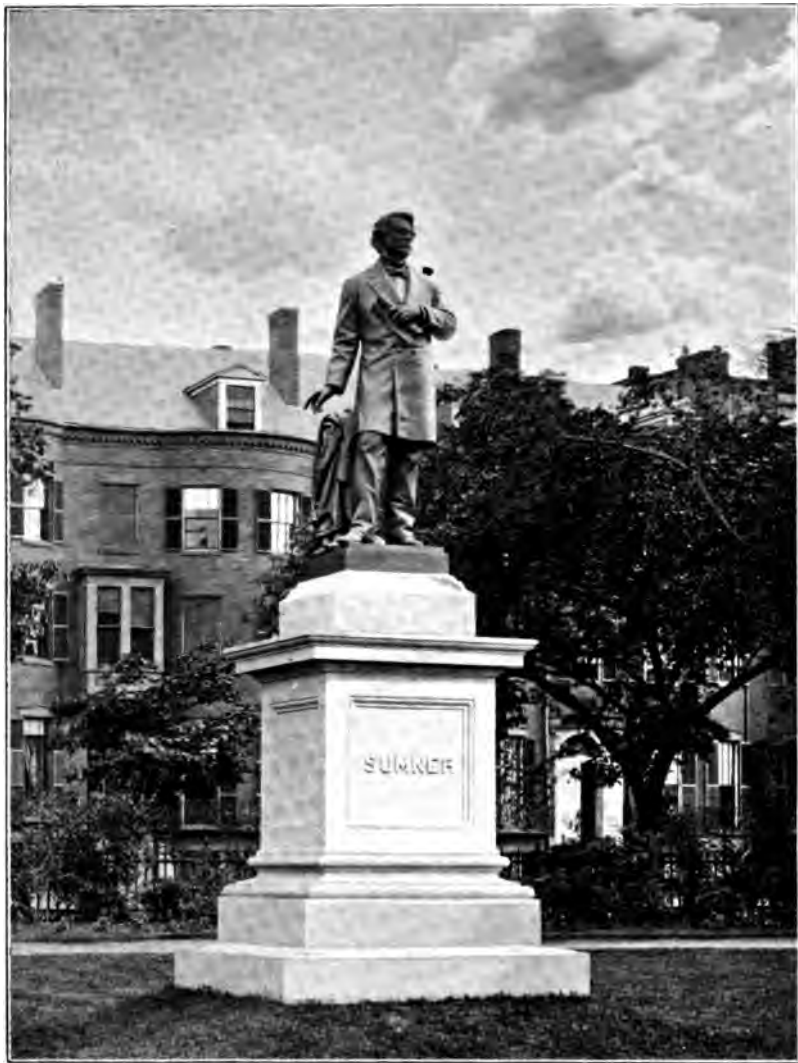
TO THE MEN OF BOSTON
WHO DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY
ON LAND AND SEA IN THE WAR
WHICH KEPT THE UNION WHOLE,
DESTROYED SLAVERY,
AND MAINTAINED THE CONSTITUTION,
THE GRATEFUL CITY
HAS BUILT THIS MONUMENT
THAT THEIR EXAMPLE MAY SPEAK
TO COMING GENERATIONS.

The Public Garden is about twenty-four acres in extent. The pond in the centre, irregular in shape and artificial, contains four acres. The ponderous iron and stone bridge spanning it is called by the local wits the “Bridge of Size,” because of its unnecessary solidity and strength. The Garden is laid out with rare skill and taste, with trees and shrubs and thousands of bedding plants. We saw it, a mass of brilliant bloom and rich verdure.

Exceptionally fine is Thomas Ball's equestrian statue of Washington which stands near the Arlington Street gate, representing Washington at the time of middle life, the figure full of force and vigour. The horse is strong in character, and the head and the arch of the neck are commended as especially well modelled. Another good piece of work is the marble, "Venus rising from the Sea," which adorns the fountain basin near by the Washington statue, the fountain so arranged as to throw, when playing, a fine spray over the graceful figure.

The statue of Edward Everett, modelled by W.W. Story, in Rome, in 1866, was presented to the city in November, 1867. The figure is in the attitude of the orator, the head thrown back and the right arm up-

raised with the hand outspread, the endeavour of the sculptor having been to represent Everett as he uttered the words, "Washington, the guiding star."



STATUE OF SUMNER.

The Charles Sumner statue, in bronze, representing the statesman in the act of speaking, with a roll of manuscript in the left hand, the right hand extended downward in gesture, is by Thomas Ball, the sculptor of the Washington monument.



EMANCIPATION STATUE, PARK SQUARE.

The "Emancipation Group" just outside the Garden commemorates the emancipation of the slaves by President Lincoln. It is another of Thomas Ball's works, designed in 1865. In 1873 a colossal copy was made for the "Freedmen's Memorial" at Washington. The face of the negro is a likeness of the last slave remanded to the South under the fugitive slave law, studied from photographs. The height of the entire work is nearly twenty-five feet.

The Museum of Fine Arts forms a quadrangle. The architecture is Italian Gothic and the material brick with rich exterior mouldings, and roundels in red and buff terra-cotta work. The main front is adorned by the projecting portico in the centre, enriched with polished marble

columns. The great bas-relief on the right wing represents Art receiving the tributes of all nations; and that on the left wing illustrates the union of Art and Industry. It is said to take rank as the third of the museums of the world in casts of classic sculpture, containing the best Japanese Art exhibit, and one of the most important collections of engravings.



ART MUSEUM—EXTERIOR.

On the second floor are the picture galleries and the display of Japanese art. In the first gallery is a rich array of paintings of the various schools. The second gallery is devoted to representative works of the early American painters. The third gallery is the "Dutch Room" showing examples of the Dutch, Flemish, and German schools. The fourth gallery is largely devoted to works of modern American painters, with a sprinkling of French pictures. In the hall is some interesting sculpture.

The Public Library building is a grand edifice in its elegant proportions and the purity of its style, which is Italian Renaissance, quadrangular in shape, facing three streets and surrounding a court; and it covers with its broad platform, exclusive of the court, an acre and a half of ground. The material used is granite, with a slight pink tinge, and the roof is of brown Spanish tiles. The great arched windows above the string course produce the effect of a magnificent arcade supporting the



ART MUSEUM.—INTERIOR.

heavy projecting cornice. The vestibule, of solid blocks of pink marble, harmonizes well with the stone at the entrance. The great feature of the entrance hall is its high vaulted ceiling of rich mosaic work of coloured marble artistically blended. Into this the names of men identified with Boston, who have been eminent in letters, art, science, law, and public work, are wrought. The list embraces Sumner, Phillips, and Garrison;

Motley, Prescott, and Bancroft; Webster, Longfellow, and Hawthorne; Adams, Emerson, and Franklin. The floor of this hall is in white and Breccia marbles, further enriched by brass inlay. The design in the inlay at the foot of the stairway is a wreath of laurel inclosing the names of generous benefactors or promoters of the Library:—Everett, Quincey, Bigelow, Winthrop, &c. On both sides, guarding the stairway, are marble lions, memorial gifts of the Second and Twentieth Massachusetts Regiments.



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The broad stairs are of Echaillon marble, and the side walls of Sienna. The great Bates Hall, on the second floor, extending entirely across the Copley Square front, with lofty barrel-vault ceiling, is a magnificent piece of architecture, one of the most beautiful features of the entire work. In the design and decoration of the interior of the building, "sculpture and painting join hands with architecture." The decorative work includes

elaborate mural paintings by Sargent, illustrating "The Dawn of Christianity," by Abbey, depicting "The Search for the Holy Grail," in which one hundred life-size figures are introduced, and statues of Ralph Waldo Emerson (by French), and others.

The Boston Public Library is the largest library in the world for free circulation.



BATES HALL—BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The building has room for two million volumes, and thirty-three thousand square feet of room for students and readers.

Electricity has been pressed into the service of this great library. The handling, delivery, and distribution of books is carried out by means of an apparatus of the well-known store service system. An attendant has only to pick out the book wanted, place it in a little car on a siding, and switch the car on to the main line, from which it runs

at the rate of 500 feet per minute to a special elevator, which automatically drops to the delivery room; waits there until the empty

car comes back, and then delivers it to a return track leading to the siding from which it started. There are six stories, each of which has a special carrier service and a special elevator. The track is of 8 inch guage, the cars are of wire and will carry up to 30 lbs. of books at each trip.

Boston has grown in extent from less than eight hundred acres



HARVARD COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

to more than thirty-seven square miles. Few cities in the States can boast such suburbs. For extent and beauty they are unrivalled. Within a radius of ten miles from the City Hall are twenty-six municipalities, cities or towns, where city and country are pleasantly commingled—picturesque hills, separated by winding rivers, making of themselves an ever varied landscape; natural parks and ocean beaches.

Cambridge, the largest of the surrounding municipalities, is the site of the most famous university in the country. A liberal bequest of eight hundred pounds from the estate of the Rev. John Harvard, an English clergyman who died at Charlestown in 1638, caused the General Court to name the college after its generous benefactor, and changed the name of the town where it was established to Cambridge, John Harvard having been educated at Cambridge in old England. There are about three thousand students in all branches of the university, and three hundred professors and teachers of various grades.

The college yard contains a little more than twenty-two acres, and nearly the whole available space is occupied by the numerous buildings, some of which are fine specimens of architecture, and admirably suited to the use for which they are designed. Among these are Hastings Hall, Thayer Hall, Grays Hall, and Matthews Hall, the latter an ornate Gothic edifice. Without speaking of the various society libraries, the university has twenty-nine minor libraries connected with various departments, containing nearly one hundred thousand volumes, while the College Library has over three hundred thousand bound volumes, and nearly the same number of pamphlets. The latter is in Gore Hall, a Gothic building of Quincy granite and iron.

Cambridge is noted not only for being the seat of the first college in America, but for having been the first place in the country where a printing press was set up. In 1639 a press was brought over from England, and was in operation many years. The first thing printed was the Freeman's Oath, followed by an almanack for New England, and the Psalms.

Memorial Hall is architecturally the finest building connected with the university, and was erected by the alumni to commemorate the sons of Harvard who died in the Civil War. It was built at a cost of \$500,000. It is of brick and sandstone, three hundred and ten feet long, and one hundred and fifteen feet wide.

The gateway through which the college yard is entered is the outcome of a fund left by Mr. Samuel Johnstone of the class of 1855. It is built of granite, assorted brick, sandstone, and iron. The panels are carved with the shields of the State, College, and City.

The statue of John Harvard, which stands on the "Delta," represents a young Puritan scholar with a delicate but resolute face.

In the Navy Yard at "Moulton's Point," where the British troops landed for the Bunker Hill fight, stands another monument to the memory of the first benefactor of Harvard College. It is a simple granite shaft set up in 1828. On one side is this inscription in Latin:—

That one who merits so much from our literary men should no longer be without a monument, however humble, the graduates of the University of Cambridge, New England, have erected this stone, nearly two hundred years after his death, in pious and perpetual remembrance of John Harvard.



HARVARD COLLEGE AND GATEWAY.

No, even passing, mention of academic Cambridge, with its rich historical memories, intellectual glamour, and encrusted associations of great men, would be complete without some reference to Henry Wadsworth

Longfellow, a poet, American in his birth, certainly, but world-wide in his sympathies, and universally beloved of the whole English-speaking race. For eighteen years he was Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard College, and his stately colonial home in Cambridge was the headquarters of Washington during the siege of Boston.

“Ripening into manhood at a period teeming with romantic incident, when the buffalo and the bison roamed unmolested over the prairie fields,



LONGFELLOW'S RESIDENCE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

their extinction only threatened by the trapper's rifle, when the trail of the red Indian with his tribal and pre-historic traditions was still visible in the vast tracts of undiscovered wilds, Longfellow seems strangely out of harmony with the rush of American life to-day.

“Yet with what grandly humanitarian strains his lyre is tuned!

Like poor Tom Hood, he will be best remembered in his shorter poems, those soul-inspired lines which breathe the whole tenour of a simple life. Surely no poet of the latter day has unburdened himself with such outpourings of pathetic sadness, and with such deep conviction of a divine protection.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal.
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul!

* * * * *

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

"If we leave with reluctance his poems of imagination and fancy and turn to his congenial vein of sea and sailor, there still pervades that psalm-like odour of sacred trust which marks his other verse, and must ever endear it to all who love simplicity of theme inspired with a high degree of solemnity.

"It is this simplicity which attracts the more serious thoughts of childhood. Where is the man who in after years does not look back with strange emotions upon his first awakenings to the sorrows incidental to our daily toil? Having once enchained us, this attribute hangs like the musk of roses to our early memories, and remains through life with a tender and enduring fragrance.

"Wheresoever the English language will be spoken, wheresoever there will exist an English child to be nurtured at its mother's knee, there will the sad, sad story of 'The Schooner Hesperus' be recounted, lessons wholesome and pathetic culled from the 'Village Blacksmith,' and tears drawn unconsciously by the recital of 'The Reaper and the Flowers.'

“In his poem of the ‘Lighthouse,’ Longfellow’s muse would seem like Ariel ‘to put a girdle round the earth,’ as with a fine majestic power of word depiction the very elements themselves become enthralled, only to subside, as in so many of his poems, into a tender sympathy with all mankind.



LONGFELLOW'S STUDY.

“Proud, most justly and supremely proud, must be the nation that can mark Longfellow, with his gentle melancholy, for her own.” *

I love the poems of John Greenleaf Whittier; his popularity and the merit of his writings seem to be increasingly recognised both in the States and in England. Whittier was a descendant of a Quaker family

*I am indebted for the notice of Longfellow (commencing on page 256) to the facile and graceful pen of my friend and co-churchwarden Mr. Robert Falkner.

who, fleeing from bigoted persecution in England, settled on the banks of the Merrimac early in the 17th century. It is said that the first poetry that reached the eyes and heart of Whittier in his far off home, was that of Burns, whose resemblance in position seems to have struck him.

There is something very interesting and very touching in the stories of the struggles by which so many men of distinguished intellect,



RESIDENCE OF THE POET WHITTIER, HAVERHILL.

living in the New World, have won their education by alternate study and work. After remaining on the home farm at Haverhill for some years, Whittier represented his native town in the Massachusetts Legislature for a short time. At a time when abolitionists were exposed to great personal risks, he had the courage of his opinions, and by pen and voice denounced the crime of buying and selling men. Whittier indeed

did much to arouse the conscience of the North, and his name will rank in the golden records of history with those of Wilberforce and Harriet Beecher Stowe. He was permitted to see the dream of his life fulfilled, when in 1865 the North gained a complete victory, and the last shackles fell from the American slave. His poetry is marked by simplicity and vigour, morality and religion, beautiful scenes and noble characters.

Who is there that at some time or other has not been charmed with the writings of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," who died but a short time ago, full of years and literary honour? His was a dear kind gentle loveable nature, and his spirit still lingers in and pervades the precincts it influenced in life. Although essentially a Bostonian, with an almost provincial, if not quite local personality, his shrewd wit, his genius and charity knew neither time nor place, his wide sympathies were universal. Mr. Morse, the writer of his biography, says:—"Thousands of clippings attest to the universal admiration for his kindliness; the word 'genial' was used to describe him in every obituary notice."

Dr. Holmes' life appears to have been exceptionally uneventful—in fact the very absence, says his biographer, of anything in it to remark upon, became in itself remarkable. Two years of his youth were spent in Europe studying medicine, and in his old age he went there again for a few months, otherwise he spent all his years in or near Boston, within tethering distance of that Statehouse he declared to be "the hub of the solar system," which doubtless accounts for the Bostonian belief that their city is the "hub of the universe," and the Lowell Institute the hub of Boston. All Holmes' intimate friends lived within a few miles of him, save when some of them went abroad, as Motley and Lowell did. Unlike many American and English men of letters he was not connected with political affairs. He never held office—in fact it may be said "nothing ever happened to him."

One who knew Holmes well says:—"My own memory brings him back to me most often, seated at his library table with a heap of unopened letters before him. To look at these letters, to glance at the presentation copies of books showered upon him, was a favourite occupation.

One spring afternoon I found him there looking deeply puzzled by a letter which he held in his hand. 'You will excuse me,' he said, 'for a moment while I try to understand this.' His look of bewilderment continued, and at last he began to read aloud: 'My dear Lord Tennyson,' the letter began, 'knowing that in the natural course of events you cannot live many years longer, I beg to ask if you have considered the importance of preserving to posterity your wonderful voice? I



DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN HIS STUDY.

would suggest that it is a duty which you owe to them to recite into a phonograph 'The Princess Maud' and several other of your poems.' In this strain the letter continued for several pages. 'What in the world have I to do with this?' sighed Dr. Holmes, as he turned the sheets over and over, for Tennyson had then been dead six months. 'Evidently there has been some mistake,' I ventured. 'A letter once

meant for Lord Tennyson has been put in an envelope addressed to you.' I looked at the sheet which the poet held towards me. There was a line or two of writing across one end—an explanation of the mystery: 'This letter was not sent to Lord Tennyson, because he died just as I had finished it. What I have said about preserving his poems by phonograph, applies equally to your matchless works.' The name of the writer has escaped me, but he wrote from the Sandwich Islands. Perhaps he has been sent there to recover his mental health."

Dr. Holmes was uniformly courteous to those who sought him, either in person or by letter. Occasionally, if the visitor was a stranger, when he grew a little weary, he would bring a tiny volume from the bookcase, and sitting at the library table would inscribe his own name and the visitor's on the fly leaf. Then presenting it with a bow to the visitor, he would say "Now I know that you would rather have this than talk any longer with me," a delicate way of bringing the interview to an end, which few failed to understand.

When at an advanced age, he was called upon by a canvasser who worried him to subscribe to a huge dictionary, he said:—"I'm too old—eighty years—shan't live to see it finished." "Nay, Doctor, you won't have to live so very much longer to use our book, we've already got to G." "And you may go to L if you like."

There is an idea prevalent in the middle States and the south Atlantic country, that the women of Boston are not good looking. I feel precluded from offering an opinion. They may not strike so high an average of beauty as the women of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Louisiana, but their faces shew high intelligence. In travelling on board the Atlantic liner, or on, say, the banks of the Nile, your Boston girl, or matron for that matter, can ask more questions in a given time, than any cross-examining lawyer I have yet heard. I have known the inquisition rude and disagreeable, but it can be made pleasant and even flattering. I particularly remember one such occasion, whilst crossing the Bay of Naples from Capri. My friend Bosco's vast storehouse of knowledge was completely ransacked for information of encyclopedic vastness, by a charming young lady, who might have been the bright particular star of the "hub of the universe," at any rate I recollect


that her gracious and charming manner seemed to indicate that Bosco's stores of information and learning, were being appropriated with eagerness and avidity, as she betrayed an insatiable desire for knowledge. The Boston ladies, I am told—I carefully guard myself from expressing any opinion—do not pay quite the same attention to personal adornment that I for one think desirable in our sisters; let them look nice as well as be nice. The fashions of this world pass away all too quickly, except for the milliner and draper. What if the gown be ill fitting, and the colour of head-gear unbecoming, if culture of the intellect and grace of manner are there? My relations with ladies have ever been so fortunate that I would have nothing to diminish their attractiveness; one of woman's chief vocations in life is to cast gentleness and sweetness around, but why not have them all in combination and due proportion? Then shall we have, not indeed the "new woman," whom most of us detest, but old dear sweet woman, with added beauty to enlist our admiration, capture our love, and remain abidingly charming.

Surely a woman who is not in the least vain, must be a little commonplace; is not this a feminine quality, which, if judiciously applied, enhances her influence in the world? A woman void of vanity is as a rose without scent, or a diamond without sparkle.

It was a very distinct misfortune that our stay in Boston was cut so short; it was however made extremely interesting by the kindness of Mr. Henry R. Dalton, one of our fellow passengers on board the *Campania*, who, returning from a visit to the land of the Pharaohs, made a very agreeable companion. Fulfilling my promise to call upon him when I reached the "hub of the solar system," he most kindly made himself my guide, so that I saw in the shortest possible time, the greatest possible of the sights of Boston.

Mr. Dalton, with that courteous hospitality which we found throughout the States, invited us to his club, entertained us right royally, provided good food and equally good wine. I don't remember whether it was at this lunch that we had pancakes, but I know somewhere the question was asked, "Why is an umbrella like a pancake?" Because it is seldom seen after Lent.

Another friend, who will be had in everlasting remembrance,



whenever memory recalls Boston, is Mr. Shepherd, whose home stamps him at once as a lover of all that is beautiful, and whose stables, and the splendid animals they contain, proclaim him to be what is well-known, the owner of the finest horses in Boston. His appearance and bearing was that of an old English gentleman (can anything be better?) his talk was of horses (and his wife), and his voice seemed to rise and fall with the cadence of a neigh. I shall never forget our drive that lovely May afternoon; seated behind a pair of spanking steeds, our friend Mr. Shepherd handling the ribbons *con amore*, with a zest and delight only born of an intense love for the noble creatures. Bosco, as the predominant partner, sat by his side on the front seat of a well-appointed Stanhope phaeton; by my side was a vacant place. Driving along through magnificent avenues, broad and tree-bordered, we suddenly pulled up in one of the smartest; entrusting the reins to Bosco, Mr. Shepherd descended and made a call at No. 400. His mission remained unfulfilled. He had noticed my loneliness on the back seat, and in his goodness of heart had determined to provide me with a companion; the fair one was from home, and the seat remained vacant save in my fancy.

Mental pictures, even aided by notes are liable to confusion. It was a season when the full-grown leaves were early marking the deepening of the Spring. Dame Nature seemed to have put forward the hands on the dial. The country into which Mr. Shepherd took us was one long scene of beauty. We looked up and down the valley and gazed into the folds of the hills; wild flowers in perfection and profusion; over the sods, as if in sudden rapture, shone forth the field flowers, making it a country of extreme loveliness. The year's primal burst of bloom was still spreading; the red and white blossom of the May had not fully developed its beauty. The spiked flowers were beginning to adorn the foliage of the chestnut trees as we passed beneath their shadows. Broad undulations of billowy verdure extended majestically. The lyric brook enthralled our ears with its silvern tones, with the verse that it purls in May, and from out the secret recesses of leafy plantations the birds sang a wonderful melody. The brooks sang and the feathered choristers of the woodlands, who never sing out of tune, carolled in joyous minstrelsy Nature's choicest welcome. We listened to the field lark proclaim in loud and ringing notes his

happiness and joy, and watched the cattle as they wended their way to the margin of some shallow pool, on whose placid bosom a soft ethereal radiance played that bright May day, striking as it were sparks of gleaming fire.

To Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Dalton our thanks are indeed due, and as I think in the days to come of our pleasant, albeit extremely short, stay in the "Hub of the Universe," I shall say, and not only of them, but of the many whose kindness and courtesy whilst in the States was unfailing, in the words of the Friend "Who sticketh closer than a brother," "I was a stranger and ye took me in."


The days were lengthening and the same delightful weather going with us when we said *au revoir* to Athenian Boston. The evening was not too far advanced to enable us to have a good view of the charming country through which we travelled on this our last journey in the States. All our times seemed summer times, our mornings bright, our evenings auspicious, and our nights cloudless. But I must hurry on; my paper is getting finished, my ink bottle dry, and my readers' patience exhausted. I must rush past that picturesque cemetery, with its low wall, on the rising ground, where village patriots and soldier boys "after life's fitful fever, sleep well," where already the warmth of the sunshine had brought Spring and renewed life, whilst the fresh green foliage, earnest of the Resurrection to Eternal Life, moved softly with the touch of the evening wind.

A steel blue line had stolen round the golden marge of the horizon, and the sunset was flinging a fiery shroud over the dying day, the vast stretch of water to our left had flashed back the last rays of the sun, the magical changes of light had vanished and darkness had stolen over the land, as we passed by the side of wooded hills sloping gently to the sea-washed rocks, past the weather-beaten homes of the fisher folk; quaint gray houses that seemed in the rising moonlight to grow like barnacles out of the beetling cliffs. The night was still; the young white moon shone coldly upon the landscape and the water looked like molten silver under its pale reflection—and then the journey ended—we steamed into New York—amid a galaxy of brilliants studding the guardian semaphores, those huge razors that shave the midnight air; the sheathed blade of safety, marked by the silver trail of the diamond, and the steady gleam

of caution and danger, flung over our path by the rays of the emerald and ruby, told of the half and fully opened blade. The beacon lights that jewelled our way spread out wider as we neared the terminus, and then as we drove to the "Brunswick," eager for a good night's rest, and thankful for journeying mercies during our 5,000 miles of travel, the little silver lamps dotted the midnight sky like starry flowers.



CHAPTER XVIII.—RETROSPECTION.

E would most gladly have prolonged our stay in the States had circumstances permitted; our last forty-eight hours in New York were spent in comparative quiet, at least mine were, giving leisure to focus in a very imperfect manner a few impressions gleamed by the way. I am not a total abstainer, but still I was greatly impressed by the almost entire absence of drunkenness. The wines stored in the cellars of the New Hotel Cecil, London, are said to have cost £100,000; in my friend Bosco's cellars are hid away thousands of bottles—St. Emillion, St. Estephe, St. Julien, and other canonised vintages from that “communion of saints” for which my friend's table is renowned. At any dinner in England or the Continent the guest without his bottle is the exception; in America the man with the goblet of ice water is the rule—and another thing in which these English speaking people differ is this:—Touch your bell in an American hotel and up comes a pitcher of iced-water for drinking—touch your bell in an English hotel and they bring you a jug of hot water for washing purposes.

The free silver question had already begun to agitate the minds of opposing politicians whilst we were in the States. “Monometallism” and “Bimetallism” seems to me, in the words of Lord Dundreary, things “no fellow can understand;” they may think they do, but I doubt it. The various interests seem to be irreconcilable. The East and the West, the North and the South seem hopelessly divided as to what is best for their interests. Mr. Bryan is said to have given forcible expression to sentiments of dissatisfaction prevalent throughout the West and South with the monetary and fiscal policy supported by the Eastern States, and to have advocated the making payment in silver the legal quittance for debts of every sort, notwithstanding any contracts or

agreements to the contrary—plainly stated, to pay a sovereign's worth of debt with ten shillings worth of silver. These politicians are known derisively in America as the "Fifty cents dollar men," who will not wait for any international agreement in order to write down the nation's liabilities by fifty per cent.

Then there are others who tell you that the only difference between the "soft money" and "sound money" men, the only difference between the Bryan party and the McKinley party, so far as regards silver, is as to whether America should open her mints to silver now, or wait until some other countries agree to unite with her for that purpose, and that the abiding answer to all the ill-formed chatter about "dishonest" is a simple reference to the market value of silver in 1890. In that year the bullion merchants of the world were convinced that the United States were about to reopen their mints to silver, and the expectation of the re-establishment of a fixed ratio between the two metals sent up the price of silver to 4s. 6½d. (August and September, 1890), that is, within 5½d. of its old value of 5s. per ounce. The market value of silver in August and September, 1890, became equal to 17¼, as against 1 of gold. The market value of silver thereby differed by only 1¼ from its old ratio at the United States mint of 16 to 1; and an object lesson the other way was the closing of the Indian mints to silver in 1893, when the market value of silver declined 30 per cent. in a fortnight; and they further say that the only possible ground for a charge of "dishonesty" would arise if Mr. Bryan and the Democratic party proposed to pay gold contracts in silver. But in his speech at Chicago which preceded his nomination, Mr. Bryan said, "Let me remind you that there is no intention of affecting those contracts which, according to the present laws, are made payable in gold." Mr. McKinley, on the other hand, says the question of bimetallism cannot be secured by independent action on our part, and cannot be obtained by opening our mints for the ultimate coinage of the silver of the world at the ratio of 16 to 1, when the commercial ratio is more than 30 to 1. Gold has been driven out of circulation in those countries which have tried free silver.

Mr. Carlisle, Secretary of the Treasury, says:—"In my opinion in

the event of free coinage the whole volume of currency will sink at once to a silver basis, and cheques and drafts would be paid in silver dollars or its equivalent."

Remembering the six eminent men on the one side and the six equally eminent on the other, who formed the Bi-metallic Royal Commission and equally disagreed, it would be presumption in me to offer any opinion even if I had one. In the States both parties seem to be bimetallists—the Republicans declaring for international, and the Democrats for national bimetallism. Opinions, of course, differ as to whether the United States could alone make a 16 to 1 ratio effective, and then the question forces itself:—Is money a measure or creator of prices? are not prices affected by money only in time of panic and alarm? is not the law of supply and demand the real source of changes in price? are not low prices—so beneficial to the great mass—due to excess of supply of many articles, caused by constant invention, cheap carriage, cheap production, and by the enormous increase of capital applied to production?

I very much doubt whether the honesty and good sense of the American people will ever endorse a policy of repudiation and plunder, no matter how attractive that policy may be made to appear to some of the "baser sort." To use the words of Mr. Bayard, the noble representative of the United States in England:—The man or nation who plays the game of "beggar my neighbour" in commerce will never be, and ought not to be, successful.

It was a remarkable feature of the late Presidential campaign that the tariff question all but disappeared from it, although it was the Protectionist fame of Mr. McKinley which was the chief reason for his nomination at St. Louis. The industries of the country have suffered greatly, and business men all over the States, Protectionists as well as others, desire a period of rest from political controversy. Renewed agitation about the tariff they are likely to discourage and denounce, as certain to be fatal to the restoration of confidence and prosperity. Moreover, there are signs of a growing suspicion, if not a belief, even amongst prominent Protectionists, that the McKinley tariff was a mistake, and that a return to it is now impossible. It was never named whilst we were in the States.

Mr. Bryan, as is well known, is a convinced Free Trader. Speaking on behalf of the abolition of the import duty on raw wool when the Wilson Bill was before the House of Representatives, he said:—"I am for free wool in order that the vast majority of the people, who do not raise sheep but who do need warm clothing to protect them from the blasts of winter, may have their clothing cheaper; and in order that our woollen manufacturers, unburdened by a tax upon foreign wool, and unburdened by an increased price of home-grown wool, may manufacture for a wider market. If we cheapen the price of woollen goods we shall not only be able to export woollens, but we shall increase the consumption of such goods among our own people, and every increase in consumption increases the demand for labour to produce, and an increase in the demand for labour will result in more constant employment and better wages."

Then there are other men, and they appear to me the most sensible, honest, and patriotic, who will tell you that America has reached a period in its history when it is ready to do business with the world. Its business men fully realise that they cannot do this if they enclose their country within the walls of extreme Protection. They want an outlet for their cereals, their live stock, &c., and from this time forward you will hardly find an American Congress that will entertain for a moment the policy of extreme Protection; but more likely that policy will be one of moderate Protection coupled with Reciprocity. They want a share of the commerce of the world, and are prepared to give something for it; they want reciprocal trade relations with all countries.

There appears a growing feeling that the condition of the middle classes in America is becoming harder as the years go by, by reason of the fall in value of commodities, disappearance of profits, lack of employment, and unprofitable and hoarded capital. I believe in the large cities—New York and Chicago especially—there is a very large amount of poverty. Some of the best thinkers and writers on the subject say that amongst these causes Protection comes first, and all the other evils follow in its train. Protective tariffs have cost the American workers, directly and indirectly, more than the great five years' Civil War.

Under Protection the most gigantic systems of monopolies and public robbery and corruption, have been created and nourished. Rings, trusts, combinations to rob the producer and consumer, and millionaires are the children of Protection. The object of these combinations of capitalists is not to benefit the workers and producers one iota, but to enrich themselves at the expense of the whole community.

There was a striking example of this vicious system of monopolies during our visit. A short extract from the *New York Herald* best explains it:—

THREE TRUSTS IN THEIR CONTROL.

Ice “Barons” Said To Be in Combinations That Have Power
Over the Coal and Oil Products of the Country.

A WIDESPREAD MONOPOLY.

The Morses Control the Trade of the Southern Cities as Well as of This.

PRICES ARE TO GO UP SOON.

The consumption of ice in this city in warm weather is 20,000 tons.

At no time has a combination been effected which seemed to be so free from competition as the Consolidated Ice Company. It thoroughly understands its power and will not neglect to use it.

It is controlled by men who have intimate relations with the Standard Oil Company and with the Anthracite Coal Trust.

Statements were made yesterday which would indicate that the Consolidated Ice Company is organised along exactly the same lines and essentially for the same purposes as the Anthracite Coal Trust. The identity of the men in the two combinations would indicate that the two trusts are, so far as personnel is concerned, almost identical.

CHICAGO IS ALSO IN THE GRASP OF AN ICE TRUST AND PRICES GO UP.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

CHICAGO, Ill., April 22, 1896.—Chicago has been in the grasp of the ice trust for a year, and although prices were advanced last summer another advance is said to be coming soon. The increase will be at least five cents per 100 pounds, the figure at present being twenty-five cents. Before the trust prices went into effect last summer the prices ranged from fifteen to twenty cents. Consumers were compelled to buy coupon books, good for 1,000 pounds, in advance, before the companies would deliver them a single pound of ice.

And when it is remembered that in the Summer time ice is an absolute

and prime necessity in the States for poor as well as rich, it will be seen what an amount of suffering such combinations must entail.

The Standard Oil Company is the greatest and most successful of all the American Trusts. There is not a petroleum lamp lighted in the twelve million households of the United States, but its fuel has paid toll to the "Standard;" not a tin canister of oil can be sold in a village store, but the price has been fixed by the same omnipotent Corporation. A couple of years ago they tried to bring off an agreement with their most serious rivals in the world's petroleum supply, the Russian producers of the Caspian district. The two were to divide the world between them; the Russians to have the East and the Americans the West. Great Britain, Germany, Austria, France, Italy, and the other nations of Western Europe would be exclusively supplied by the Standard Oil Trust—at its own price.

This reference to the Oil Trust reminds me of an American witness who managed to put a touch of humour into the proceedings of the Committee on Petroleum, over which Mr. Mundella presided. He was boasting that although petroleum is in general use in the United States, there are very few lamp accidents there. "But," said the Chairman, "I think you have managed to burn down Chicago once or twice with a petroleum lamp?" "Oh," said the witness, "if a cow will go into a barn full of hay and straw and kick over a lighted lamp, it does not matter whether the oil will stand the test of even 250 degrees; the hay and straw will burn." He considered that England was being supplied with the very best oil that money could produce. He disclaimed all connection with any advertising "bunkum." In a circular prepared for China, his company's oil was described as putting the sun, the moon, and the stars to shame, because it was so bright; but, added the witness, amid the laughter of the Committee, "I did not write that circular."

I was much struck in reading, a short time since, some remarks upon the present political and commercial situation in the United States made last September by Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, at the dedication of a soldier's monument at Chattanooga, from which the following are extracts:—"Instead of an armed force that we can meet on the field,

there is to-day an enemy that is invisible, but everywhere at work, destroying our institutions. That enemy is corruption. It seeks to direct official action, dictate legislation, control the construction of laws, control the press, shape public sentiment, it has emasculated American politics and places them on the low plane of jugglery. We are substituting office-seeking and office-holding in place of real achievement, and instead of great careers in public life we are facing a harvest of slippery, bleary-eyed, and empty mediocrity. For more than a decade the tendency has been towards a colourless and negative dilettanteism, having the countenance of the Pharisee, with the greed of the wolf, and drawing all its inspiration from the altar of consecrated and corrupting wealth. A new Gospel has come among us, according to which it is mean to rob a hen roost or steal a hen, but plundering thousands of people makes gentlemen." I have compared these remarks with an utterance made 100 years before—"What will be the old age of this government if it be thus so early decrepit?" Such was the question of Fanchet, the French Minister at Philadelphia, in a famous despatch to his Government intercepted by a British cruiser in 1794—a thought which the poet Moore enlarges in his verses to Lord Forbes, from which the following is a short quotation:—

“Ev’n now, while yet upon Columbia’s rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her bloom is poisoned and her heart decays:
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death,
And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
She’s old in youth, she’s blasted in her prime.

* * * * *

The love of gold, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man’s sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes sulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies collecting lumber in its rear.
And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other waves of trade.”

These are the words of a prominent American citizen of to-day, and of a famous Frenchman of a century ago—they are not mine. I can neither endorse nor contradict, but I may express the hope they are overdrawn.

I have a correspondent in America who writes:—"Now if you happen to write up your recent visit to the States, deal gently with our shortcomings, because you know we are so very new." In this, my friend, is, I think, mistaken; it is not we English that make these unkind criticisms but "furriners," who pass off as English. Here is a choice specimen taken from the *Nachrichten*, a Swiss journal:—"America is a country in comparison to which Europe is a small peninsula. The United States is an empire by whose side the Powers of Europe appear as petty States. America is the land of unmeasured capacity and dimensions, the land of dollars and electricity, the land where the plains are wider, the rivers greater, the waterfalls higher, the bridges longer, the express trains faster, the catastrophes more horrible than in all Europe; the country where the buildings are taller, the rascals more numerous, the poor poorer, the millionaires richer, the thieves bolder, the murderers less bothered, and educated people more rare than anywhere else. It is the land in which the teeth are more false, the corsets tighter, disease more dangerous, corruption more common, insanity more systematic, the summer hotter, the winter more chilly, fire warmer, and ice colder, time more costly, than in sleepy old Europe. The land where old men are younger and youths older, the land of immeasurable natural resources and of the most prodigious avarice. In short, America is the land of the greatest contrasts, the craziest presumption, the most reckless hunt after the dollar; it is the land of everything colossal and unapproachable—the last, of course, from an American point of view."

This is Swiss, my dear friend, not English, and I think the journalist calls it "Booming Great America."


Hitherto the United States has figured among the commercial nations of the world as a large vendor of raw materials and food stuffs, and a heavy purchaser of finished articles of manufacture. To-day there are many signs that a change is impending and has indeed already begun; that America is ready to enter the lists as a manufacturing nation, and to become the world's great workshop as well as its granary. American mowing and reaping machines are now the standard in many countries. American clocks and American tools are equally well known.

Mining machinery is sent to South Africa, cotton ties to India, bar iron to China, and iron pipes all over the world—underselling English goods even in England itself. Their great advantage as manufacturers seems to lie in their rapid improvement of machinery. Where the European workman is satisfied to follow the method that he has learned, the American is continually trying to “go it one better.” “You may go into a factory one day,” a New York merchant said, “and you will see something being done by hand; you go there next week and you will find that some workman in the factory has invented a machine to do the work.” In the manufacture of machinery they seem always in the lead, and the foreigner who thinks to compete with them by buying their machines, finds that by the time he gets them set up at home they are back numbers in the States.

In a book of travel recently published by Madame Bentzon, a French writer, some of the most interesting pages are devoted to those numerous girls’ colleges with which the United States are dotted. She says:—“The young girl graduates are not only serious, but very attractive in their black gowns and with their square caps, which they wear within the college precincts, and which gives them a resemblance to Shakspeare’s Portia. Their life appears to be delightful. They have freedom, the retirement desirable for enabling them to work without being harrassed by care, a vacation of several months, which allows them tour and travel, professors abreast of everything that is going on, and every means of developing themselves—such is their happy lot. In the gymnasium, Portia, stripped of her doctor’s gown, engages in the exercises which prevent the body from being weighed down by the mind.

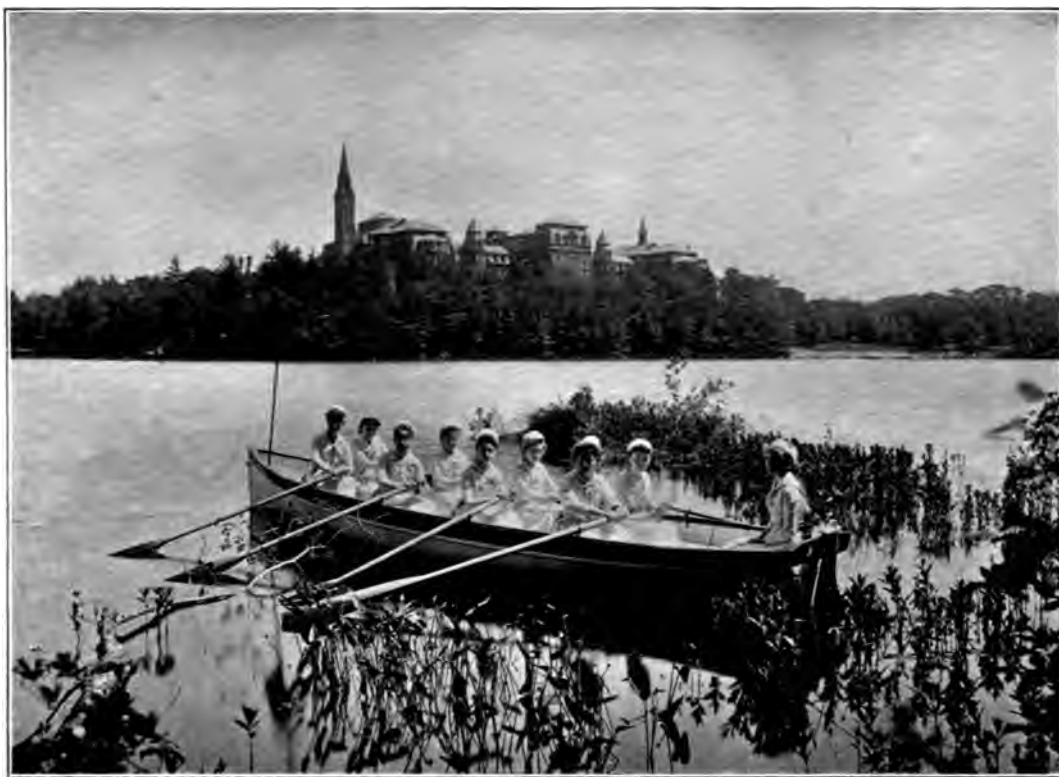
“Co-education,” the junction of the schools allowed, nay, enforced at many schools and colleges in the States, is a source of perpetual curiosity to her. The married lady principal of a college when consulted respecting the effects of the system, replied—“Well, you can’t expect me to object to it; it was at school that my husband and I fell in love with each other.”

Living together from the tenderest years at the kindergarten and primary school, prevents boys and girls from being as susceptible as they might otherwise be. Emulation produced between the sexes accustoms the



girls, who very often are ahead of the boys, to be indifferent to dunces however good-looking they may be. The girls are generally the more advanced of the two sets. They smile a little maliciously at each blunder of the boys, who on their part do not seem at all sorry to find the girls at fault.

Madame Bentzon sketches agreeably the woman of "light and learning" in Boston, and permits herself only to hint that perhaps culture



YOUNG GIRL GRADUATES, WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

is a little overdone in Boston, and that in the pursuit of the intellectual in education its usefulness is sometimes neglected. "In America, cookery and sewing are apt to be sacrificed to the love of Greek." Philanthropy as well as culture flourishes at Boston.

Probably one of my most pleasant and interesting reflections, and one that gives me peculiar satisfaction to record, is that I believe the

real feeling in the States, amongst the great but least noisy, the almost silent mass, the native born Americans, those descendants of generations of Englishmen, is love for England; for them it is still the "old home" across the waters. We must remember when thinking and speaking of the American people that all who live in the States are not Americans. The threats of dissolution of ties that bind Englishmen and Americans together, emanate in the majority of cases from persons who speak English imperfectly. Americans, *bona-fide* Americans, are not likely to raise their hands to strike their own mother.

Professor Peck, of Columbia University, New York, has recently stated the case very fairly. He says:—

The real feeling of a nation, especially of a nation like our own, is not to be gleaned from the highly coloured pronouncements of a sensational Press, nor, on the other hand, from the after-dinner chat of a tactful and hospitable entertainer, who for the moment lets his personal liking for a distinguished guest inspire him with a purely cenatory cordiality towards the nation which that guest for the moment typifies. Hence it is that whatever has been published in England gives only an outsider's view, which is hostile or friendly according to the writer's own limited and personal observations.

It is a pity that no adequate expression of American feeling toward England has yet been written down by an American. It would be valuable as a corrective to much of the loose talk that is heard in this country on the political stump, and in the columns of the political newspaper.

What is the feeling that Americans entertain toward England? I mean that great silent mass of our countrymen whose nationality is inherited from many generations of Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and who have learned their Americanism at their father's fireside, and not from the scare-heads of a newspaper—men who have no political ambitions up their sleeves, and do not rush into print, but who stand for sobriety and sense, and whose matured opinion, in the long run, makes and unmakes Presidents and States, and bends the Government's own policy to its silent will. How do these men feel toward England, the home of their race and the source of the great stream of our national traditions? Charles Dickens, on his second visit to this country, fell into conversation with an American about this very subject; and finally, with that peculiar sort of tact which so many Englishmen possess, remarked:—"Oh, as far as we are concerned, it's perfectly simple, you know. We all of us love Americans, but we hate America." To which the American is said to have replied, rather slowly:—"Well, with us it's just the other way; we all of us love England, but we hate Englishmen." The American loves England with

a fervour and a passion of which no Englishman has any conception. When he visits it his whole heart leaps at the first sight of its poppy-sprinkled meadows and the ivied walls of its sleepy old towns. It is his home; its history is his history; its glory is his glory too.


But when he finds his kindred in the old home looking at him with a sort of tolerant contempt, and the absurd assumption of superiority that is theirs, then he begins to think of things that happened in his own recollection. He recalls how in the darkest period of our Civil War, the English statesmen who had once posed as the friends of the United States, greeted the news of its disasters with mingled cheers and sneers.

There are times, perhaps, when he would exult in shouldering a rifle for a march over the Canadian frontier, and when he would see with joy the humiliation of England at the hand of the United States; yet never when he would wish to see it inflicted by any other hands. It must be, so to speak, a purely family affair for the clearing up of scores that affect no other people—an affair to be settled by a fine piece of give-and-take fighting with no ill-feeling as an aftermath. Whenever a foreign Power tries to put an affront upon England, as the insolent young cub of a German Kaiser lately tried to do, the American feels as though he, too, had received a slap full in the face. And then, when the news is flashed across the sea that his English kinsmen have risen to resent the insult, united and unflinching in the face of danger; when he hears that fleets are mobilized and that troops are rallying to their colours, with the splendid efficiency that is the attribute of England in the hour of danger, then his heart goes out to them in a thrill of sympathy, and putting aside the recollection of his former grievances, he would rather like to take a shot on his own account at the enemy who, for the time being, he regards as the enemy of the entire race.

This is a fair statement of American sentiment toward England—a curious mingling of pride in the ancestral home, with a very real dislike for much that Englishmen have done.



CHAPTER XIX.—CONCLUSION.

N May 16th, just one all too short month from the time of our landing, we left New York on board the Cunard S.S. *Etruria*. Being the commencement of the European season, we had a very large number of saloon passengers on board. I print verbatim from the *Liverpool Mercury* of May 25th the following:—

SHIPPING NEWS.

MOVEMENTS OF CUNARD LINERS.

The *Etruria* of the Cunard Line arrived at the stage on Saturday morning, and disembarked a large number of saloon and other passengers, including Earl Spencer, Countess Spencer, Lady Tupper, Sir Donald A. Smith, Lady Smith, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Major Harris, Mr. John Kendall, and Hon. A. J. Lascells. The *Etruria* made a record trip on the long route, of 6 days 58 minutes. She brought from New York 626 sacks of mails and \$399,000 specie.

How in the world my name alone should be printed amongst the “including” and no other untitled commoner, I can’t say. I suppose I ought to feel flattered. I suspect a little playfulness on the part of Bosco.

Sailing down the grand harbour that morning was simply entrancing; as our vessel glided over the sunlit sea, the rippling light on the water brought visions of bright eyes smiling from the sparkling wavelets—and the vision was restful and peaceful. As the day advanced we felt the air grow warmer as it fanned our brow, and the wind and the sea sang a harmonious duet to the sun as it became wreathed in noontide glory. As we neared Sandy Hook, we remembered that in these waters the superiority of American over English built yachts had been frequently tested, and decided in favour of Columbia and against Britannia.

It appears—I did not know it was so long—that the Queen’s Cup was won from the English, and brought across to the States nearly fifty years ago by the schooner-yacht, *America*. It has come to be looked

upon as a national possession, in the defence of which the Americans are as ready to do battle, as if the precious bit of silver were an integral portion of the territory of the United States.

Like some wonderful bird from the regions of snow, *Defender* sailed from her cradle at Bristol, proud, graceful, confident. Designed and



THE "DEFENDER."

constructed by the Herreshoffs, a firm of American yacht builders famous for the records their boats have always made, *Defender* came to her task the perfect embodiment of all that experience, thought, and money can make a boat—as perfect a racing machine as ever left her cradle. For a boat of her size, *Defender* resists the water less than any craft afloat. Thousands of feet of canvas stretch up and out into the air like monster wings. The whole yachting world marvelled at the expanse of

canvas the yacht is able to spread—between twelve and thirteen thousand square feet.

Lord Dunraven made a final attempt to recover the Queen's Cup

with *Valkyrie III*, and to shew how much he had learned from the defeat he suffered at the hands of *Vigilant* two years before. For light winds he has undoubtedly the fastest boat ever built in England. *Valkyrie III* showed this clearly in the run with the *Britannia* and *Ailsa*, in which she came in ten minutes ahead of all competitors. She was designed and built for a purpose, viz.:—to be the fastest boat that could float off Sandy Hook in the breezes of an American September.

With the holding of the Cup has always gone the advantage of defending it on home waters. That advantage is a considerable one. All challengers have had to cross the sea, and an ocean trip may lessen the sailing speed of these beautifully perfect yachts. How the last race was lost

and won, has now passed into history, and I hope all the bickerings it caused will lay for ever under the wave, and never more be seen on the surface.

As the day wore on, the shore line became less distinct, and the



VALKYRIE III.

fringe of embossed froth, woven twice in the day by the restless shuttle of the surge, faded from sight, and as we stood silently on the deck of the brave Cunarder, the snow-white sprinklings of the feathery foam fell as blossom shaken from the bloom of the Spring laden thorn. Further out we reached a wide shining place, where there was nothing more disturbing than the cry of the seabirds calling to each other, and an occasional slight sprinkling from some wreath of salt foam as it rose from the wind swept floor. The coast line of America, "a land where bright lakes expand and conquering rivers flow," was lost to sight, but the memory remains green, and the hope of another visit bright.

I don't think I need trouble my readers with many details of the homeward voyage. It was decidedly pleasanter than the outward trip; improved health, on the whole, extremely favourable weather, and a large number of passengers, many of whom were pleasant companions. Bosco was of course a shining light at the card table; everything very proper, scientific whist, shilling points strictly, no poker, no gambling, with a few good stories interspersed. Bosco's stories are generally good, and usually fresh and fragrant; he is not like those detestable storytellers (we had at least one on board) at whose well worn tales, which he has been telling for "years and years," everybody tries to laugh, whilst groaning inwardly. I heard of one good smoke room story—I am not a smoker. There was a passenger, a good looking fellow certainly, who gave it out that he was wealthy, but was a trifle too boastful to be gentlemanly, who, under the influence of an "extra Scotch," enquired what they thought he was. "What do you take me for?" he asked. Whereupon the J.P., or some other passenger, replied "I should think, from your style, a grand Bashaw!" Evidently pleased at being thought some great one, he asked "Why do you think so?" and got a reply, I fancy, a trifle unexpected, "Because you look as though you have been sitting cross-legged all your life." He turned out to be a tailor.

But Bosco's tales are always breezy. I wish I could remember them, but like the breeze they fly away; here, however, is one:—A little girl, being put to bed one night, asked her mother "What are angels?" The mother endeavoured to explain that they were etherealized, spiritualized, unseen beings, with wings, and able to fly. The child

could not grasp the explanation, and was further told that they were white, and bright, and shining. "But, mother, father kissed Bella in the passage this morning, and called her his darling angel, but Bella is not white and bright, and has no wings, so she can't fly." "No, my child, but I'll make her fly in the morning."

A good humoured doctor, returning from a lengthy travel in the East, was very amusing, and delighted his little audiences with his stories. One day a solid Teuton who had listened and smoked in silence for a while broke in. "Vot new relichun is dis, toctor, zey have in ze East? Zey calls it 'Dance-my-gracious,' or somet'ing like dot." "Oh," said the doctor, "you mean the doctrine of Transmigration." "Dot's it!" cried Schmidt, "my vife have got it fery bad. Vot is it?" "It's like this," said the doctor, "they believe that souls pass through many stages before they can be made perfect, and occupy various bodies in the process. You die, we shall say, and your soul passes into a canary bird, and you live in a gilded cage, and are fed by the hand of beauty every day." "Ah, dot's goot! dot's ze relichun for me." "You die again, and this time your soul passes into, let us say, a flower, to shed fragrance all around, and delight the eye of every beholder." "Dot's goot, too; I like dot relichun." "But the flower dies, and now your soul passes, let us suppose, into a donkey; and one day a friend comes along, strokes your long ears, and says 'Hullo, Schmidt! is that you? How little you have changed all these years!'"

It was quite natural with a medico in the smoke room company, that Bosco should tell his tale about the doctor and the smoker. It is an antique. I have heard it often. It occurred within my friend's personal experience, some time about the middle of the third quarter of this century. It was at the time when I used to listen from among the "gods" to Arline warble her dream of "Marble halls," and Thaddeus sing "When other lips and other hearts," not because it was by any means the worst place in the theatre for sound, but the cheapest. Travelling from London at a time before smoking compartments were provided, a passenger, to the great annoyance of his fellow travellers, persisted in smoking a pipe which was most offensive. At length the gentleman opposite addressed him thus:—"I am a medical man, and I

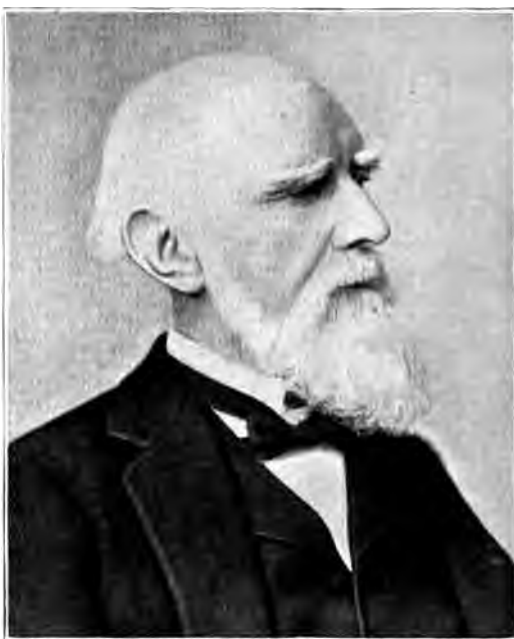
may tell you, sir, that 99 per cent. of all the throat diseases I have had to treat, come from people using dirty, filthy, pipes, like the one you are smoking." Eyeing steadily the practitioner who had kindly given his advice gratis, he replied, with calm deliberation, "And do you know, sir, that in my experience 99 out of every 100 black eyes I have met with, are caused by people not minding their own business." I need not explain that in those days handsomely cushioned seats and padded backs in railway carriages, were not absolutely required to support magisterial dignity.

Of course the tales told in an Atlantic liner smoke-room would be very tame without the American novelette; although we had not a second edition of rude Major O'Hooligan on board, yet we had some funny fellows. This is a Yankee contribution; it hails from California:—Two men, one an Irishman, the other a German, were joint owners of a farm in that land of perpetual sunshine, and cultivated it harmoniously for some years. At last, however, a dispute about the rotation of crops arose; and as they could not come to terms, they resolved to divide the land, and did so by making a fence across the middle. Then a further difficulty arose. On one side of the fence the soil was superior to that on the other: which should take the better half? They did not wish to fight, but to continue on friendly terms. The Irishman had an idea. "In my country," he said, "when there is a question like this to be settled, the two parties stand one on either side of the fence, and they take a beefsteak and hold it in their teeth and pull, and the one who pulls it away from the other wins." The German agreed. The steak was procured. The two stood with the fence between them, and fixed their teeth firmly in the steak. "Are—you—ready?" muttered the Irishman through his teeth. "Ja!" gasped the German—and fell backwards.

One of our most pleasant male companions was Mr. Reece, of Christchurch. He happened to know a dear old friend of mine in New Zealand. He told a funny story, and perfectly true, about my friend's son. It was soon after Dr. Jameson and his fellow-officers arrived in England. My friend's son George is about Dr. Jameson's age, and is representing the New Zealand Farmers Co-op. in London. He went into

a city hatters to buy a new "thatch." He left his old one behind him. This hat bore its owner's name in legible characters on its lining. "Jameson!" said the hatter, to his assistant, "Jameson! Why, bless my soul, I believe that gentleman must have been the famous Dr. Jameson who came to London from the Cape yesterday." The assistant thought so too, so the discarded tile was reverently handled, and duly exhibited in the hatter's window, labelled: "Dr. Jameson's Hat, as worn by him on his famous Ride. Visitors are requested not to touch." "George" has been grinning over the "incident" ever since.

We had, of course, the usual number, sometimes better and oftener worse, of vocal and instrumental performers. One young lady, Miss Screecher, was constantly enquiring "What are the wild waves saying?" "It's no use her reiterating the question in that insane fashion. She can never find out," said a snappy individual. "Why not?" I asked. "Because she can never reach the high C." We had, however, a large amount of real talent on board; about 70 or 80 of Sir Henry Irving's company were returning from their long and successful tour, and many members made themselves extremely agreeable. At the usual weekly



SIR DONALD SMITH.

concert in aid of the funds of the Seamen's Homes, almost the whole of the excellent programme was contributed by members of the Lyceum Company. Sir Donald Smith, of whom I give a photo, occupied the chair, but the offertory was not so good relatively, as when his worship the Magistrate presided. Sir Donald is well known on the other side as a great supporter of the McGill University, the Oxford of Canada.

Not being a smoker, I kept as a rule to the deck promenade, or idled in the music room. When my shyness permitted I ventured into

an occasional chat with some fair one. Bosco says, but he is not always correct, that one morning I stood balanced on one leg only, talking to a Canadian Venus, who being "lusty as an eagle," her beauty and and vastness were at variance. If I so stood, I was doing penance for some unremembered sin, so the punishment fitted not the crime. Which amongst all those graces was it that asked me who I thought the greatest admiral that ever lived, the one who commanded the united fleets of the world? Of course I smiled a sickly smile, and then grinned when told "Noah!" Then these same ladies tell you that in the States, matrimony is all a "matter o' money." I refuse to believe the statement, and when you get to a certain point, and endeavour to explain that, like Sir William Harcourt, your ancestors came over with the Conqueror, the hope is promptly expressed that they had a pleasant crossing, you feel extinguished.

Passengers on shipboard always afford subjects for study; you come into such frequent and close contact, and you can't help it. You have perchance a nobleman or a man who isn't noble, laying back in his chair, silent and supercilious, looking, as some of his acute angles shew under the grey steamer rug, like some rocky red stone human promontory, against which social waves may break for ever; and there is the Miss or Mrs.—you can't tell which—whose life has spanned many wheat harvests, yet affects the ways of a kitten; to her everything is delightful, magnificent, or more generally, awful; and then occasionally, but all too rarely, you meet with a lady whose silken tresses are streaked with the silver strands of sorrow, or sprinkled with the powder of time, fresh and pure from the puff box of Nature; about whom there is a quiet and yet charming mischief—perhaps scarcely mischief—but something undefinable, a years-ago loveliness that has been softened, but in whom still lingers an abiding love of fun.

Against some people, my friend, for example, the sea has no grudge. In some—I write from experience—it produces a state of sore distress and misery, and reduces you physically to a hopeless state of dilapidation. If you are weary and want to escape from some bore or too attentive friend, you sleep with one eye open, and on the approach of the enemy of quietude you fall, quite naturally, into a state of plausible slumber,

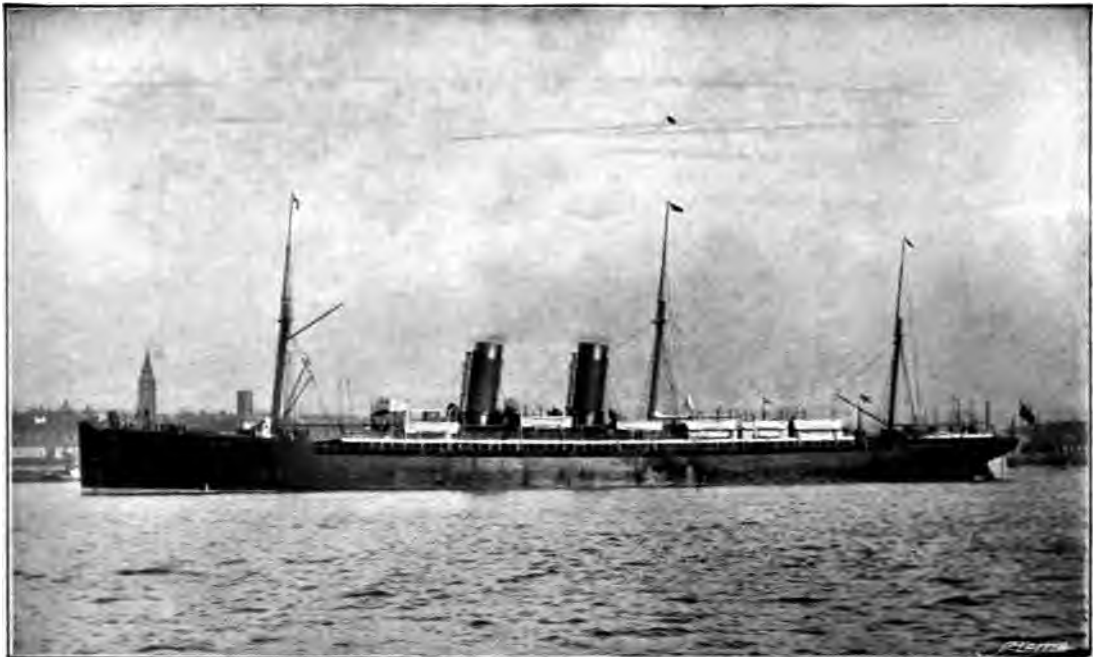
and refuse to allow the scraping of chairs or the dropping of books to arouse you—this from personal experience.

About the time we returned I saw a statement emanating from New York, calling attention to the serious diminution of national wealth caused by European travel. Three steamships which sailed from New York on the same day, carried 1,500 first-class passengers; each passenger it was estimated had allotted at least £200 to cover expenses, and all but a hundred of the number were bent on pleasure only. At the lowest estimate these 1,500 people will spend £300,000. Every week an equal number depart for Europe, so that before the season ends Americans will have taken over twenty millions to England and the Continent. At the same time America is receiving from Europe the poorest class of people, who are required to have only £6 in their possession to enter the States. Thoughtful statesmen declare this evil dangerous to the welfare of the country. In the season it certainly does represent very large figures.

There was one touching little incident I ought to mention. I was seated in the office, having a chat with the popular and genial purser, Mr. Graham, when the captain came in and handed him a letter for perusal—and then said, “Shew it to Mr. Kendall.” It contained a request from a lady in the States that a box of flowers she had sent by the *Etruria* might be sent on at once “to our beloved Queen at Windsor,” as the day following our arrival was the Queen’s birthday, and she specially wanted them delivering in time. How much nicer the “language and poetry of flowers” than bilious, after-dinner Venezuelan despatches.

The service on Sunday morning was taken by a minister from South Carolina; I don’t know to what sect he belonged, certainly not Episcopal. A Bible and Prayer Book were placed before him, and he commenced at “Dearly beloved brethren,” and would have gone on reading the entire book of “Common Prayer” once through at least, had he not been stopped by the captain before endurance quite failed—and then that sermon—can I ever forget it; no main-sail ever had such length and breadth. I once heard of a minister who said to one of his flock, “I understand that you do not believe that a person is sufficiently punished on earth for his misdeeds,” and was told in reply “Oh yes, I do now; but I didn’t until I heard

you preach." Surely this Carolinian must have been that minister. There is a tradition on board, of a bishop who arranged for a service one Sunday morning, and called the head waiter to him and said, "Place so many Prayer Books and Psalters on each table." Half an hour afterwards, when all the people were assembled, he sailed up the saloon in all the glory of his red hood and lawn sleeves. On the tables were neatly placed, in long rows and at regular intervals, a Prayer Book and a salt cellar! This was almost too much, even for the gravity of the bishop.



S.S. "ETRURIA."

We had but one rough day on which the billows rose with their fangs of white. It was a breezy day, and our bounding ark, revelling in the happiness of its freedom, went dancing along the waves as if to please the curling foam, pouring out from its cutwater an offering to Neptune, who shakes his mantle under its libations, which flash and sparkle as they fall, like love spangles. The circling seagulls hovered round the vessel, piping low, and laughing cries of feigned distress—and then sailed away on the curl of a wave,

We raced along, running at top speed, tearing in two the blue billows, whilst the radiant rays of the sun greeted our gaze and smiled upon our progress, and steeped the surging swell in shining sheen. We gazed with delight on the placid blue waters, when we could not detect a sign of life in all the great expanse, save a few wandering gulls swinging low. As our eyes skimmed over the waves, towards that far off line where the blue sky and still bluer waters meet, the sun was dropping, drowned in gold, below burning billows that seemed not far away. Bye and bye the electric globes that run round the ship break into sudden light, and hundreds of reflections shimmer on the water—and as the evening advances, and the bright dresses of the ladies and the sound of music and gaiety make the night merry, the heavens, all aglow with gems numerous as pebbles on a broad sea coast, gave the ocean a silvery light all her own.

On such a night you sometimes stand in solitude, looking over the taffrail, tracing the track of fleecy foam turned aside by our piercing plow as we ride and run through trackless furrows, and listen to the mellow diapason of the ocean; or turn our gaze upward, and in imagination the pilot angel steers our sight along that golden path to Paradise, to a distant land, wonderful, far, unseen; to that stranger land far away from the world's uproar, and you picture the jasper shore and see the harbour lights flash on the shores of rest.

At length the "Bull, Cow and Calf," the first land, is seen and once more we sight Erin's isle. Glimpses of round towers flash upon us under the rays of the post-meridian sun, their long faded glories covered by the waves of time, and as the ocean waves boom upon the shingle, and wear their way into the granite rock, each roll sounds as a note of welcome. Passing the "Fastnet" we soon reach the lovely bay of Queenstown, the longed for port of many a storm-tossed mariner; the sheltering haven, whose circling flood and gentle billows for ever caress its rock-bound shore, and then flow back into the deep again, secure from the Atlantic's rude and angry din.

Crossing the Channel we sighted St. David's Head, and soon after the evening's light flickered and fled. The skies lost their hue, the dark verge was once more reached, and the bright night lamps that hung


in lone grandeur were throwing a rich lustrous band over the lucid waves, and flinging a magic mantle of beauty over the gentle undulations of the Irish Channel- and then came the last midnight dirge of the voyage : --

“Midnight! the outpost of advancing day!
The frontier town and citadel of night!
The watershed of time, from which the streams
Of yesterday, and to-morrow, take their way,
One to the land of promise and of light;
One to the land of darkness and of dreams.”

The shadows had stolen away when we obeyed an early summons to prepare for landing. The light was growing apace, the stars beginning to fade, and already morning was painting the skies with roseate dyes, and gilding the breast of the dimpling river, as we ran along side the landing stage at Liverpool, where, at our departure our venerated Chaplain breathed over us his parting blessing, a benediction which had rested peacefully upon us all through our journey; and ere long the two friends stood together in silent gratitude, gazing upon the magnificent blossom of a red thorn, through the open window of the same billiard room, in which, a few weeks before, were born the first thoughts of the trip which has resulted in this volume of “American Memories.”



CHAPTER XX.—POSTSCRIPT (IN LIEU OF PREFACE).

HERE is nothing like imitation—it is the truest and most sincere form of flattery. Ladies, I am told by those who have the privilege of knowing, always write postscripts, therefore I write one.

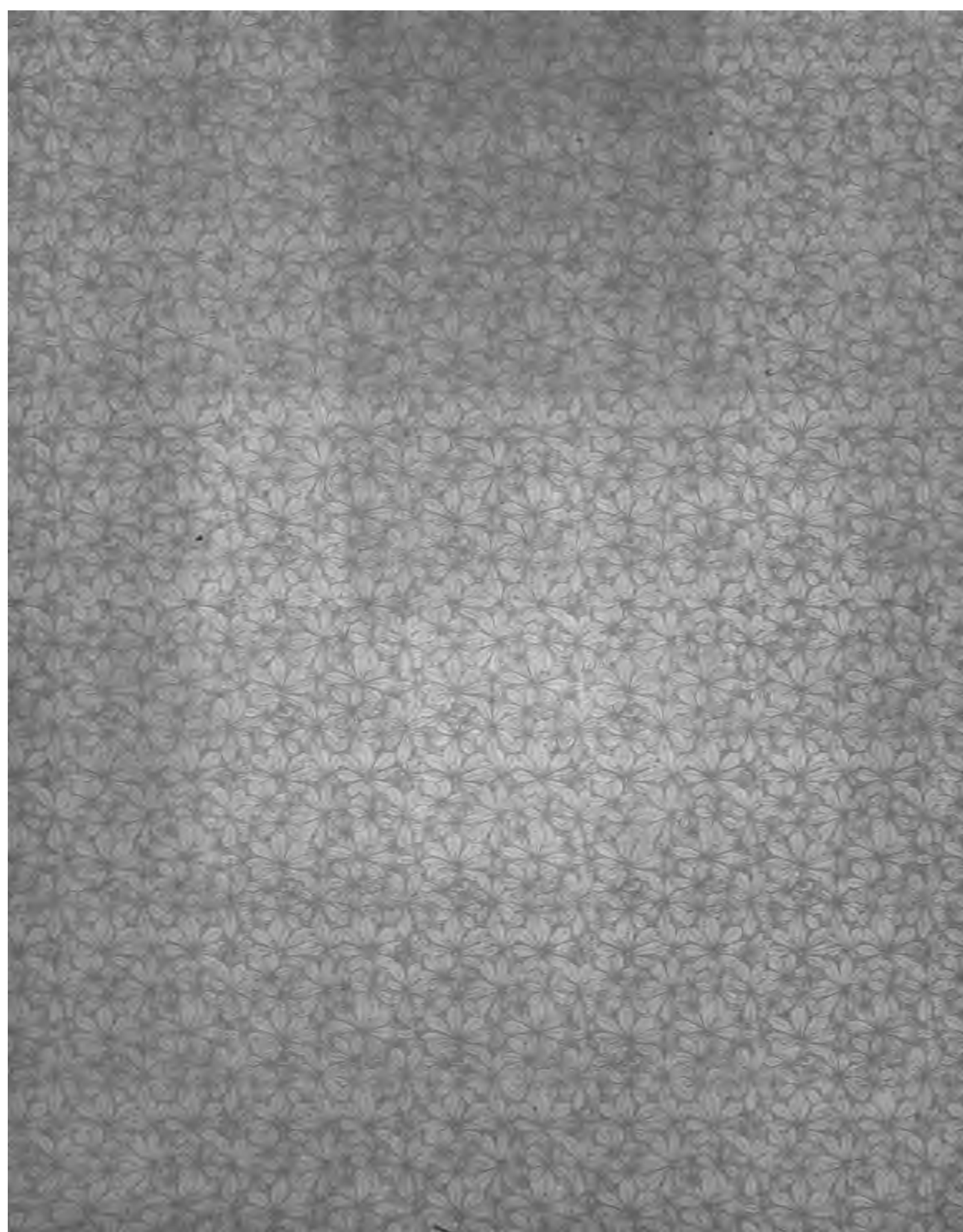
There must be, there are, times in the lives of the most prosaic of us, when we deeply regret the absence of that gift men call imagination; when we long to turn from the mere pursuit of money-getting—which too often ends in money-loving,—from the realistic fetters of a hum-drum existence, to higher levels and loftier heights; when the swing of life's pendulum carries us into an atmosphere of calmer thought—call it romance, poetry, sentiment, call it what you will; to exchange even for a brief time, our hurrying life for a more peaceful existence.

There is nothing more likely to attain this object than a pleasant ocean voyage, and to travel amid novel scenes, green with the freshness of Spring-time. Many a time and oft, during those pleasant days, did I board the train of half listless thoughts, and found myself gliding away along that road which crosses many rivers, but whose final terminus we never reach. I shook hands on that long journey of 11,000 miles with people whose hands I had never shaken before, and whose hands I shall never grasp again, and if your travel has attained its purpose, you come back with broader and nobler thoughts, and loftier aims in life.

I felt before writing, that the recollections of this, to me, memorable trip, were being fast buried 'neath the sands of time, over which the tide of oblivion remorselessly rolls, and little would soon remain from out the grave of forgetfulness, but the few ashes of memory with which these pages are sprinkled. They have been written primarily for those true friends that poets sing about and philosophers find so rare, those whose friendship winds up all the way—yes, to the very end.

And although the weaving be but poor, the facts dull, the fun stupid, the fancy worthless, the pattern altogether indistinct, and the design imperfect; yet the poor weaver once more relies upon the generous forbearance of friends, for whom alone this warp and woof from the loom of memory are intended, assuring them that however imperfect the work, he has done his best.





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